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# OLD PLAYS.

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## VOLUME I.

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PREFACES.

HISTORIA HISTRIONICA.

GOD'S PROMISES.

<sup>o</sup>  
THE FOUR P's.

FERREX AND PORREX.

DAMON AND PITHIAS.

NEW CUSTOME.

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M.DCCC.XXV.





A  
SELECT COLLECTION  
O L D P L A Y S.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

— — — — —  
VOL. I.  
— — — — —

A NEW EDITION :

WITH  
ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,  
BY THE LATE  
ISAAC REED, OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST,  
AND THE EDITOR.

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LONDON:  
SEPTIMUS PROWETT, 23, OLD BOND STREET.

M.DCCC.XXV.

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Thomas White, Printer,  
Craze Court.

formance will gain by his editorship, it might be prudent also to shun comparison.

The arrangement of the plays by Mr Reed was according to the dates when they were printed ; but if his object were, as he states, “to shew the progress of genius,” it is quite evident that by this plan he accomplished nothing ; since the time of publication was not unfrequently far distant from that when the piece was actually written : thus Marlow’s *Jew of Malta*, the author of which was killed in 1593, obtained a place in the same volume with May’s *Heir*, and Davenant’s *Hits*, the one written perhaps thirty and the other forty years afterwards. Nevertheless, the success of any attempt to insert them according to the period when they were first produced must often depend upon mere conjecture, and such a plan would likewise be open to other objections.\* Upon the whole, therefore, it was thought best not to disturb the course followed in 1780 beyond the insertion of the four plays new to the present edition, in vacancies occasioned by the omission of the following :

’Tis Pity she’s a Whore, by John Ford.

The Bird in a Cage, by James Shirley.

\* In order however, to enable the reader to peruse the plays chronologically or otherwise, a list of the whole series has been supplied in the 12th vol. made out according to the dates when they were actually, or may be supposed to have been written.

The Gamester, by the same,

Andromana, by the same.

Instead of these,

The Wounds of Civil War, by Thomas Lodge.

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, by Robt. Greer

Summer's Last Will and Testament, by Thorr  
Nash, and

Edward I. by George Peele,

have been inserted. To the twelfth volume have also been added two very early and rare drama specimens—the one an Interlude, called *The Worlde and the Chylde*, printed by Wynkin Worde, in 1522, and the other, *The Tragic Comedie of Apius and Virginia*, published in 157. For the sake of more convenient reference, having all the introductory matter together, the Dialogue on Plays and Players, called *Historie Histronica*, and Sir W. Davenant's Patent of 1662, have been transferred from the 12th volume of the last edition to the 1st volume of the present.

Although Mr. Reed bestowed great attention on his undertaking, and removed many of the imperfections of Mr. Dodsley's original collection; and although it might be supposed from his preface, that by consulting earlier and better copies, and collating all the plays, he had rendered the text sufficiently perfect, yet the fact is, that he performed the irksome part of the duty of an Editor with less care than the rest. Neither do his later MS. notes show

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE PRESENT EDITION.

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THE length of the prefatory matter to the Editions of this Collection of Old Plays by Mr. Dodsley, in 1744, and by Mr. Reed, in 1780, renders it unnecessary now to add more than a very short statement of what has been done to make the present undertaking acceptable.

Five and forty years have elapsed since the last reprint was published, and during that interval ardour of pursuit in this particular department has considerably increased the stock of knowledge previously obtained regarding the early drama and poetry of England. Mr. Reed, by his laborious industry, acquired additional information, appended by him in MS. to a copy of the Old Plays of 1780, which subsequently devolved into the possession of the late Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, long known as a tasteful and patient literary antiquary. He joined his acquisitions to those of Mr. Reed, and their latest notes and illustrations are here inserted,

together with such farther intelligence, connected with the subject, as the Editor had obtained from the enquiries of others, or discovered by his own research.

It is singular that a series of Old Plays, collected, professedly for the purpose of illustrating the rise and progress of the stage in this country, and comprising, as Mr. Reed somewhat incautiously observes, "a specimen of almost every author who contributed to support it," should not have contained a single performance by such distinguished poets as Greene, Peele, Nash, and Lodge. The conjecture of Mr. Malone, and of other biographers is, that Shakespeare did not begin to write for the Theatre until about 1591; when, therefore, it is mentioned that the four authors above named ceased to produce plays before or very soon after the date when our great dramatist commenced his career, it is obvious how necessary it must be, with a view to ascertain the correctness of Dryden's re-echoed assertion, that Shakespeare "created first the stage," to examine the efforts of his immediate predecessors. For this purpose, in the present edition, four plays of great celebrity in their day have been substituted for others by Ford and Shirley, hitherto included, but which it was needless to retain, because reprints of the works of both those poets are on the eve of publication, under the care of Mr. Gifford. Recollecting how much each per-

that he was conscious of the defectiveness of his labours in this particular; and excepting in a very few instances, and as applied to a very few pages, Mr. Gilchrist did not attempt to remedy it. How necessary it was that such a collation should be made will be apparent from the many instances in which the variations are now marked. In several of the plays gross errors of this kind had crept into almost every page; and though in others they were less numerous, still they were frequent and important. Sometimes the words of all the old copies were departed from without notice or necessity, and in several instances, dedications, songs, and parts of the dialogue were omitted, while whole speeches were assigned to wrong characters. The Editor does not make this statement at all to diminish the degree of gratitude due to Mr. Reed for what he did accomplish, nor to attract credit to himself for the performance of a tedious and generally thankless task: he mentions it merely as a matter of fact.

He is aware how much might yet be done in the regulation of the metre. The old printers, as is well known, were often quite regardless of the verse; either, because attention to it, by requiring too much room, did not suit the price at which a play was published, or because the manuscript, often surreptitiously obtained, reached them in a very confused and imperfect state. In several places



Mr. Gilchrist's suggestions in this respect have been adopted; and in general, wherever the measure could be distinctly ascertained, and restored without violence to the text, the attempt has been made. It has not unfrequently happened that the omission or insertion of a single unimportant word or syllable would have accomplished the object; but the Editor preferred the observance of fidelity to any trifling exercise of ingenuity. It may be added that Mr. Reed paid less attention to punctuation than its importance to the sense required.

The biographical and preliminary matter to each play has been rendered more complete than hitherto by the improved state of information regarding our early poets and poetry: in some instances it has been re-written; in others, it is entirely new, and in nearly all cases, additional and perhaps useful notes have been appended. The conciseness of the plan established in the outset prevented the introduction of critical remarks.

In the notes generally, the Editor did not feel himself at liberty to make any change: they are inserted as they stood in the edition of 1780, while the farther MS. illustrations of Mr. Reed and Mr. Gilchrist are given as they left them. Of the printed notes, a few might have been wholly omitted, some considerably abbreviated, and others advantageously altered; but under all the circumstances, it was deemed prudent to reprint the

entire. Those for which the Editor is responsible are marked with the letter C. He has been anxious in them to avoid prolixity, and where verbal criticism was necessary he has subjoined no more quotations from contemporary writers than he thought necessary for illustration. Perhaps the notes on some of the plays now first re-printed would have been fewer had the Editor not been desirous to make the whole work consistent. The new matter by Mr. Reed and Mr. Gilchrist is distinguished by the initials of their names.

C.

London, January, 1826.



## MR. REED'S PREFACE.

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THE Works of our ancient dramatic writers have suffered a very long, and, some few excepted, a very general neglect. Though possessed of innumerable beauties, they have been known in so imperfect a manner, that their very names have almost escaped the readers of the present times.\* The merits of writers are not always to be estimated from the reputation which they bear with the public. Accident and caprice contribute to advance some authors above their due rank ; and the same causes as frequently depress below their proper stations, others who are entitled to a superior degree of regard. The truth of these observations might be illustrated by instances without number. Many productions have been at first coldly received, which afterwards have met with the highest applause. Some have been praised and neglected ; while others, from a concurrence of circumstances in which excellence hath had no concern, have for a time acquired a share of favour which they have been unable to retain. Such hath

been the revolution of taste, that not a few works have been both applauded and condemned by the same persons; and this will be esteemed the less extraordinary, when it is considered how many, who pronounce on the beauties or defects of authors, decide without any previous knowledge of what they approve or censure, how many rely on the opinion of others, and how few are capable of exercising any judgment of their own.

To whatever cause it is to be ascribed, there can be no question but that the works of those who flourished in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and her successor were not until lately much studied; and the dramatic poets were not less neglected than their contemporary brethren. Even those who are now held in the greatest reverence were not exempt from the same contemptuous treatment, and in consequence of it were almost suffered to sink into oblivion and obscurity. Many parts of Shakspeare, *the God of our present idolatry*, and some whole Plays, remained involved in all the darkness which a change of manners and customs in the lapse of near two centuries had occasioned; and the reputation which our favourite author possessed depended in some degree on the frequent representation of a very few of his plays at the theatres. How little he was read may be seen by the example of Sir Richard Steele, who does not appear to have

been acquainted with so popular a play as *The Taming of a Shrew*<sup>1</sup>.

To account for so general a disregard towards the early writers for the stage may not be an easy task, though it would not be difficult to prove the injustice of it. Many causes are to be assigned. The fanaticism, which prevailed about the middle of the last century, had a fatal influence over the theatre for some time. The intemperance of religious zeal carried destruction along with it wherever the works of taste were to be met with; and its dominion continued so long, that few of the dramatic poets, who flourished when the civil wars broke out, remained at the Restoration. The convulsions of the times, which had interrupted all kind of diversions, produced also a change in the manners of the people; and those who adhered to monarchy, on their return from exile, brought home with them a fondness for the French school, which soon superseded and sunk into disrepute the rude, but nervous, productions of their predecessors. Those who obtained the direction of dramatic entertainments at this period, had also been banished from their country, and had acquired the same taste. Regularity therefore took place of the wild native efforts of genius, which were soon driven from the stage; the contemporaries and immediate successors of Shakspeare became obso-

<sup>1</sup> See last Edition of Shakspeare, vol. III. p. 586.

lete, the humour which they possessed was lost, and all the allusions, which depended on temporary circumstances, being forgotten, grew tasteless and insipid. The refinements of French manners also created a disgust at the coarseness which was common in the conversation of our forefathers; and, though there was no improvement in the morals of the people, it must be acknowledged, that an affectation of delicacy reigned, totally inconsistent with those gross and vulgar modes of expression so frequently to be found in ancient writers.

. The first attempts in any art are always rude and imperfect, more calculated to exercise the sagacity of an antiquary, than to gratify a taste rendered delicate by being accustomed to the improvements which luxury and riches introduce. The polish of modern fashions ill agrees with the barbarity of ancient manners. The early efforts of our ancestors in the dramatic walk were therefore soon laid aside: their pictures of human life were exchanged for scenes displaying the follies of the day; which, in their turn, have submitted to the same fate, being at this time as little adapted to furnish an evening's entertainment at the theatre, as many of the forgotten dramas in the present volumes. Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Cibber, now exhibit characters almost as obsolete as those of Ben Jonson, or Beaumont and Fletcher; and if such names as the latter cannot ensure a continuance of fame, the

Dekkars, Middletons, Chapmans, and Marstons, their contemporaries, must give up their claim to immortality without a murmur.

It is a misfortune which must attend all who write for the stage, that their happiest exertions in delineating life and manners lose their force in the course of a few years, and the more faithfully they are painted, the sooner their colouring dies away. The whimsical caprices of fashion are perpetually changing, and, as they pass daily before our eyes, seldom leave any memorial of their existence. They sometimes are almost literally the children of a day; and when they expire, so much of the attraction as depends on such transient circumstances is necessarily lost. That no small stress is laid on what cannot be long relished, may be seen by the practice of modern writers. It may be asked, who has with more success than the late Mr. Foote *caught the fleeting Cynthia of a minute*? whose dramatic pieces afforded more satisfaction on the stage? Yet, with all that unequalled facility of transferring characters from life to the theatre which he possessed, his works are already laid aside, and must, if they are remembered a century hence, be indebted to the industry of some painful searcher into antiquity for recovering lost allusions and forgotten facts. The truth is, there are few but prefer the applause of those they live with to the approbation of succeeding times. Their repre-



sentations therefore are often so closely connected with the fluctuations of fashion, that it has sometimes been necessary for an author to be his own commentator. Cibber lived to see the characters of his own coxcombs become obsolete ; and, not very late in life<sup>2</sup>, was obliged to point out the distinction between the fops he had drawn, and the new race of these insignificant beings which had sprung up to succeed them. Can it then be wondered at, that we no longer receive pleasure from the exhibition of the Foppingtons and Fashions, which afforded so much entertainment to the frequenters of our theatres at the beginning of this century? That the charm is now lost, must be felt every time these characters appear on the stage. The humour of them is so interwoven with fashions now no longer familiar, that some late attempts to adapt them to modern manners have only contributed to destroy the remains of spirit and meaning which were left in them.

If the works of writers so near our own days so soon lose their effect, and the restoration of them to the theatre is become a task of such difficulty, the exclusion of performances of a more remote period will scarcely be considered as a very formidable objection to the merit of them. In fact, the same causes have had the same effects in both cases ; and at present the earliest pieces are likely

<sup>2</sup> See his *Apology*, p. 303. edit. 1750.

to be more read, and better understood, than even those of only fifty years standing. At a time when destruction seemed to threaten most of the productions of the early stage, and after, it is to be feared, many of them were irrecoverably lost, the explanation of those writers, who may be esteemed the classics of this country, began to engage the attention of some of the ablest writers of the present times. Struck with the absurd alterations and wild conjectures of critics, who mangled and disfigured their authors, instead of elucidating their obscurity, they determined to search into contemporary writers for a solution of such doubts as had been created chiefly by time. The success which attended their enquiries soon shewed the necessity of an acquaintance with works which had until then been overlooked, to obtain a perfect knowledge of some of our most esteemed authors. It shewed also, that many beauties had long remained unknown and unnoticed; that fame had not always accompanied worth; and that those who wished for information concerning ancient manners would not be able to obtain it so well from any other source.

When the value of such kind of performances became known, other difficulties arose; the materials, which were to answer these excellent purposes, were not to be obtained by those who were best able to make use of them. Works, which cease to be popular, are in a short time destroyed;

the fugitive pieces of all ages would soon perish, on account of the slender form of their publication, if they were not from time to time collected and published in a manner more likely to ensure their duration. As the use of such collections is now confessed on all hands, it is to be lamented that care was not taken sooner to preserve such slight performances from the ravages of time and accident. What might have been accomplished with the greatest ease in the last century is now become an undertaking of much difficulty. Many works are totally lost; some are already become as valuable as manuscripts; and of several, the best editions are to be sought after in vain. The industry of a few persons hath lately been employed, with much credit to themselves, in forming collections which have been of singular advantage to the public, as may be seen in some late publications; and the liberality of the present age is in nothing more remarkable, than in the alacrity with which the possessors of such curiosities communicate them to those who have occasion to consult them.

The present volumes were originally compiled from the only collection then known to exist, that which had been formed by the Earls of Oxford. This afterwards came into the possession of the late Mr Garrick; and, with great additions, hath since been bequeathed by him to *The British Museum*. The mention of this gentleman's name

naturally reminds the Editor, that he should be deficient in point of gratitude, if he omitted to notice the readiness with which he was allowed the free use of whatever Mr. Garrick's library contained for the service of this work. It is no extravagant compliment to the memory of a man, who hath contributed more to the public entertainment than any person of the present age; that in this particular he had, as in many other parts of his character, no superior, and scarcely an equal. His wish to forward any literary undertaking is too well known, and hath been too often acknowledged by those who were obliged to him, to need any eulogium on this subject at present; and his death cannot but occasion a sigh to arise in the breast of every one who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

As the public hath long been in possession of the present work, it will perhaps be deemed unnecessary to take up the reader's time in pointing out the value of what he is about to peruse. It may, however, be with decency asserted, that it is calculated to afford a great degree of entertainment to those who would be acquainted from what slight beginnings the English theatre arose to its present state of improvement. It will shew the progress of genius in the course of more than a century; and it will exhibit a specimen of almost every author who contributed to support the stage during that

period. The vices and follies, the manners, customs, fashions, caprices, and pursuits of our ancestors, will here pass in review before us ; and in so lively a manner, that he who would draw a comparison between the modes of living of the present and former times, may be furnished with materials to make his judgment from. If he should chance to find any thing offensive to delicacy, he will recollect the times in which these Plays appeared are not to be commended for the observation of a strict decorum. There are many proofs, that the courts of Elizabeth, and her two successors, were extremely licentious in conversation ; and it would be vain to expect a greater degree of chastity at the public theatres, than was to be found where Royalty resided, especially when it is known that each sovereign was in this particular highly censurable.

The first Edition of the present Volumes was one of the many excellent plans produced by the late Mr. Robert Dodsley, a man to whom literature is under so many obligations, that it would be unpardonable to neglect this opportunity of informing those who may have received any pleasure from the work, that they owe it to a person whose merit and abilities raised him from an obscure situation in life to affluence and independence. Modest, sensible, and humane, he retained the virtues which first brought him into notice, after he had obtained wealth sufficient to satisfy every wish which could

arise from the possession of it. He was a generous friend, an encourager of men of genius; and acquired the esteem and respect of all who were acquainted with him. It was his happiness to pass the greater part of his life with those whose names will be revered by posterity; by most of whom he was loved as much for the virtues of his heart, as he was admired on account of his excellent writings. After a life spent in the exercise of every social duty, he fell a martyr to the gout, at the house of a friend<sup>3</sup>, in the year 1764, when he had nearly arrived at the age of 61 years.

From this digression, if it may be called one, let us return to what introduced it, the former edition of this collection. It hath been customary with those who have given new editions of works which have exercised the abilities of other persons, to be very diffuse in pointing out the defects of their predecessors, and to dwell with great satisfaction on mistakes, which the most careful editors cannot avoid falling into. This practice is the more to be condemned, as every person who has had any concern in undertakings of this kind, must be convinced of the fallibility of all claims to unerring perfection. When Mr. Dodsley undertook the present publication, the duties of an editor of English works were not so well understood as they have been since. The collation of copies had not at

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Spence, at Durham.

that time been practised in any case that the editor is informed of (for it is certain neither Theobald, nor any other editor of Shakespeare, nor either of the gentlemen who had published Chaucer or Spenser, had any claim to praise on this account), and a knowledge of the writings of contemporary authors was still less deemed necessary. In consequence of these false ideas of the requisites which an editor ought to possess, there are some imperfections in the former edition, which would have been avoided had the same person lived to superintend a republication of his work. One of these faults arose from his reliance on the first copy of a play, sometimes the most erroneous one, which chance put into his hand; but the most material was from his want of acquaintance with the literature of the last century. This latter circumstance occasioned many words and phrases which were obscure, or not understood, to be changed for others more familiar and intelligible. As fidelity in publishing any author is an indispensable quality in an editor, the liberty which Mr. Dodsley ventured upon is certainly not to be defended or excused. His several innovations have therefore been silently removed, without burthening the page with an unnecessary note, except where the words restored required an explanation. The different copies by which the present edition has been collated, are set down at the end of each play.

In printing the text, the Editor hath been careful not to fall into the error of his predecessor, and therefore hath scarcely ever indulged himself in alterations from conjecture. The many experiments of this kind which were made by the first editors of Shakespeare and other writers, and the futility of them all, as hath appeared from the enquiries of later commentators, have sufficiently convinced him that such a mode of getting rid of the difficulties which occur in ancient writers, is more calculated to shew the boldness of the critic, than to give credit to his knowledge, either of the authors, or the habits, fashions, humours, or customs, of former times. He hath, therefore, in not more than two or three instances, departed from the text, and never without noting the variation, that no one who may choose the rejected words, or is able to explain them to his satisfaction, may be obliged to quit the old copies, if they shall be deemed intitled to a preference.

In commenting on the several plays, the Editor hath generally had recourse to contemporary writers, for the explanations of words or phrases which are peculiar to the times; and the same practice hath been observed in elucidating the particular customs which are referred to in the several volumes. In the course of these remarks, the reader will see how much the present collection hath been indebted to the late edition of Shake-



speare. As it cannot be expected that many will become purchasers of these volumes who are not possessed of that work, it hath generally been referred to in the course of the several notes. It would be some satisfaction to the Editor, if he could say, that all the obscurities which are to be found were completely explained; and he is sorry to acknowledge, that several remain unattempted. They are, however, not very numerous, and will, he thinks, be entitled to the pardon of every candid reader. To throw light on every difficult passage in such a work as the present, requires more reading than can be expected from any one person.

It was very soon after this collection went to the press, that the Editor became convinced how imperfectly the task which he had entered upon would be performed, if he was to depend entirely on his own endeavours; and, very fortunately, that aid which he wished for was offered him, in the politest manner, by a gentleman to whom he is under many great obligations, besides his communications to this work. When it is known, that to him the public are indebted for all the notes signed with the letter S, the reader will regret that there are not a greater proportion of the whole number under that signature. From another gentleman, whose knowledge in antiquarian subjects the world hath been long acquainted with, the notes marked S. P. were received; and those which have the

letter N annexed to them, are such observations as occurred to the printer of the first six volumes, in reading the proof sheets. To all these gentlemen the editor esteems himself much indebted for their kindness and attention. From them arises the principal assistance he hath to boast of. A very few notes marked with different letters he was favoured with by other friends, to whom he begs here to make his acknowledgments. And he hath many reasons to flatter himself, that the commentary would have been much enlarged from other quarters, if a diffidence of his abilities for the undertaking had not deterred him from solicitation.

There are two alterations in the present edition from the former, which he believes will need no apology. These are, the arrangement of the plays, now changed according to the chronological order in which they were published, and the removal of some, which were formerly printed, for others which seem to have a fairer claim to being preserved. Some of these rejected pieces have been lately published in a complete edition of one author; and the others are such as have been thrown out by the advice of a gentleman whose sentiments concerning them must be confirmed by every one who will afford them a perusal<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> The following is a list of the rejected plays :

1 *Mustapha*, by Lord Brooke.

2 *The Shepherd's Holiday*, by Joseph Rutter.

Besides the notes already mentioned, the principal additions are, a fuller account of the several authors than Mr. Dodsley's plan allowed him to give. The History of the Stage is also continued from the Time of the Restoration to the year 1776; but, in this part of the undertaking, a want of materials hath so often occurred, that the editor is convinced of the imperfect manner in which it is

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|---|---|---------------|
| 3. The City Madam,                        | } | by Massinger. |
| 4. A New Way to pay old Debts,            |   |               |
| 5. The Guardian,                          |   |               |
| 6. The Unnatural Combat,                  |   |               |
| 7. The Picture,                           |   |               |
| 8. The Lost Lady, by Sir William Barclay. |   |               |
| 9. The Marriage Night, by Lord Falkland.  |   |               |
| 10. Love will find out the Way, by T. B.  |   |               |

This is no more than Shirley's *Constant Maid*.

11. All Mistaken; or, The Mad Couple, by James Howard.
12. The Revenge; or, A Match in Newgate.

This is Marston's Dutch Courtezan, altered by Betterton.

Instead of which are inserted,

1. The First Part of Jeronimo.
2. The Second Part of the Honest Whore, by Tho. Dekkar.
3. All Fools, by George Chapman.
4. The Miseries of Inforced Marriage, by Geo. Wilkins.
5. Ram Alley, by Lodowick Barry.
6. The Roaring Girl, by Middleton and Dekker.
7. The Four Prentises of London, by Thomas Heywood.
8. The Jew of Malta, by Christopher Marlow.
9. The Wits, by Sir William Davenant.
10. Chichevache and Bycorne.

executed, without being able to make any improvement in it. He is surprized to find so little has been written on a subject from which so much of the amusement of life is derived ; and, if the slight sketch now given should tempt any person who has more industry and better opportunities of acquiring information to complete what is here left undone, the editor will not think his time entirely mis-spent.

How far the present edition of Mr. Dodsley's work is calculated to answer what the public have a right to demand, the editor is afraid to reflect on. It was begun at first merely for amusement ; and hath been carried on through much ill health, and with many real doubts of his ability to finish it in such a manner as to merit applause. He hath not been seduced by vanity so far as not to perceive the many defects which will be found in his part of these volumes. He is truly sensible of them ; but can at the same time declare, they have not been caused by any relaxation of his endeavours to render the performance as perfect as he was able. Whatever is the determination concerning it (though the subject is what he acknowledges himself to feel some anxiety about), he professes himself not to have the slightest inclination to dispute the propriety of any censure which may be passed on his labours, either in part, or in the whole. Perfectly satisfied with the pleasure he has

received in the course of this work, he hath no expectation or wish for fame, on account of his concern in it. The employment hath been a very agreeable one to him. It hath soothed many an hour when depressed by sickness and pain ; and hath contributed, in some measure, to the happiness of his life, by the opportunity which he hath by means of it enjoyed of becoming known to several gentlemen, whose friendship and acquaintance he esteems highly honourable to him. To those who may be dissatisfied with the manner in which this work is conducted, he can only say, that the undertaking appeared to him much easier before he engaged in it, than he found afterwards in its progress through the press. He might safely rely on the candour of those who have experienced the trouble and difficulty attending such performances as the present ; and to those who have not, could wish to address himself in the words of one who had, says the gentleman who quotes him, long laboured in the province of editorial drudgery ; and who thus appeals to the judgment and benevolence of the reader : “ If thou ever wert an  
“ editor of such books, thou wilt have some com-  
“ passion on my failings, being sensible of the toil  
“ of such sort of creatures ; and, if thou art not  
“ yet an editor, I beg truce of thee till thou art  
“ one before thou censurest my endeavours.”

# DEDICATION

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

TO SIR CLEMENT COTTEREL DORMER, KNIGHT.

SIR,

IF there be anything in this Collection worthy of being preserved it is to you the public is indebted for the benefit. Your obliging readiness to communicate the stores of which you were possessed, encouraged me to undertake the design, which otherwise I should have despaired of prosecuting with success. Under the sanction of your name, therefore, I beg leave to shelter the remains of these old dramatic writers, which but for your generosity had fallen with their authors into utter oblivion. To your candour I submit the pains I have taken to give a tolerably correct edition of them, and am with great respect,

Sir,

Your most obliged,  
and obedient

humble Servant,

R. DODSLEY.



## PREFACE <sup>s</sup>

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

WHEN I first conceived the design of collecting together the best and scarcest of our old Plays, I had no intention to do more than search out the several authors, select what was good from each, and give as correct an edition of them as I could. This I thought would at once serve as a specimen of the different merits of the writers, and shew the humours and manners of the times in which they lived. But as the public has been so kind to favour me with much greater encouragement than I expected, I thought it my duty to omit nothing that might conduce either to the greater perfection of the work, or their better entertainment. It was this consideration which led me to think of prefixing to each Play, where any materials were to be had, a brief account of the life and writings of its

<sup>s</sup> The Notes to this Preface signed D, are those originally added to it by Mr. Dodsley; those subscribed I. R. are by the late Mr. Reed; and the remainder with the initial C. are by the present Editor.



author; and also, by way of Preface, a short historical essay on the rise and progress of the English stage, from its earliest beginnings, to the death of king Charles the First, when play-houses were suppressed. But in the prosecution of both these designs I have been so crossed with a want of materials, that I am afraid what I intended should merit thanks, must barely hope for pardon.

Before I proceed to my principal design, it may not be unentertaining to the reader just to take a view of the great similarity that appears in the rise and progress of the modern stage in all the principal countries of Europe.

#### ITALIAN THEATRE.

The Italian is perhaps the earliest of the modern theatres; nay, they pretend it was never entirely silent from the imperial times. But though there might be some insipid buffooneries performed by idle people strolling about from town to town, and acting in open and public places to the mob they gathered round them; yet they had no poetry till the time of the *Provençals*<sup>6</sup>, nor any thing like a

<sup>6</sup> Bouche, in his History of Provence, says, the *Provençal* poets began to be esteemed throughout Europe in the twelfth century, and were at the height of their credit about the middle of the fourteenth. Their poetry consisted of Pastorals, Songs, Sonnets, *Syrventes* and *Tensons*, i. e. Satires and Love-disputes. And in the list of their poets

theatre, till they began to exhibit the *Mysteries of Religion*. And these, as is affirmed by Octavio Pancirolli, in his *Tesoro Nascosto di Roma*, begun but with the establishment of the fraternity del Gonfalone in the year 1264: from the statutes of which company he quotes the following paragraph: 'The principal design of our fraternity, being to represent the passion of Jesus Christ; we ordain, that when the mysteries of the said passion are represented, our ancient orders be ever observed; together with what shall be prescribed by the general congregation.' But Crescimbeni, in his History of Poetry, says, the first piece of this nature was written by Francis Beliani on the story of Abraham and Isaac; and acted at Florence, in the church of St. Mary Magdalen, about 1449; and that about the same time, or soon after, the History of Christ's Passion was first represented in the

are found persons of the first dignity: in particular the Emperor Frederick the First, and our King Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion. This poetry received its fatal stroke in the death of Joan the First, Queen of Naples, and Countess of Provence; for neither Lewis the First, her adopted son, nor Lewis the Second, his successor, shewed any regard to it. *Le fin de cette poésie fut le commencement de celle des Italiens*; for all there before Danté were rather rhimers than poets: he and Petrarch were *les deux vraies fontaines de la poésie Italienne*; mais fontaines, qui prirent leurs sources dans la poésie Provençale. PASQUIER RECH. 605. D.

Coliseum at Rome. These two accounts I leave to be adjusted by the critics.

#### SPANISH THEATRE.

The Spanish Theatre boasts great antiquity; but it is difficult to fix its precise æra. Their first theatrical pieces were small farces of one Act called *Entermises*, or *Jordanas*, which they performed in thorough-fares, or the most public places of the towns. The action of the piece turned upon some subject of ridiculous and low life; which being heightened with strokes of wit and satire, and performed with antic gestures, made an entertainment not much unlike the *Latin Mimes*. To these succeeded what they called the *Autos Sacramentales*; being indeed mysteries, but more artificial than those of the rest of Europe, which were simple representations, while these were always allegorical. There are prodigious numbers of them in Spain, but those of Calderon are reckoned the best.\*

\* So strong a resemblance exists in many points between the origin, progress, and perfection of the English and Spanish stages, that it has been thought fit to subjoin a fuller account, of the latter, drawn from the best sources.

C.

Luzan, the author of the *Poetica*, a work of much authority in Spain, refers to the *Leyes de la partida de Alonzo*,

## FRENCH THEATRE.

The French pretend to draw the original of their drama from the *Provençal* poets in the thir-

to prove that dramatic representations commenced in Spain in the middle of the 13th century: one law expressly commands that the clergy shall not act *juegos de escarnios* (plays of scoffing or ridicule) but permits them to represent *mysteries* of the birth, passion, and resurrection of Christ: it also expressly forbids the use of the religious habit in the former. Hence it is deduced that both religious and profane dramatic representations were then exhibited, and it has been also asserted that actors by profession were known at the same time. There can be no doubt that acting mysteries formed part of the education of the ecclesiastics in the monasteries even to a comparatively late date. Blas Nasarre, the recent Editor of the Plays of Cervantes, states that it was the custom of the pilgrims of that age to act mysteries in the market places and even in the churches. The *Autos Sacramentales* had their origin in these Spanish mysteries which like our own were filled with absurd allegories, and personifications, and the grossest anachronisms. The jesters and buffoons of that time were called *Zahorrones* and *Remedadores*, and were made infamous by the law of Alonzo the Wise: the *Mayas* and *Diablillos* (little devils) were not allowed to cross the threshold of a church. The Court of Arragon began to patronize and cultivate poetry under the name of *la gaya ciencia*, towards the end of the 14th century; and the dramatic part of it consisted of dialogues and fancies of various kinds. The colleges at Toulouse and Barcelona, for the cultivation of poetry, were reformed and perfected by Don John I., Don

teenth century. I suppose because one Nouez, who died in the year 1220, is mentioned by Nos-

Martin, and Don Ferdinand the Honest, and the monarchs themselves assisted in the representation of what were termed *Ditados*, *Trobas*, and *Dialogos*: John I. brought from *Provence* for this purpose, the most celebrated poets, players, and dancers. After the college of the Troubadours was removed to Castille the dramatic art seems for some time to have remained stationary. Cervantes, in the preface to his plays, claims to be the first who personified the passions on the stage; but this pretension seems hardly consistent with the accounts of the Chroniclers and with what is known of the productions of *Juan de Encina*, who flourished circa 1480. The production about the year 1460, of a pastoral called *Mingo Rebulgo*, attributed to Rodrigo de Cota, is considered an epoch in the history of Spanish dramatic poetry: he also wrote a piece in no less than twenty-one Acts entitled *Calistus* and *Melibæa*, which probably, therefore, was never represented, and of which many imitations were published. Lope de Rueda, a native of Seville and a famous actor, is deemed the first who by his writings gave a distinguishing character to Spanish Comedy. Cervantes (Preface to his Plays) gives a curious account of the *properties* of a theatre before the time of Rueda: "all the furniture and utensils of the actors were contained in one sack, consisting of four beards and perriwigs, and four pastoral crooks." He also mentions that he was the first to divide plays into three acts, but Lope de Vega in his *Arte de hucer Comedias*, assigns this merit to an earlier author of the name of Virues: others attribute the invention to Nabarro. From this date the Spanish stage was inundated with plays divided into *Jornadas* or acts, and Montalban says, that Lope de Vega himself wrote 1800 of them.

tradamus as a good actor. This man, by going about to the houses of the nobility, singing, dancing, and making faces, gained not only a good livelihood, but much applause. He had, they tell us, the art of speaking either in a man's or woman's key, and by changing his accent, gesture, and countenance at pleasure, could himself personate two actors. These kinds of extempore farces, or dialogues, continued till they were displaced by the exhibition of the mysteries. The first, of which we have any account, was the mystery of the Passion, represented at St. Maur's in 1398.

Luzan separates the history of the Spanish stage into the four following epochs. 1. The ancient *canciones*, *villanescas*, and *dialogos*, which during the 14th century, were sung and acted by the authors, or by public jesters or players: no material change occurred until the commencement of the 16th century. 2. Pastorals and humorous colloquies in which Lope de Rueda gained such reputation, and which he himself improved: these continued for about 50 years. 3. Farces and pieces of comedy in three acts, invented by Virues, Cervantes, or Nabarro, and for writing which Juan de la Cueva was also celebrated: this species of entertainment was preserved until the close of the 16th century. 4. The perfection of the Spanish Drama in the latter end of the 16th and beginning of the 17th century, after Lope de Vega had produced his *Jacinto*, followed by the plays of Calderon and others.

It is evident that Luzan in this division does not profess to go so far back as the age of mysteries, which preceded the *canciones*, *villanescas*, and *dialogos* of which he first speaks.

But the French Theatre, though it got as early rid of these barbarities as any other, yet continued long very rude and imperfect, and destitute of all good comedy till the time of Corneille and Moliere; the former born in 1606<sup>7</sup>, the latter in 1621<sup>8</sup>.

#### DUTCH THEATRE.

The Dutch Theatre had its original from what they call in that country *Reden Ryckkers Kameran*, that is, companies or societies of rhetoricians and poets, not unlike the academies in Italy. The members of these societies were the wits of the place, who, when any one was married, buried, preferred to an office, &c. were applied to for epithalamiums, elegies, or panegyric. They also composed theatrical pieces, which they acted in the society-room; from whence these old pieces are called Society Plays, as those of Italy were called Academy Plays. Sometimes the *Reden Ryckkers*, or poets of one village, went to perform their pieces at fair times in another; which, in its turn, gave the first its revenge. Sometimes again, the poets of one village disputed the prize of wit with the poets of another, in extempore pieces. These kinds of entertainments, if they can be properly called theatrical, are said to be as old as the Provinces themselves; but the most eminent piece of their more reformed theatre is,

<sup>7</sup> He died 1684.

<sup>8</sup> He died 1673.

*De Spiegel der Minne*, the Mirror of Love ; written by Colin Van Ryssele, and printed at Haerlen in 1561. The Dutch, like all other theatres in their state of ignorance, had a great passion for the marvellous. In one of their old tragedies a princess has her lover's head before her on a plate : to this she sits down and addresses herself, and receives as pertinent answers as if it had been still upon his shoulders. But the Dutch Theatre is now more refined ; and these extravagances are seldom represented but on some state-holiday, to please the common people.

## GERMAN THEATRE.

The Germans deduce the first rise of their theatre from the ancient bards, who used to sing the eulogies of their heroes ; and I believe with just as much truth as the French do theirs from the *Provençals*. To these bards, they tell us, succeeded their *Master Sanger*, that is, Master Singers ; who formed themselves into societies in all the principal cities of Germany. One of these merry societies is actually subsisting at Strasburg to this day, composed of shoemakers, tailors, weavers, millers, &c. who enjoy certain privileges, which they pretend were granted them by Otho the Great and Maximilian the First : but neither did these attempt any thing dramatic till after the



fifteenth century\*. About the middle of the sixteenth, a shoe-maker at Nuremburgh, named Haanssacks, composed many dramatic pieces, both sacred and profane. Amongst the first are *Adam* and *Eve*, *Jacob* and *Esau*, *Esther*, *Tobias*, *Job*, *Judith*, the *Prodigal Son*, and others; among the latter are, *Jocasta*, *Charon*, *Griselda*, the *Judgment of Paris*, and many others. And this shoe-maker is now in as much honour amongst them for his *Mysteries* in Poetry, as Jacob Behman, another of the same craft, for his *Mysteries* in Divinity. But all these were very rude imperfect pieces; nor did the German Theatre arrive to any tolerable perfection till after the year 1626, when a company of Dutch players went to Hambourg, and, by exhibiting some pieces of a more perfect kind, led them to a better taste. It is not forty years since the Mystery of the Passion was exhibited at Vienna. It consisted of five Acts, and represented in order the Terrestrial Paradise; the Creation of Adam and Eve, their Fall; the Death of Abel; Moses in the Desert; the Travels of Joseph, Mary, and

\* Dr. Percy quotes M. l'Enfant, the historian of the Council of Constance, to shew that the English were the first to introduce plays into Germany in 1417; the *Nativity of the Saviour*, having been represented by the English fathers before the Emperor on the 31st of January in that year. C.

the child Jesus, into Egypt. Jesus was represented by a full-grown lad; but to shew that he was a child, they fed him on the stage with spoon-meat. Then you saw him disputing with the Doctors in the Temple, his Prayer in the Garden, his Seizing, his Passion, his Death on the Cross, and his Burial, which closed the representation. Thus all the modern theatres in Europe began with Singing, Dancing, and *extempore* Dialogues or Farces; from thence they proceeded to the Mysteries of Religion; and till the sixteenth century none of them attempted to exhibit either Tragedy, or Comedy.

#### ENGLISH THEATRE.

I come now particularly to consider the rise and progress of the English stage, which was the principal design of this *Preface*. It is generally, I believe, imagined, that the English stage rose later than the rest of its neighbours. Those in this opinion will, perhaps, wonder to be told of theatrical entertainments almost as early as the Conquest; and yet nothing is more certain, if you will believe an honest monk, one William Stephanides, or Fitz-Stephen, in his *Descriptio Nobilissimæ Civitatis Londoniæ*, who writes thus: “<sup>9</sup>London, in-

<sup>9</sup> *Lundonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos hadet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, quæ sancti confessores operati sunt, seu representationes*

“stead of common interludes belonging to the  
 “theatre, hath plays of a more holy subject; re-  
 “presentations of those miracles which the holy  
 “confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein  
 “the glorious constancy of the martyrs did ap-  
 “pear.” This author was a monk of Canterbury,  
 who wrote in the reign of Henry II. and died in  
 that of Richard I. 1191: and as he does not men-  
 tion these representations as novelties to the  
 people (for he is describing all the common diver-  
 sions in use at that time), we can hardly fix them  
 lower than the Conquest\*. And this, I believe, is  
 an earlier date than any other nation of Europe  
 can produce for their theatrical representations.  
 About 140 years after this, in the reign of Ed-

passionum, quibus claruit constantia martyrum. The  
 whole piece is preserved in Stow, and is very curious. D.

This curious ancient description of London was repub-  
 lished with Notes, in 4to. 1772. I. R.

The author of the dissertation, prefixed to the edition of  
 1772, conjectures that the work was written by Fitzstephens,  
 in or about the year 1174, and at all events before 1182. The  
 whole description of London has been discovered to be only  
 part of a larger work, the Life of Thomas à Becket. C.

\* Dr. Percy, in his Essay on the origin of the English  
 stage, establishes from Matthew of Paris, that the *Miracle  
 Play of St. Catherine*, was acted in the year 1110. It was  
 written by Geoffrey, Abbot of St. Albans, a Norman.  
 Matthew of Paris calls it *quendam ludum de Sancta Katerina,*  
*quem Miracula vulgariter appellamus.* C.

ward III. it was ordained by Act of Parliament, that a company of men called *Vagrants*, who had made masquerades through the whole city, should be whipt out of London, because they represented scandalous things in the little alehouses, and other places where the populace assembled. What the nature of these scandalous things were, we are not told; whether lewd and obscene, or impious and profane: but I should rather think the former, for the word *Masquerades* has an ill sound, and, I believe, they were no better in their infancy than at present. 'Tis true, the *Mysteries of Religion* were soon after this period made very free with all over Europe, being represented in so stupid and ridiculous a manner, that the stories of the New Testament in particular were thought to encourage libertinism and infidelity. In all probability, therefore, the actors last mentioned were of that species called *Mummers*<sup>10</sup>; these were wont to stroll about the country dressed in an antic manner, dancing, mimicking, and shewing postures. This custom is still continued in many parts of England; but it was formerly so general, and drew the common people so much from their business, that it was deemed a very pernicious custom; and as these

<sup>10</sup> A word signifying one who masks and disguises himself to play the fool, without speaking. Hence, perhaps, comes our country word *Mum*; hold your tongue, say nothing. D.

*Mummers* always went masked and disguised, they but too frequently encouraged themselves to commit violent outrages, and were guilty of<sup>11</sup> many lewd disorders. However, as bad as they were, they seem to be the true original comedians of England; and their excellence altogether consisted, as that of their successors does in part still, in mimicry and humour.

In an Act of Parliament made the 4th year of Henry IV. mention is made of certain *Wastors*, *Master-Rimours*, *Minstrels*, and other vagabonds, who infested the land of Wales; *And it is enacted, that no Master-Rimour, Minstrel, or other vagabond, be in any wise sustained in the land of Wales, to make Commoiths or Gatherings upon the people there.* What these *Master-Rimours* were, which were so troublesome in Wales in particular, I cannot tell; possibly they might be the degenerate descendants of the ancient bards. It is also difficult to determine what is meant by their making *Commoiths*. The word signifies in Welch, any district, or part of a hundred or cantred, containing about one half of it; that is, 50 villages; and might possibly be made use of by these *Master-Rimours*

<sup>11</sup> These disorders afterwards so much increased, that in the third year of Henry VIII. an Act was made against *Mummers*, in which the penalty for selling visors, or keeping them in any house, was 20 shillings each visor. Vide Statutes. D.

when they had fixed upon a place to act in, and gave intimation thereof for ten or twelve miles round, which is a circuit that I believe will take in about 50 villages. And that this was commonly done, appears from Carew's Survey of Cornwall, which was wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time\*. Speaking of the diversions of the people, "The "*Guary-Miracle* (says he), in English a Miracle-Play, is a kind of interlude compiled in Cornish, "out of some Scripture-History. For represent-  
"ing it they raise an amphitheatre in some open  
"field, having the diameter of his inclosed plain, "  
"some 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock  
"from all sides many miles off, to see and hear it;  
"for they have therein devils and devices to de-  
"light as well the eye as the ear." Mr. Carew has not been so exact as to give us the time when these *Guary-Miracles* were exhibited in Cornwall; but, by the manner of it, the custom seems to be very ancient.

The year 1378 is the earliest date I can find, in which express mention is made of the representation of mysteries in England. In this year the scholars of Paul's school presented a petition to Richard II. praying his Majesty "to prohibit some  
"unexpert people from presenting the History of  
"the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the

\* And printed in 1602. C.

“ said clergy, who have been at great expence in  
“ order to represent it publicly at Christmas.”  
About twelve years afterwards, viz. in 1390, the  
Parish-clerks of London are said to have played  
interludes at Skinners Well, July 18, 19, and 20th.  
And again, in 1409, the tenth year of Henry IV.  
they acted at Clerkenwell (which took its name  
from this custom of the Parish-clerks acting plays  
there) for eight days successively, a play concern-  
ing the Creation of the World, at which were  
present most of the nobility and gentry of the  
kingdom. These instances are sufficient to prove  
that we had the mysteries here very early, though  
perhaps not so soon as some of our neighbours.  
How long they continued to be exhibited amongst  
us, cannot be exactly determined. This period  
one might call the dead sleep of the Muses. And  
when this was over, they did not presently awake,  
but, in a kind of morning dream, produced the  
*Moralities* that followed\*. However, these jumbled  
ideas had some shadow of a meaning. The mys-  
teries only represented, in a senseless manner,  
some miraculous History from the Old or New  
Testament: but in these *Moralities* something of

\* Mr. Malone is of opinion in his *Historical Account of the English Stage*, that the earliest Morality was not produced before 1460. They did not however by any means supersede Mysteries. C.

design appeared, a fable and a moral; something also of poetry, the virtues, vices, and other affections of the mind being frequently personified <sup>12</sup>.

<sup>12</sup> In an old Morality, entitled *All for Money*, the Persons of the Drama are :

<i>Theology.</i>	<i>Adulation.</i>
<i>Science.</i>	<i>Mischievous Help.</i>
<i>Art.</i>	<i>Pleasure.</i>
<i>Money.</i>	<i>Prest for Pleasure.</i>
<i>Sin.</i>	<i>Gregory Graceless.</i>
<i>Swift to Sin.</i>	<i>Moneyless.</i>
<i>Damnation.</i>	<i>William with the two Wives.</i>
<i>Satan.</i>	<i>Nychol.</i>
<i>Pride.</i>	<i>S. Lawrence.</i>
<i>Gluttony.</i>	<i>Mother Crooke.</i>
<i>Learning with Money.</i>	<i>Judas.</i>
<i>Learning without Money.</i>	<i>Dives.</i>
<i>Money without Learning.</i>	<i>Godly Admonition.</i>
<i>All for Money.</i>	<i>Virtue.</i>
<i>Neither Money nor Learning.</i>	<i>Humility.</i>
<i>Moneyless and Friendless.</i>	<i>Charity. D.</i>

This Play was written by Thomas Lupton, and printed in 4to. B. L. 1578. I. R.

At this date Elizabeth had reigned 20 years; but from the subsequent lines in the Epilogue, it may perhaps be inferred, that the Morality was produced earlier in her reign.

“ Let us praye for the Queenes Majestie, our soveraigne  
governour,  
That she may raigne quietly according to Gods will,  
Whereby she may suppress vyce and set foorth Gods  
glorie and honour,  
And as she hath begun godly, so to continue still.



But the Moralities were also very often concerned wholly in religious matters. For religion then was every one's concern, and it was no wonder if each party employed all arts to promote it. Had they been in use now, they would doubtless have turned as much upon politics. Thus, the *New Custom*, which I have chosen as a specimen of this kind of writing, was certainly intended to promote the Reformation, when it was revived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. And in the more early days of the Reformation, it was so common for the partizans of the old doctrines (and perhaps also of the new) to defend and illustrate their tenets this way, that in the 24th year of Henry VIII. in an Act of Parliament made for the promoting true religion, I find a clause restraining all rimors or players from singing in songs, or playing in interludes, any thing that should contradict the established doctrines. It was also customary at this time to act these moral and religious dramas in private houses, for edification and improvement, as well as the diversion of well-disposed families; and for this purpose, the appearance of the <sup>13</sup> Persons of the Drama was so disposed, as

The title is curious, in as much as it states that the piece was written "plainly to represent the manners of  
"men, and fashion of the world now-a-days." C.

<sup>13</sup> Vide *New Custom*, vol. I.

that five or six actors might represent twenty personages.

What has been said of the Mysteries and Moralities, it is hoped, will be sufficient just to shew the reader what the nature of them was. I should have been glad to be more particular; but where materials are not to be had, the building must be deficient. And, to say the truth, a more particular knowledge of these things, any farther than as it serves to shew the turn and genius of our ancestors, and the progressive refinement of our language, was so little worth preserving, that the loss of it is scarce to be regretted. I proceed, therefore, with my subject. The Muse might now be said to be just awake, when she began to trifle in the old interludes, and aimed at something like wit and humour. And for these <sup>14</sup> John Heywood the epigrammatist undoubtedly claims the earliest, if not the foremost place. He was jester to king Henry VIII. but lived till the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which is generally called our first comedy\*, and

<sup>14</sup> What the nature and merit of his interludes were, may be guessed by the specimen I have preserved of them in this collection. *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, *The Disobedient Child*, and some others of the same cast, were wrote something later, but not at all better than Heywood. D.

\* The word *comedy* was very indefinitely employed in the early age of the British Drama, and it did not at all

not undeservedly, appeared soon after the interludes : it is, indeed, altogether of a comic cast, and wants not humour, though of a low and sordid kind. And now dramatic writers, properly so called, began to appear, and turn their talents to the stage. Henry Parker, son of Sir William Parker, is said to have wrote several tragedies and comedies in the reign of Henry VIII. and one John Hoker, in 1535, wrote a comedy called *Piscator*, or the *Fisher caught*. Mr. Richard Edwards, who was born in 1523, and in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, was made one of the gentlemen of her majesty's chapel, and master of the

mean what we now understand by it. *Tragedy* was even more licentiously used, and frequently had no reference whatever to theatrical representation. Thus Markham's Poem on the death of Sir Richard Grenville, is called " a Tragedy."

The author of *Historia Histrionica* calls *Gammer Gurton's Needle* the first production in English " that looks like a " regular comedy ;" but he was not acquainted with a piece, the name of which only was until lately known—*Ralph Roister Doister*. Although the title-page of the unique copy recently discovered is lost, yet in the prologue it is termed " a comedie, or enterlude ;" and it is regularly divided into acts and scenes. It was written by Nicholas Udall, many years before *Gammer Gurton's Needle*: he died in all probability nine years before *Gammer Gurton's Needle* was represented. See a note to vol. II. p. 3, of the present edition of Dodsley's Old Plays. C.

children there, being both an excellent musician and a good poet, wrote two comedies, called one *Palæmon* and *Arcite*, in which a cry of hounds in hunting was so well imitated, that the queen and the audience were extremely delighted: the other called *Damon* and *Pithias*, *the two faithfullest Friends in the World*. This last I have inserted. After him came Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Thomas Norton<sup>15</sup>, the writers of *Gorboduc*,\* the first dramatic piece of any consideration in the English language. Of these and some others, hear the judgement of Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, wrote in the reign of queen Elizabeth;† “ I think,” says he, “ that for tragedy the

<sup>15</sup> *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, here called *Gorboduc*, was probably written earlier than *Damon* and *Pithias*. I. R.

\* It does not appear where nor by whom *Ralph Roister Doister* was acted, but it is clear that neither *Gammer Gurton's Needle* nor *Gorboduc* were represented upon public stages; the first having been played at Christ's College, Cambridge, and the last by the Students of the Inner Temple. In this view the *Tragical Comedie of Apius and Virginia*, as well as in others pointed out in the introductory observations to it, [See Vol. 12,] may be looked upon as curious. C.

† Puttenham (if such really were his name), printed his anonymous work in the year 1589: an excellent reprint of it was published in 1811; and the merits of the work are sufficiently discussed in the prefatory matter. Brathwaite borrowed most of the remarks upon English poets and poetry in his *English Gentleman* from Puttenham. C.

“ Lord of Buckhurst, and Maister Edward Ferrys,  
 “ for such doings as I have seen of theirs, do  
 “ deserve the highest price: the Earl of Oxford,  
 “ and Maister Edwards of her majesty’s chapel,  
 “ for comedy and interlude.” And in another  
 place he says—“ But the principal man in this  
 “ profession (of poetry) at the same time, (viz.  
 “ Edward VI.) was Maister Edward Ferrys, a  
 “ man of no less mirth and felicity than John  
 “ Heywood, but of much more skill and magni-  
 “ ficence in his metre, and therefore wrote for the  
 “ most part to the stage in tragedy, and sometimes  
 “ in comedy or interlude; wherein he gave the  
 “ king so much good recreation, as he had thereby  
 “ many good rewards.” Of this Edward Ferrys,  
 so considerable a writer, I can find no remains,  
 nor even the titles of any thing he wrote. After  
 these followed John Lillie, famous in his time for  
 wit, and for having greatly improved the English  
 language, in a romance which he wrote, entitled,  
*Euphues and his England*<sup>16</sup>, or *The Anatomy of*  
*Wit*; of which it is said by the <sup>17</sup>publisher of his  
 Plays, “ Our nation are in his debt for a new  
 “ English which he taught them, *Euphues and his*

<sup>16</sup> Lyly published “ *Euphues, The Anatomy of Wit*,  
 “ 4to. 1581;” and “ *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1582.”  
 They are two distinct works. I. R.

<sup>17</sup> Mr. Blount, who published six of his Plays in the  
 year 1632. D.

“ *England* began first that language. All our ladies were then his scholars, and that beauty in court who could not *parle Euphuism*, was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French.” This extraordinary romance, so famous for its wit, so fashionable in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and which is said to have introduced so remarkable a change in our language, I have seen and read<sup>18</sup>. It is an unnatural affected jargon, in

<sup>18</sup> A few sentences from it, will give a taste of the manner of its composition.

“ There must in every triangle be three lines; the first beginneth, the second augmenteth, the third concludeth it a figure: so in love three virtues; affection, which draweth the heart; secrecy, which encreaseth the hope; constancy, which finisheth the work: without any of these rules there can be no triangle; without any of these virtues, no love.”

Again, “ Fire cannot be hidden in the flax without smoke, nor musk in the bosom without smell, nor love in the breast without suspicion.”

Once more. “ She is the flower of courtesy, the picture of comeliness; one that shameth Venus, being somewhat fairer, and much more virtuous; and staineth Diana, being as chaste, but much more amiable: but the more beauty she hath, the more pride; and the more virtue, the more preciseness. The peacock is a bird for none but Juno; the dove for none but Vesta; none must wear Venus in a table but Alexander; none Pallas in a ring but Ulysses: for as there is but one phoenix in the world, so there is but one tree in Arabia where she buildeth;

which the perpetual use of metaphors, allusions, allegories, and analogies, is to pass for wit; and stiff bombast for language. And with this nonsense the court of Queen Elizabeth (whose times afforded better models for stile and composition, than almost any since) became miserably infected, and greatly helped to let in all the vile pedantry of language in the following reign. So much mischief the most ridiculous instrument may do, when he proposes to improve upon the simplicity of nature.

Though tragedy and comedy began now to lift up their heads, yet they could do no more for some time than bluster and quibble; and how imperfect they were in all dramatic art, appears from an excellent criticism of Sir Philip Sidney<sup>19</sup>,

“and as there is but one Camilla to be heard of, so there is  
“but one Cæsar that she will like of.” His Plays are of the same strain, as may be seen by that I have preserved.

D.

<sup>19</sup> Our tragedies and comedies, says he, observe rules neither of honest civility, nor skilful poetry. Here you shall have Asia of the one side, and Africk of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player when he comes in must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the mise-

on the writers of that time. Yet they seem to have had a disposition to do better had they known how, as appears by the several efforts they used to lick the lump into a shape: for some of their pieces they adorned with dumb shews, some with choruses, and some they introduced and explained by an interlocutor. Yet imperfect as they were, we had made a far better progress at this time than our neighbours, the French: the Italians indeed, by early translations of the old dramatic writers, had arrived to greater perfection; but we were at least upon a footing with the other nations of Europe.

But now, as it were, all at once (as it happened

able beholders are bound to take it for a cave: while in the mean time two armies flie in, represented with four swords and bucklers; and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinary it is that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours space: which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine.—*Defence of Poesy.* D.

This tract was first published in 1595, under the title of *An Apologie for Poetrie*, preceded by four sonnets by Henry Constable to Sir Philip Sidney's soul. It was subsequently added to the *Arcadia* when it was called "A Defence of Poesie," and Constable's sonnets were omitted. Sir P. Sidney, as is well known, was killed in 1586. C.



in France, though in a much later period) the true drama received birth and perfection from the creative genius of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Jonson, whose several characters are so well known, that it would be superfluous to say any more of them.

Having thus traced the dramatic Muse through all her characters and transformations, till she had acquired a reasonable figure, let us now return and take a more particular view of the stage and actors. The first company of players we have any account of in history, are the children of Paul's<sup>20</sup> in 1378, mentioned before in page xliii.\* About twelve years afterwards the parish clerks of London are said to have acted the Mysteries at Skinner's Well. Which of these two companies have been the earliest, is not certain; but as the children of Paul's

<sup>20</sup> This is not quite accurate. Mr. Steevens has shewn from the unpublished collections of Rymer, now in the British Museum, that a patent was granted four years earlier; viz. in 1574, to James Burbage, John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson, servants to the earl of Leicester, to act comedies, tragedies, enterludes, and stage plays, during pleasure.—*Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens's* edition of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. I. p. 193. J. R.

\* Upon this point Mr. Malone remarks that he was "unable to mark the time when the profession of a player became common and established." (*Mal. Sh. edit.* by Bosw. III 42.) He, however, establishes that in the reign of Henry VII. there was not only a regular troop of players in London, but also a royal company. C.

are first mentioned, we must in justice give the priority to them. It is certain, the *Mysteries* and *Moralities* were acted by these two societies many years before any other regular companies appeared. And the children of Paul's continued to act long after tragedies and comedies came in vogue, even till the year 1618, when a comedy called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*<sup>21</sup> was acted by them. I believe the next company regularly established was, the children of The Royal Chapel, in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, the direction of which was given to Mr. Richard Edwards beforementioned: and some few years afterwards, as the subjects of the stage became more gay and ludicrous, a company was formed under the denomination of *The Children of the Revels*. The children of the Chapel and of the Revels became very famous, and all Lillie's Plays, and many of<sup>22</sup> Shakspeare's,

<sup>21</sup> This is a mistake; there is an edition of this play printed in 4to. 1601, from which that of 1618 was taken. I. R.

The edition of 1618 was copied from that of 1616, for printers did not much care to consult the best editions and it was not likely that they should go so far back as 1601; besides, there is internal evidence of the fact, the errors of 1616 being incorporated with the new blunders of 1618. The play contains an eulogistic criticism upon the acting of the children of Paul's, and upon the genteelness of their audiences. C.

<sup>22</sup> I do not find any play of Shakspeare acted by the Children of the Revels. I. R.

Dodsley is here speaking generally of the three compa-

Jonson's, and others, were first acted by them. Nay, so great was their vogue and estimation, that the common players, as may be gathered from a scene in *Hamlet*, grew jealous of them. However, they served as an excellent nursery for the theatres, many who afterwards became approved actors being educated among them.

It is surprising to consider what a number of playhouses were supported in London about this time. From the year 1570 to the year 1629, when the playhouse in White Friars was finished, no less than 17 playhouses had been built.\* The names of most of them I have collected from the Title-pages of Plays<sup>23</sup>. And as the theatres were

nies of the children of St. Paul's, the Chapel, and the Revels, and not as Mr. Reed concludes, of the two last only, as is clear from what he observes of Lilly's Plays, for at least six of those attributed to him were acted by the Children of Paul's. C.

\* Mr. G. Chalmers, in his *Supplemental Apology*, p. 186, states that "in 1589 there existed in and about London only two theatres—the *Theatre* and the *Curtain*." C.

<sup>23</sup> *St. Paul's Singing-school, The Globe on the Bankside, Southwark, The Swan and The Hope there, The Fortune between Whitecross-street and Golding Lane*, which Maitland tells us was the first playhouse erected in London, *The Red Bull in St. John's-street, The Cross Keys in Grace-Church-street, The Tuns, The Theater, The Curtain, The Nursery in Barbican, one in Black Friars, one in White Friars, one in Salisbury-Court, and the Cockpit and the Phœnix in Drury-Lane*. D.

so numerous, the companies of players were in proportion. Besides the Children of the Chapel, and of the Revels, we are told that Queen Elizabeth, at the request of Sir Francis Walsingham, established in handsome salaries twelve of the principal players of that time, who went under the

In the above enumeration, I suspect there are two play-houses which are mentioned twice. Those in *White Friers* and *Salisbury-Court* seem to be one and the same, as those called *The Cock-Pit* and *The Phoenix* certainly are. See *Historia Histrionica*, vol. XII. p. 341. *The Curtain* was in Shoreditch, a part of which district still retains the name *The Curtain*. The original sign hung out at this theatre was the painting of a *curtain striped*. (See first volume of Shakspeare, edit. 1778. vol. I. p. 267. and Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. IV. p. 67.) That called *The Theatre*, I imagine, was Black Friers. We learn, likewise, from Prynne's *Histriomastix*, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, there were two other playhouses, the one called *The Bell-Sauvage* (situated very probably on Ludgate-Hill), the other in Bishopsgate-street; though this latter might be *The Curtain*. Taylor, the water poet, in *The true Cause of the Waterman's Suit concerning Players*, 1613, mentions another theatre, called *The Rose*. I. R.

The *Rose* stood on the Bankside, and by the discovery of Philip Henslowe's accounts in MS. at Dulwich College, it has of late years acquired considerable notoriety. Henslowe was the proprietor of it. Mr. Malone accuses Dodsley of falling into the error of supposing that 17 play houses were open at one time, but his words do not quite warrant such a conclusion: he only means to say, on the authority of the person who continued Stowe's *Survey*, that between

name of her Majesty's Comedians and Servants.\* But exclusive of these, many<sup>24</sup> noblemen retained companies of players, who acted not only privately

1570 and 1629, no less than 17 play houses had been built: the companies (as he adds) might be in proportion even though they did not all exist at once. C.

\* This took place in 1583, but as early as 1574 she granted a licence to James Burbage and four others to exhibit stage plays of any kind in any part of the kingdom.

<sup>24</sup> Thus Shakspeare's *Titus Andronicus* was acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex's servants; his *Romeo and Juliet* in 1596, which some say was his first play, by Lord Hunsdon's servants; and his *Merry Wives of Windsor* in 1602, by the Lord Chamberlain's [the earl of Oxford's] servants. The earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, had a company in 1594, and in 1599 *The Pinner of Wakefield* was acted by the earl of Sussex's servants. In short, plays were acted by the Lawyers in the Inns of Court, by the Students of several Halls and Colleges in the Universities, and even by London Prentices: so that now the saying was almost literally true, *Totus Mundus agit Histrionem*; D.

To the noblemen abovementioned, who had companies of players under their protection, may be added the names of *The Earl of Worcester* and *Lord Strange*; the plays of *How to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 4to, 1602, being acted by the servants of the former; and *Fair Em, the Miller's Daughter of Manchester*, 4to, 1631, by those of the latter. The privilege which the nobility claimed of protecting players, seems to have been acknowledged so late as in the present century. Mrs. Centlivre's play of *Love at a Venture*, was

in their lords houses, but publicly under their licence and protection. Agreeable to this is the account which Stow gives us - " Players in former times, says he, were retainers to noblemen, and none had the privilege to act plays but such. So in Queen Elizabeth's time, many of the nobility had servants and retainers who were players, and went about getting their livelihood that way \*. The Lord Admiral had players, so had Lord Strange, that played in the city of London. And

printed in 4to, 1706, as it was acted by the duke of Grafton's servants, at the new theatre in Bath; and *Injured Virtue, or the Virgin Martyr*, by Benjamin Griffin, was in like manner printed in 12mo, 1715, as acted at the playhouse in Richmond by the duke of Southampton and Cleveland's servants. I. R.

\* The Protector Somerset had a company of players and no doubt others were sheltered under the patronage of noblemen, earlier than the reign of Edward VI. In a work printed in 1568 "at Collen by Arnold Birckman," but the preface dated 1557, we find the following mention of them, and of one Miles, a member of the company, who perhaps is the first actor in England whose name stands upon record: the title of the book is "of the nature and properties as well of the bathes in England, as of other bathes in Germanye."

"They (says the writer) drye up wounderfullie and heale the goute excellently (and that in a shorte tyme) as with diverse others, one *Myles*, some tyme one of my Lord of Summersettes players, can beare witness." C.

“ it was usual, on any gentleman’s complaint of  
“ them for indecent reflections in their plays, to  
“ have them put down. Thus once the lord trea-  
“ surer signified to the lord mayor to have these  
“ players of Lord Admiral and Lord Strange pro-  
“ hibited, at least for some time, because one Mr.  
“ Tilney had for some reasons disliked them.  
“ Whereupon the mayor sent for both companies  
“ and gave them strict charge to forbear playing  
“ till farther orders. The Lord Admiral’s players  
“ obeyed; but the Lord Strange’s in a contemptu-  
“ ous manner went to the *Cross-Keys*, and played  
“ that afternoon. Upon which the mayor com-  
“ mitted two of them to the Compter, and pro-  
“ hibited all playing for the future, till the trea-  
“ surer’s pleasure was farther known. This was in  
“ 1589.” And in another part of his Survey of  
London, speaking of the stage, he says, “ This which  
“ was once a recreation, and used therefore now  
“ and then occasionally, afterwards by abuse be-  
“ came a trade and calling, and so remains to this  
“ day. In those former days, ingenious trades-  
“ men, and gentlemen’s servants, would sometimes  
“ gather a company of themselves, and learn inter-  
“ ludes, to expose vice, or to represent the noble  
“ actions of our ancestors. These they played at  
“ Festivals, in private houses, at weddings, or  
“ other entertainments. But in process of time it

“ became an occupation ; and these plays being  
“ commonly acted on<sup>25</sup> Sundays and Festivals,  
“ the churches were forsaken, and the playhouses  
“ thronged. Great Inns were used for this pur-  
“ pose, which had secret chambers and places, as  
“ well as open stages and galleries. Here maids  
“ and good citizens children were inveigled and  
“ allured to private and unmeet contracts ; here  
“ were publicly uttered popular and seditious mat-  
“ ters, unchaste, uncomely, and unshamefaced  
“ speeches, and many other enormities. The con-  
“ sideration of these things occasioned in 1574, Sir  
“ James Hawes being mayor, an act of common  
“ council, wherein it was ordained, that no play  
“ should be openly acted within the liberty of the  
“ city, wherein should be uttered any words, ex-  
“ amples, or doings of any unchastity, sedition, or  
“ such like unfit and uncomely matter, under the  
“ penalty of five pounds, and fourteen days im-  
“ prisonment. That no play should be acted till  
“ first perused and allowed by the lord mayor and  
“ court of aldermen ; with many other restrictions.  
“ Yet it was provided that this act should not ex-  
“ tend to plays showed in private houses, the lodg-  
“ ings of a nobleman, citizen, or gentleman, for the

<sup>25</sup> The custom of acting on Sundays possibly took rise from the exhibition of the mysteries on that day, which was partly considered as an act of religion. D.



“ celebration of any marriage, or other festivity,  
“ and where no collection of money was made from  
“ the auditors. But these orders were not so well  
“ observed as they should be ; the lewd matters of  
“ plays encreased, and they were thought danger-  
“ ous to religion, the state, honesty of manners,  
“ and also for infection in the time of sickness.  
“ Wherefore they were afterwards for some time  
“ totally suppressed. But upon application to the  
“ queen and the council they were again tolerated  
“ under the following restrictions: That no plays  
“ be acted on *Sundays* at all, nor on any other  
“ holidays till after evening-prayer\*. That no play-  
“ ing be in the dark, nor continue any such time,

\* The acting of plays, &c. on Sunday was prohibited in consequence of the fall of a scaffold in Paris garden, on the 13th January, 1583. This appears from a Sermon on the event by John Field. Prynne (*Histriomastix* 491) states on the supposed authority of Field that they abolished plays on the Sabbath, about 1580 ; but this is a mistake. Arthur Golding, the translator of Ovid, in his “ Discourse upon the Earthquake” of the 6th April, 1580, complains that the Lord’s Day “is spent full heathenishly in taverning, tippling, gaming, playing and beholding of bear-baitings and stage-plays to the utter dishonour of God, impeachment of all the godliness and unnecessary consuming of men’s substances, which ought to be better employed.” George Whetstone, in his *Mirror for Magistrates of Cities*, 1584, although a play-poet himself, objects to the use of them upon the Sabbath day, and the abuse of them at all times.” C.

“ but as any of the auditors may return to their  
“ dwellings in London before sunset, or at least  
“ before it be dark. That the Queen’s players  
“ only be tolerated, and of them their number and  
“ certain names to be notified in the lord trea-  
“ surer’s letters to the lord mayor, and to the jus-  
“ tices of Middlesex and Surrey. And those her  
“ players not to divide themselves in several com-  
“ panies. And that for breaking any of these  
“ orders, their toleration cease. But all these pre-  
“ scriptions were not sufficient to keep them with-  
“ in due bounds, but their plays so abusive often-  
“ times of virtue, or particular persons, gave great  
“ offence, and occasioned many disturbances :  
“ whence they were now and then stopped and  
“ prohibited.” I hope this long quotation from  
Stow will be excused, as it serves not only to prove  
several facts, but to show the customs of the stage  
at that time, and the early depravity of it. But that  
the plays not only of that age, but long before, were  
sometimes personal satires, appears from a manu-  
script letter which I have seen from Sir John Hallies  
to the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, found amongst  
some papers belonging to the House of Commons,  
in which the knight accuses his lordship of having  
said several dishonourable things of him and his  
family particularly that his grandfather, who had  
then been dead seventy years, was a man so

remarkably covetous, that the common players represented him before the court with great applause.

Thus we see the stage no sooner began to talk, than it grew scurrilous: and its first marks of sense were seen in ribaldry and lasciviousness. This occasioned much offence; the zeal of the pulpit, and the gravity of the city, equally concurred to condemn it. Many pamphlets were wrote on both sides. Stephen Gosson<sup>26</sup>, in the year 1579, published a book, intituled, *The School of Abuse, or a pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of the Commonwealth*; dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney. He also wrote, *Plays confuted in five Actions*: proving that they are not to be

<sup>26</sup> Stephen Gosson was a Kentishman, born 1556, and admitted a scholar of Christ Church 1572. He left the University without completing his degrees, and came to London, where he became a celebrated poet, and wrote, as he acknowledges, the following Plays, which were acted upon the theatre; viz. *Catalin's Conspiracies*; *The Comedie of Captain Mario*, borrowed from the Italian; and *The Praise at Parting*, A Morality. He afterwards went into the country to instruct a gentleman's sons, and continued there until he shewed his dislike to plays in such a manner, that, his patron growing weary of his company, he left his service, and took orders. He was first parson of Great Wigborow, in Essex, and afterwards of St. Botolph without Bishopgate, in London. Wood says he was alive in 1615. I. R.

suffered in a Christian commonwealth: dedicated to Sir Francis Walsingham. The defendants in this controversy were Thomas Lodge<sup>27</sup>, who wrote an old play, called, *A Looking-glass for London and England*; and that voluminous dramatic writer Thomas Heywood.\*

But to proceed: The stage soon after recovered its credit, and rose to a higher pitch than ever. In 1603, the first year of King James's reign, a licence<sup>28</sup> was granted under the privy seal to Shakspeare, Fletcher, Burbage, Hemmings, Condel, and others, authorizing them to act plays not only at their usual house, the *Globe* on the *Bankside*, but in any other part of the kingdom, during his majesty's pleasure. And now, as there lived together at this time many eminent players, it may not be amiss just to set down what we can collect, which will be but very little, of the most considerable of them, with regard to their talents and abilities. And first, "who is of more report," says the author of the *Return from Parnassus*, "than Dick Burbage<sup>29</sup> and Will

<sup>27</sup> For a particular account of Lodge, and his dramatic and undramatic productions, see the prefatory matter to *The Wounds of Civil War*, (vol. VIII.) a play for the first time included in this collection. C.

\* In his "*Apology for Actors*," 1612. C.

<sup>28</sup> This licence is printed in the last edition of Shakspeare, (1778) vol. I. p. 193. I. R.

<sup>29</sup> Burbage died, says Mr. Steevens, in the year 1629.

“ Kempe<sup>30</sup>? He is not counted a gentleman that  
 “ knows not Dick Burbage and Will Kempe:

(Shakspeare, 1778, p. 198.) Flecnoe, in *A short Discourse of the English Stage*, printed at the end of *Love's Kingdom*, 1674, speaking of Burbage, says, “ he was a delightful  
 “ Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his part,  
 “ and putting off himself with his cloathes, as he never  
 “ (not so much as in the Tying-house) assumed himself  
 “ again until the play was done: there being as much  
 “ difference betwixt him and one of our common actors as  
 “ between a ballad-singer who onely mouths it, and an  
 “ excellent singer who knows all his graces, and can art-  
 “ fully vary and modulate his voice even to know how  
 “ much breath to give to every syllable. He had all the  
 “ parts of an excellent orator (animating his words with  
 “ speaking and speech with action); his auditors being  
 “ never more delighted than when he spake, nor more sorry  
 “ then when he held his peace; yet even then, he was an  
 “ excellent actor still, never falling in his part when he had  
 “ done speaking; but with his looks and gesture main-  
 “ taining it still unto the heighth, he imagining *age quod*  
 “ *agis* onely spoke to him: so as those who call him a  
 “ player do him wrong, no man being less idle then he,  
 “ whose whole life is nothing else but action; with only  
 “ this difference from other men's, that what is but a play  
 “ to them is his business; so their business is but a play  
 “ to him.” I. R.

<sup>30</sup> William Kempe was one of the actors who performed at the Globe and at Black Fryers. His name appears among the original performers in Shakspeare's Plays, and in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, acted 1598. He was remarkable for excelling in the morrice dance, a circum-

“ there’s not a country wench that can dance *Sel-lenger’s Round*, but can talk of Dick Burbage and

stance •often mentioned by contemporary writers. As in *Jacke Drum’s Entertainment*, 1616, Sign. A. 3:

“ I had rather that *Kemp’s Morice* were their chat,

“ For of foolish actions, may be theyle talke wisely but of

“ Wise intendments, most part talke like fooles.”

Taylor’s *Laugh and be fat*, p. 73:

“ This gentleman thy travels doth advance

“ Above *Kemp’s Norwich anticke Morris dance*.”

I am informed, that among the books, given by Robert Burton to the Bodleian library, is a pamphlet, entitled,

“ *Kemp’s nine daies wonder performed in a daunce from London to Norwich. Containing the pleasure, paines, and kind entertainment of William Kemp, between London and that city in his late Morrice. Wherein is somewhat set downe worth note; to reprove the slaunders spread of him: many things merry, nothing hurtfull. Written by himselfe to satisfie his friends.*” London, printed for Nicholas Ling, 4to. 1600, B. L. It is dedicated to “The true ennobled Lady, and his most bountifull mistress, mistris Anne Fitton, mayde of Honour to the Most Sacred Mayde Royall Queene Elizabeth.” Prefixed to it is a wooden cut of *Kemp* as a morris-dancer, preceded by a fellow with a pipe and drum, whom he (in the book) calls Thomas Slye his taberer. Ben Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 4. S. 4. makes one of the characters say: “ — would I had one of *Kemp’s shoes* to throw after you.”

Among Braithwaite’s *Epitaphs*, 8vo. 1618, Sign. F 8, is the following:

UPON KEMPE AND HIS MORICE WITH HIS EPITAPH.

“ Welcome from Norwich *Kempe*; all joy to see

“ Thy safe returne moriscoed lustily.

“ Will Kempe.” Burbage was the Betterton, and Kempe the Nokes of that age. Burbage was the original Richard the Third<sup>31</sup>, and greatly distinguished himself in that character; Kempe was inimitable in the part of a clown. “ He succeeded “ Tarleton ”<sup>32</sup> (says Heywood) as well in the favour

“ But out alas! how soone's thy morice done,  
 “ When pipe and taber all thy friends be gone,  
 “ And leave thee now to dance the second part  
 “ With feeble nature, not with nimble art;  
 “ Then all thy triumphs fraught with strains of mirth,  
 “ Shall be cag'd up within a chest of earth;  
 “ Shall be? they are, th'ast danc'd thee out of breath,  
 “ And now must make thy parting dance with death.”

<sup>31</sup> Bishop Corbet, in his *Iter Boreale*, see Poems, p. 19. introduces his Host at Bosworth, describing the battle :

“ For when he would have said King Richard dy'd,  
 “ And call'd a horse, a horse, he Burbage cry'd.” *J. R.*

<sup>32</sup> Tarlton was an actor at the Bull, in Bishopsgate-street, and performed the Judge's character in the play of King Henry V. which was prior to that of Shakspeare. He also for some time kept an ordinary in Pater-noster-row, and once was master of a Tavern in Grace-church-street. He appears to have been in great favour with Queen Elizabeth, and like many other of his brethren, who have succeeded him, joined some humour to a great deal of profligacy. He was the author of a dramatic performance, called *The seven deadly Sins*, which is now lost; but the scheme or plan of it hath been lately discovered by Mr. Malone, and is at present in his possession. In Gabriel Harvey's “ *Four Letters and certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene and other parties by him abused,*” 4to. 1592, p. 29, mention is

“ of her majesty Queen Elizabeth, as in the opinion  
 “ and good thoughts of the general audience.”

made of a work written by Thomas Nashe, “ — right formally conveyed according to the stile and tenour of  
 “ Tarlton's president, his famous play of the *Scaven deadly Sinnes*, which most deadly, but most lively playe, I might  
 “ have seene in London : and was very gently invited there-  
 “ unto at Oxford by Tarlton himselfe, of whome I merrily  
 “ demaunding, which of the seaven was his owne deadlie  
 “ sinne ; he bluntly aunswered after this manner, By God  
 “ the sinne of other gentlemen lechery. Oh, but that M.  
 “ Tarleton is not your part upon the stage: you are too  
 “ blame that dissemble with the world, and have one part  
 “ for your frends pleasure, another for your owne. I am  
 “ somewhat of Doctor Perne's religion, quoth he : and  
 “ abruptlie tooke his leave.” Tarlton died about 1589, and  
 was buried at Shoreditch. On the 2d day of August, in  
 that year, Henry Kyrkham had licensed unto “ A sorowfull  
 “ newe sonnette, intituled Tarlton's Recantation upon this  
 “ theame, gyven him by a Gent at the Bel Savage without  
 “ Ludgate, (nowe or els never), beinge the laste theame he  
 “ songe.” And on the 16th of October, there was licenced  
 to Richard Jones, “ Tarlton's repentance, or his farewell to  
 “ his friends in his sicknes a little before his death, &c.”—  
 (See the Entries from the Books of the Stationers' Company.) By Bishop Hall's Satires it appears, that Tarlton  
 was celebrated enough to have his head hung as a sign for  
 ale-houses,

“ To sit with *Tarlton* on an ale-post's signe !” I. R.

In P. Bucke's “ Stately moral of the three Lords and  
 “ three Ladies of London,” 1590, Simplicity, a sort of  
 pedlar-clown, is represented as carrying in his basket pic-



And Tarleton, says Sir Richard Baker in his Chronicle, for the part of a clown, never had his match, nor ever will have. The Epitaph of Burbage is preserved in Cambden's Remains, and is only EXIT BURBAGE. The Epitaph of Tarleton is preserved by the same historian as follows :

Hic situs est, cujus Vox, Vultus, Actio possit  
Ex Heraclito redde Democritum.

The next I shall mention is Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich Hospital; as famous for his honesty, says Baker, as for his acting; and two such actors as he and Burbage, no age must ever look to see again. He's a man, says Heywood in his Prologue to the *Jew of Malta*,

Whom we may rank with (do no more wrong)  
Proteus for shapes, and Roscius for a tongue.

Hear also Ben Jonson, whose praise is of more weight, as it never was lightly bestowed :

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,  
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,  
'As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, men,  
Yet crown'd with honours as with riches then,  
Who had no less a trumpet of their name  
Than Cicero, whose very breath was fame:

tures of Tarlton. The date of Tarlton's death has been ascertained to have been shortly before the 3d September, 1588, (not 1589, as mentioned by Mr. Reed) as he was buried on that day, as appears by the Register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch. C.

How can so great example die in me,  
 That, Alleyn, I should pause to publish thee?  
 Who both their graces in thyself hast more  
 Outstript, than they did all that went before;  
 And present worth in all dost so contract,  
 As others speak, but only thou dost act.  
 Wear this renown: 'Tis just that who did give  
 So many poets life, by one should live.

Thomas Green<sup>33</sup> was famous for performing the part of a clown with great propriety and humour; and from his excellent performance of the character of *Bubble*, in a comedy written by Mr. John Cooke, the author called it after his name, *Green's Tu quoque*. "There was not an actor, says Heywood, of his nature, in his time, of better ability in his performance, more applauded by the audience, of greater grace at court, or of more general love in the city."

Hemmings and Condell<sup>34</sup> were two considerable

<sup>33</sup> See vol. VII. p. 1, for some account of Green.

<sup>34</sup> It is not known when these two performers died. Mr. Steevens, who searched for their wills in the Commons, could not find them, though he looked as late as the year 1641. See the first volume of the edition of Shakspeare in 1778, p. 198. Hemmings had a son named William (probably called so in compliment to Shakspeare), who was born in London, 1605, elected from Westminster School, a student of Christ Church, 1621, and completed his degree in arts 1628. He was the author of two Plays, and a Latin copy of Verses, printed in "*Carolus Redus*," 1623. By

actors in most of Shakspeare's, Jonson's, and Fletcher's Plays; the first in tragedy, the last in comedy: but they are better known for being the first editors of Shakspeare's Works in folio, in the year 1623, seven years after his death.

Lowin <sup>35</sup>, Taylor, and Benfield, are mentioned by Massinger as famous actors. In a Satire against Ben Jonson are these two lines:

Let Lowin cease, and Taylor scorn to touch  
The loathed stage, for thou hast made it such.

Lowin, though something later than Burbage, is said to have been the first actor <sup>36</sup> of *Hamlet*, and

an Advertisement to one of his Plays, it appears that he lived not long after the year 1650. I. R.

This account will receive some corrections by the reader who refers to Malone's Sh by Boswell, III 186, and where it also appears that "John Heminge (or Heminges) *the player*" (for he is so styled in the parish register) died on the 10th October, 1630, and was buried two days afterwards in the church-yard of St. Mary, Aldermanbury. C.

<sup>35</sup> See *Historia Histrionica*, in this vol.

<sup>36</sup> This seems to be said merely on the credit of Roberts the player in his answer to Pope's Preface; but as he quotes no authority, the truth of it may be doubted. The *Historia Histrionica* speaks of *Lowin's* performance of Falstaffe, Morose, Volpone, and Mammon; and *Downes*, in his *Roscus Anglicanus*, p. 24. mentions him as the original actor of *King Henry VIII.* but neither of them take any notice of his ever being the representative of *Hamlet*. On the contrary both of them (see vol. xii. p. 341. and *Downes*, p. 21.)

also the original *Henry VIII.* from an observation of whose acting it in his later days, Sir William Davenant conveyed his instruction to Mr. Betterton.

And now the theatre seems to have been at its height of glory and reputation. Dramatic authors abounded, and every year produced a number of new Plays: nay, so great was the passion at this time for shew or representation, that it was the fashion for the nobility to celebrate their weddings, birth-days, and other occasions of rejoicing, with masques and interludes, which were exhibited with surprising expence; that great architect Inigo Jones being frequently employed to furnish decorations with all the magnificence of his invention. The king and his lords, the queen and her ladies, frequently performed in these masques at court, and all the nobility in their own private houses: in short, no public entertainment was thought complete without them; and to this humour it is we owe, and perhaps 'tis all we owe it, the inimitable *Masque at Ludlow-castle*. For the same universal eagerness after theatrical diversions continued during the whole reign of king James, and great part of Charles the First, till Puritanism, which had

assert that *Joseph Taylor* was the original of that character; and from Sir William Davenant's observation of his manner, Mr. Betterton received instructions to perform it. (See also edition of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. x. p. 408). I. R.

now gathered great strength, more openly opposed them as wicked and diabolical. If we may judge of this spirit from Prynne's famous *Histrion-mastix*, or *Players Scourge*, it appears to have been a zeal much without knowledge. This was a heavy load of dull abuse, published in 1633, against plays, players, and all who favoured them, by William Prynne<sup>37</sup>, esq<sup>i</sup>: a barrister of Lincoln's-Inn. The

<sup>37</sup> This very extraordinary man, whose severe punishment, and *Roman constancy* in submitting to it, had no small effect upon the minds of the people, and contributed more than is generally imagined to the disasters of the times, was born at Swanswick, near Bath, in Somersetshire, in the year 1600. He was educated in the last-mentioned city; entered of Oriel College in 1616, and took the degree of B. A. Jan. 20, 1620. From thence he was removed to Lincoln's Inn, where he studied the Common Law, and became successively Barrister, Benchet, and Reader, in that society. After the execution of his sentence, on account of *Histrion-mastix*, he printed other pieces which gave equal offence, which occasioned his being again prosecuted. In consequence of which, he was fined, branded, and imprisoned, and in each with equal or more severity than before. The place of his confinement was Mount Orgueil, in the island of Jersey, where he continued three years: at the end of that time, being chosen member for Newport in Cornwall, he was released, and entered London in triumph; and he soon had an opportunity to revenge the severe treatment he had experienced from his inveterate foe, Archbishop Laud. He sat in the long Parliament, and was one of the secluded Members who were imprisoned on

best way the parties concerned thought of, in answer to this Work, was to publish all the best old Plays that could then be found ; so that many that had never yet seen the light were now brought forth : I have observed myself more than fifty that were printed this year. In short, the patrons of the stage for some short time prevailed ; Prynne's Book was deemed an infamous libel both against the church and state, against the peers, prelates, and magistrates ; and particularly against the king and queen, where he says, that *princes dancing in their own persons was the cause of their untimely ends : that our English ladies, shorn and frizzled madams, had lost their modesty ; that plays were the chief delight of the devil, and all that frequent-*

account of their zeal for a peace with the King. From this time he was an avowed enemy of Oliver Cromwell, and was by him imprisoned in Dunster Castle in Somersetshire. At the restoration he became instrumental in recalling the King, and was rewarded with being appointed keeper of the records in the Tower, and a salary of 500*l. per annum*. He was soon after named one of the Commissioners for appeals and regulating the excise, was elected Member for Bath, and embroiled himself with the House of Commons, on which account he was obliged to make a submission. He died at his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, Oct. 24, 1669 ; and was buried under the chapel there. I. R.

This note is transferred to this place from the introductory matter, to Shirley's *Bird in a Cage*, which is not reprinted in the present edition. C.

*ed them were damned.* As he knew the king and queen frequented them daily, this was thought to reflect on their majesties. To all music he has an utter antipathy, but church-music in particular, which he calls the *bleating of brute beasts* ; and says, *the choristers bellow the tenor as if they were oxen, bark a counter-point like a kennel of hounds, roar a treble as if they were bulls, and grunt out a base like a parcel of hogs.* For these and many other passages, it was ordered to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman : and his sentence was, to be put from the bar, excluded the society of Lincoln's-Inn, and degraded by the university of Oxford ; to stand in the pillory at Westminster and in Cheapside, to lose an ear at each place, and stand with a paper on his head, declaring his offence to be the publishing an infamous libel against both their majesties, and the government ; to be fined 5000*l.* and suffer perpetual imprisonment. This sentence was executed on him with great rigour. But Puritanism, from a thousand concurrent causes every day gathering strength, in a little time overturned the constitution ; and amongst their many Reformati<sup>o</sup>ns this was one, the total suppression of all plays and play-houses. \*

\* A hoax was played off upon Prynne, some years after the printing of his *Histriomastix* in 1633, by the publication of a tract, called "Mr. William Prynne, his Defence of

Thus I have brought down this imperfect essay on the rise and progress of the English stage, to the period which I at first intended : to pursue it farther, and take it up again at the Restoration, when a new<sup>38</sup> patent was granted to Sir William Davenant, would be needless ; because from that time the affairs of the stage are tolerably well known. If what I have done shall give any satisfaction to the curious, it is more than I have dared to promise myself, from my own sense of its great imperfection ; but I hope it will be considered, what slender materials either the ignorance of those times, or the injury of the following, have afforded

Stage-plays ; or a Retractation of a former book of his called *Histrio-mastix*." It bears date in 1649, but as the answer of Prynne to it, in the shape of a posting bill is dated Jan. 10, 1648, it was most likely ante-dated. "The Vindication of William Prynne esquire from some scandalous papers and imputations newly printed, and published, to traduce and defame him in his reputation," is in the British Museum, and other copies of it are known to exist : he declares the supposed defence by him to be "a mere forgery, and imposture" by some of the "imprisoned stage-players." C.

<sup>38</sup> It may not be amiss to take notice of a clause in this patent, which says, "That whereas the women's parts in " plays have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of " women, at which some have taken offence, we permit " and give leave, for the time to come, that all women's " parts be acted by women." And from this time women began to appear upon the stage. D.



us. I am, as it were, the first adventurer on these discoveries, and it is not reasonable to expect more perfection than is commonly found in the first attempts of this nature. All that I can say is, that I have thrown together a number of curious circumstances on the subject, that the reader would seek for in vain elsewhere. And if the novelty of them should excite the curiosity of any person of greater abilities, better health, or more leisure, to make a stricter enquiry into this matter, he would certainly oblige me, and perhaps the public. It is enough for me that I have led the way, and been the first, however imperfect, discoverer.

It now only remains to say something of my undertaking, which I shall endeavour to comprize in as few words as may be. My first end was to snatch some of the best pieces of our old dramatic writers from total neglect and oblivion: as things not only of mere curiosity but of use, as far as an elegant entertainment can be of use; several of these being not unworthy the present, nor indeed any stage. I have generally preferred comedies to tragedies, not only as these times afforded much better in the kind, and would therefore in this and other respects be most entertaining to the reader, but as they better serve to shew the humour, fashion, and genius of the times in which they were written. Another end which I thought such a

collection might answer was, that it would serve very well to shew the progress and improvement of our taste and language. For this better purpose, in the six pieces<sup>39</sup> which compose the first volume, and also in the remarkable tragedy of *Gorboduc*, I was even so scrupulous as to preserve their very original orthography. I did indeed, to gratify the reader's curiosity, intend to have done the same in all the rest; but this was plainly impossible, unless I could have met with the first editions; for in every edition the orthography was generally adapted to that then in use. I also considered, that though this might have been entertaining to the curious, to the generality of readers it would have been very disagreeable. To the first therefore I have given a sufficient specimen in one volume, and to the other I have endeavoured to make the reading as easy as I could in the rest. A farther inducement to this undertaking was the hopes I had of being able to do these authors justice in a more correct edition of their Plays, than they hitherto had; for as to the greater part of them, it seems as if carelessness and ignorance had

<sup>39</sup> Mr. Dodsley, not knowing the first editions of the several pieces which compose this collection, made a wrong arrangement of them. This is altered in the present edition; but the orthography of the first six pieces is preserved, though three of the plays are printed from earlier and more correct copies. I. R.

joined their efforts in rendering them unintelligible. And not only so, but the pointing is at the same time so preposterous (which, like false guiding-posts, are perpetually turning out of the high road of common sense), that one would almost suspect there was as much malice as stupidity in these old editors. However, by the assistance of a little common sense, I think I have set a great number of these passages right. And if any one should be offended that some are left unintelligible in the state they were found, I desire he will be pleased to consider how many such still remain in Shakspeare<sup>40</sup>, after the best endeavours that have hitherto

<sup>40</sup> It should be remembered that this was written in the year 1741, when the observation might be made with great truth and justice. How imperfectly Shakspeare was understood at that time, every reader conversant with his writings is now well informed. The same year in which the former edition of this work appeared, the splendid, but ill conducted, design of Sir Thomas Hanmer was made public. It, however, was generally disapproved of, and Dr. Warburton's attempt a few years afterwards, from which great expectations were formed, was not more successful. The failure of these gentlemen probably excited Dr. Johnson to undertake a new edition, which would have precluded every further effort, had he executed the plan laid down in his proposals. "The editor," says he, "will endeavour to read the books which the author read, to trace his knowledge to the source, and compare his copies with their originals." Again, "He hopes, that, by comparing the works of Shakspeare with those of writers who lived at

been used to restore their original meaning. Besides, I believe 'I may venture to say, it is more difficult to give a correct specimen of so many writers, than a correct edition of any one: because, when an Author's manner is once known, it will very often help to rectify or discover the meaning of corrupted or intricate passages: whereas the reading of so many different stiles and manners of writing will be apt, without great care, to confound and mislead the judgment. Add to this, that it is easier to correct the errors in a good author than in a bad one; because not only the construction of the language is generally better and less confused, but the sentiments are clearer and more striking. After all, I submit what I have

“ the same time, immediately preceded or immediately followed him, he shall be able to ascertain his ambiguities, disentangle his intricacies, and recover the meaning of words now lost in the darkness of antiquity.” That Dr. Johnson was not possessed of the materials necessary to accomplish his own excellent design would have been the subject of regret with every reader of Shakspeare, if the plan he had delineated had been neglected on its failure in his hands. Fortunately for the public, it was resumed by Mr. Steevens with unremitting attention and equal ability. The success which hath followed this gentleman's researches, joined to the assistance of Dr. Farmer, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Malone, Mr. Warton, Mr. Tollet, and a few others, hath left very little for the industry of any future commentator on our ever to be unequalled bard.

done to the judgment of the public, whose candour I have often experienced, and on whose good-nature I am afraid I shall always have more occasion to rely, than on any merit I shall ever pretend to. So far am I from aiming at the character of a critic, that what corrections or emendations I have made are bestowed on the public (as good men do their alms) privately, and without ostentation. Yet however contemptibly I may think of myself, I have the honour of keeping a critic in waiting for the publication of this collection, in order to detect and expose the errors which may have escaped me, or which I may not have been able to correct. I heartily wish him success in his undertaking: I have pointed him out some few, and doubt not but, if he is truly industrious, he will be able to find many others, which I shall be very glad to see amended.

I conclude with begging leave to return my acknowledgments to all those who have given me the honour of their names<sup>41</sup> to encourage this undertaking: I hope I have at least fairly fulfilled the conditions of my proposal, as to the elegance and neatness of the book; and as to this short account of the stage, if it be a trifle, it is a trifle more than I promised. I am also in a more par-

<sup>41</sup> The first Edition of this Work was printed by subscription. I. R.

particular manner to acknowledge my obligations to some generous and learned friends, from whose advice and assistance I am sensible my work has derived more value and correctness than it could ever have appeared with, had I been left alone to struggle with my own weak endeavours.



## SUPPLEMENT

TO

### MR. DODSLEY'S PREFACE\*.

IN the foregoing Preface, Mr. Dodsley hath carried on his account of the stage to that period when the inroads of civil war, joined to the fanatical madness then prevailing, overthrew the stage, and soon after effected the destruction of monarchy. In the present supplement it is intended, with as much accuracy as the few materials remaining will permit, to take up the narrative of those revolutions which the theatre hath since undergone to the year 1776; a year which in the annals of the stage will be always deemed an important one, being the time when the late Mr. Garrick terminated his theatrical life, and quitted the management of Drury-lane playhouse.

\* The few additional notes to this Supplement, by Mr. Reed, are marked with his initials. The other notes unappropriated, were printed by him in the edition of 1780. C.



From the commencement of hostilities between the king and his parliament, the performances of the stage were intirely discontinued. Of the several actors then employed in the theatres, such as were not prevented <sup>1</sup> by age went immediately into the army, and, as it might be expected, took part with their sovereign, whose affection for their profession had been shewn by many instances previous to the open rupture between him and his people. The event of the war was alike fatal to monarchy, and to the stage. After a violent and bloody contest of some years, they both fell together, the king lost his life by the hands of an executioner, the theatres were abandoned or destroyed, and those by whom they used to be occupied were either killed in the wars, worn out with old age, or dispersed in different places, fearful of assembling, lest they should give offence to the ruling powers.

The fate of their royal master being determined, the surviving dependants on the drama were obliged again to return to the exercise of their former profession. In the winter of the year 1648<sup>2</sup>, they ventured to act some plays at the Cockpit, but were soon interrupted and silenced by the soldiers, who took them into custody in the midst of one of their performances, and committed

<sup>1</sup> *Historia Histrionica*, in this vol.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

them to prison. After this ineffectual attempt to settle at their former quarters, we hear no more of any public exhibition for some time<sup>3</sup>. They still, however, kept together, and by connivance of the commanding officer at Whitehall, sometimes represented privately a few plays at a short distance from town. They also were permitted to entertain

<sup>3</sup> In the *Mercurius Antepagmaticus*, No. 18, Jan. 27, 1648, mention is made of an order of the House of Commons in these words: "And that the disobedient of what rank  
" soever may be regulated upon information given to the  
" House, that many stage-plaies were acted in the several  
" parts of the City and County of Middlesex, notwithstanding they were prohibited from their foppery by a  
" former ordinance, they ordered, that an ordinance should  
" be drawn up for suppressing all stage-plaices, and for  
" the taking downe all their boxes, stages, and seats what-  
" soever, that so there might be no more plaies acted:  
" and indeed, these are no times to have publike interludes  
" permitted, when the hand of God lies so heavy upon us,  
" and all the powers of hell in action against us; if those  
" proud parroting players cannot live, let them put their  
" hands to worke, they are most of them a sort of super-  
" bious ruffians given to all manner of wickednesse, and  
" because sometimes the asses are cloathed in lions skins,  
" the dolts imagine themselves somebody, walke in as great  
" state as Cæsar, and demeane themselves as loftily as  
" any of the twelve noble spirited beasts of the wilder-  
" nesse; away with them and their actions on the publike  
" stage.

" For since we have suppress our adjudicators,

" Let's part the actors and the rude spectators."

some of the nobility at their country houses, where they were paid by those under whose protection they acted. They also obtained leave at particular festivals to divert the public at the Red-Bull, but this was not always without interruption. Those at the head of affairs still continued their implacable rancour against all who were connected with polite letters, and the unfortunate actors who survived to this period felt the greatest distress. A slender and precarious support was the whole they were allowed. In this situation several of them were obliged to draw forth the manuscripts of their contemporaries which they had in their possession, and many plays were published which might otherwise have never seen the light.

But though the fury of religious zeal seemed to threaten that the stage should never revive, and every method was taken which might tend to accomplish that design, the pleasure which had been received from dramatic entertainments was too strong to be totally overcome. Amidst the gloom of fanaticism, and whilst the royal cause was considered as desperate, Sir William Davenant, without molestation, exhibited entertainments of declamation and music after the manner of the ancients at Rutland-house<sup>4</sup>. He began in the

<sup>4</sup> At the upper end of Aldersgate-street, says the title-page of some of these performances. Oldys, in his MS.

year 1656, and two years afterwards removed to the Cockpit, Drury-lane, where he performed until the eve of the Restoration.

On the appearance of that event's taking place, the retainers of the theatre then remaining collected themselves together, and began to resume their former employment. In the year 1659, about the time general Monk marched with his army out of Scotland towards London, Mr. Rhodes<sup>b</sup>, a bookseller, who had formerly been wardrobe-keeper to the company which acted at Black Fryers, fitted up the Cockpit in Drury-lane. The actors he procured were chiefly new to the stage,

Notes on Langbaine, speaks of it as being situated in Charter-house-yard. Two of these entertainments are mentioned in the List of Davenant's Works, vol. 8. To them may be added the following: 1. The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru; express by instrumental and vocal Music, and by art of perspective in Scenes, &c. represented daily at the Cockpit in Drury-lane, at three in the afternoon punctually. 4to. 1658. 2 The History of Sir Francis Drake; express by instrumental and vocal Music, &c. 4to. 1659. At the end of the former of these is the following advertisement: "Notwithstanding the great expence necessary to scenes and other ornaments in this entertainment, there is good provision made of places for a shilling, and it shall begin certainly at three in the afternoon."

<sup>b</sup> *Roscus Anglicanus*, p. 17. and *Historia Histrionica*.

and two of them had been his apprentices<sup>6</sup>. About the same time, the few performers who had belonged to the old companies assembled, and began to act at the Red-Bull<sup>7</sup>, in Saint John's-street, and from the eagerness with which two patents were soon afterwards obtained from the crown, it may be presumed that they met with a considerable share of success. Sir William Davenant, before the civil wars broke out, had been favoured with a patent<sup>8</sup> by Charles the First, and therefore his claim to a new one was warranted, as well by his former possession as by his services and sufferings in the royal cause. The other candidate was<sup>9</sup> Thomas Killegrew, Esq. a person who had rendered himself acceptable to his sovereign, as much

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Betterton and Mr. Kynaston.

<sup>7</sup> *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 1.

<sup>8</sup> This patent was granted 14 Car. I. 1639, and afterwards exemplified 13 Car. II. 1661. Both are recited in, and both were surrendered up, by the letters patent of 15 Jan. 14 Car. II. 1662. It appears by the patent of 14 Car. I. that a new playhouse was intended to be built on a piece of ground behind the Three Kings' Ordinary in Fleet-street. The public disturbances which began in that year seem to have prevented the execution of this design.

<sup>9</sup> See an account of him prefixed to *The Parson's Wedding*, vol. XI.

by his vices and follies as by his wit or attachment to him in his distress.

The actors who had been employed by Rhodes soon afterwards were taken under the protection of Sir William Davenant<sup>10</sup>; and the remains of the old companies were received by Mr. Killegrew; all of them were sworn by the Lord Chamberlain as servants of the crown: the former being styled the Duke of York's company; and the latter that of the King<sup>11</sup>.

The King's company, after their removal from the Red-Bull, performed in a new built house situated in Gibbons's Tennis-Court, near Clare-market<sup>12</sup>. But this theatre being not well adapted for the use to which it was appropriated, they were obliged to erect a more convenient one in Drury-lane. This latter was finished and opened on the 8th day of April, 1662, with Beaumont and Fletcher's Comedy of *The Humourous Lieutenant*, which was acted twelve nights successively.

<sup>10</sup> *Roscus Anglicanus*, p. 19.

<sup>11</sup> Cibber says, "About ten of the King's company were  
"on the royal household establishment, having each ten  
"yards of scarlet cloth, with a proper quantity of lace  
"allowed them for liveries; and, in their warrants from the  
"Lord Chamberlain, were styled Gentlemen of the Great  
"Chamber: whether the like appointments were extended  
"to the Duke's company, I am not certain."—*Cibber's Apol.*  
p. 75.

<sup>12</sup> *Roscus Anglicanus*, p. 1.

During these removals 'of the King's company, their rivals belonging to the Duke of York were shifting their places of performance, and were some time before they were wholly settled. From the Cockpit they went to a new theatre built in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, which was opened in the spring of the year 1662, after several of their plays had been rehearsed at Apothecaries-Hall<sup>13</sup>. But this playhouse was likewise soon discovered to be ill contrived and inconvenient, and Sir William Davenant found it necessary to search out a new spot to erect one more commodious. He fixed upon Dorset-Garden, in Salisbury-Court, for this purpose, but did not live to see the edifice made any use of. This theatre will be mentioned hereafter.

The two companies being now established at Drury-lane and Lincoln's-Inn Fields, they each began to exert their endeavours to obtain the favour of the town. The principal performers in the King's company<sup>14</sup> were of the men, Hart, Mohun, Burt, Wintersel, Lacy, Cartwright, and Clun; to whom, after the opening of Drury-lane theatre, were added, Joe Haines, Griffin, Goodman, and some others. Among the women were Mrs. Corey, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Knep, and afterwards Mrs. Boutel and Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn. Of

<sup>13</sup> *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 20.

. <sup>14</sup> *Ibid.* p. 2.

the Duke's company were Betterton, Sheppy, Kynaston, Nokes, Mosely, and Floyd, who had all performed under Rhodes; Harris, Price, Richards, and Blagden, were added by Sir William Davenant, who also about a year after received Smith, Sandford, Medburn, and two others. The actresses were Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Saunderson (who afterwards married Mr. Betterton), Mrs. Davies, and Mrs. Long; all of whom boarded in the Patentee's house. Besides these, were Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Norris, Mrs. Holden, and Mrs. Jennings; and, if any dependance may be placed on the judgement of those who then frequented plays, there were more excellent performers in each company than have ever been seen together at any one time since that period.

The avidity of the public for theatrical entertainments sufficiently recompensed for a considerable time the assiduity of the performers, and the expectations of those who adventured their money in building the theatres<sup>15</sup>. Their success was, however, soon interrupted by national calamities. In 1665, the plague broke out in London<sup>16</sup> with great violence; and in the succeeding year, the fire which destroyed the metropolis put a stop to the further progress of stage-performances.

<sup>15</sup> See *Historia Histrionica*.

<sup>16</sup> *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 26.



After a discontinuance of eighteen months, both houses were again opened at Christmas, 1666<sup>17</sup>. The miseries occasioned by the plague and fire were forgotten, and public diversions were again followed with as much eagerness as they had been before their interruption. Both companies were at first successful; but after the novelty of the several performers was worn away, and their stock of plays had been repeated until they became familiar, the Duke's company, excellent as they were allowed to be, felt their inferiority by the slender audiences they were able to draw together. This consideration induced Sir William Davenant to try the effects of a new theatre, built with greater magnificence than that in Lincoln's-Inn, and he chose Dorset-Garden, probably where the old playhouse in Salisbury-Court stood, as a proper place for the purpose; but before this theatre was finished he died, and on that event the management of his property therein came into the hands of his widow Lady Davenant, Mr. Betterton, and Mr. Harris, assisted by Charles Davenant, afterwards well known as a politician and civil lawyer. This new house was opened in November, 1671<sup>18</sup>, notwith-

<sup>17</sup> *Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 26.

<sup>18</sup> *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, fol. 1696, p. 89. p. 3d. There seems to have been a playhouse standing at the Restoration on the same spot. Tatham's Play, called *The Rump*, was acted at Dorset-Court in 1660.

standing the opposition made to it by the city of London. But the opinion of the publick still inclining to the King's company, Mr. Davenant was obliged to have recourse to a new species of entertainment. He determined to call in the assistance of shew and sound, he increased the splendor of his scenery, and introduced music, singing, and dancing, into some of the pieces represented<sup>19</sup>. Dramatic Operas, with expensive decorations, soon came into fashion, and enabled the Duke's company to obtain an advantage over their competitors, which they were not intitled to<sup>20</sup> by their merit.

Soon after the Duke's company began to act in their new theatre, an accident happened which must have disabled their antagonists from contending with them for a short time. In January, 1671-2, the play-house in Drury-lane took fire, and was entirely demolished. The violence of the conflagration was so great, that between fifty and sixty adjoining houses were burnt or blown up<sup>21</sup>. Where the company belonging to this house removed, I have not been able to dis-

<sup>19</sup> *Macbeth, The Tempest, Psyche, Circe, The Empress of Morocco.*

<sup>20</sup> Cibber's Apology, p. 79.

<sup>21</sup> *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, fol. 1696. p. 89. p. 3d. This theatre, I believe, was sometimes called the theatre in

cover, though I find they continued to act in the several years which intervened between the destruction of the old house and its being rebuilt; and from the series of plays which they produced, it seems probable that they immediately occupied some theatre which then remained unused<sup>22</sup>. The proprietors of the old playhouse, after they had recovered the consternation which this accident

Covent-Garden. (See Preface to *The Miser*, by Shadwell, 4to. 1672.) Mr. Walpole, speaking of Robert Aggas, commonly called Augus, observes, that Graham, in his *School of English Painting*, makes him the painter of scenes for the playhouse in Covent-Garden. Robert Aggas died in London, in 1679, aged about 60;—"but I know not," says Mr. Walpole (*Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. 1. p. 157.) "what the author I quote means by a playhouse in Covent-Garden before the year 1679; I suppose it should be the theatre in Dorset-Gardens." From the above Preface it plainly appears, that the mistake arose from the same house being sometimes spoken of as situate in Drury-lane; and at other times in Covent-Garden. Graham was, therefore, right in his account. I find also an Opera, called *Ariadne*, printed in 4to. 1673-4, as acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden.

<sup>22</sup> Or perhaps a temporary playhouse was built. This may be conjectured from the following lines in a prologue, by Dryden, spoken the first day of the King's house acting after the fire:

"But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,

"Talk high, and entertain you in a shed.

"Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,

"Will grace old theatres, and build up new."

had thrown them into, resolved to rebuild their theatre with such improvements as might be suggested; and for that purpose, employed Sir Christopher Wren, the most celebrated architect of his time, to draw the design, and superintend the execution of it. The plan which he produced, in the opinion of those who were well able to judge of it, was such a one as was alike calculated for the advantage of the performers and spectators; and the several alterations afterwards made in it, so far from being improvements, contributed only to defeat the intention of the architect, and to spoil the building<sup>23</sup>.

<sup>23</sup> Mr. Cibber, speaking of the alterations made in the Hay-market theatre, built by Sir John Vanbrugh, says, "as there are not many spectators who may remember what form the Drury-lane theatre stood in about forty years ago, before the old patentee, to make it hold more money, took it into his head to alter it, it were but justice to lay the original figure, which Sir Christopher Wren first gave it, and the alterations of it now standing, in a fair light; that equal spectators may see, if they were at their choice, which of their structures would incline them to a preference.—It must be observed then, that the area or platform of the old stage projected about four feet forwarder, in a semioval figure, parallel to the benches of the pit; and that the former lower doors of entrance for the actors were brought down between the two foremost (and then only) pilasters; in the place of which doors, now the two stage-boxes are fixt. That where the doors of entrance now are, there formerly-

The new theatre being finished, was opened on the 26th of March, 1674. On this occasion a Pro-

“ stood two additional side wings, in front to a full set of  
“ scenes, which had then almost a double effect, in their  
“ loftiness and magnificence. By this original form the  
“ usual station of the actors, in almost every scene was ad-  
“ vanced at least ten feet nearer to the audience, than they  
“ now can be; because, not only from the stage’s being  
“ shortened in front, but likewise from the additional in-  
“ terposition of those stage-boxes, the actors (in respect to  
“ the spectators, that fill them) are kept so much more  
“ backward from the main audience, than they used to be:  
“ but when the actors were in possession of that for-  
“ warder space, to advance upon, the voice was then more  
“ in the centre of the house, so that the most distant ear  
“ had scarce the least doubt, or difficulty, in hearing  
“ what fell from the weakest utterance: all objects  
“ were thus drawn nearer to the sense; every painted  
“ scene was stronger; every grand scene and dance more  
“ extended; every rich or fine coloured habit had a more  
“ lively lustre: nor was the minutest motion of a feature  
“ (properly changing with the passion, or humour, it suited)  
“ ever lost, as they frequently must be in the obscurity of  
“ too great a distance: and how valuable an advantage the  
“ facility of hearing distinctly is to every well acted scene,  
“ every common spectator is a judge. A voice scarce raised  
“ above the tone of a whisper, either in tenderness, resig-  
“ nation, innocent distress, or jealousy suppressed, often  
“ have as much concern with the heart, as the clamorous  
“ passions; and when, on any of these occasions, such af-  
“ fecting speeches are plainly heard or lost, how wide is  
“ the difference, from the great or little satisfaction re-  
“ ceived from them?”—*Cibber’s Apology*, edit. 1750, p. 338.

logue and Epilogue were delivered, both written by Mr. Dryden<sup>24</sup>, in which the plainness and want of ornament in the house, compared with that in Dorset Gardens, were particularly mentioned. The encouragement given to the latter on account of its scenery and decorations was not forgotten; and as an apology for the deficiency of embellishment which was to be found in the former, the direction of his Majesty is expressly asserted<sup>25</sup>. That the concerns of the stage were sometimes thought not unworthy the notice of royalty is very well known.

The preference given to Davenant's theatre, on account of its scenery and decorations, alarmed those belonging to the rival house. To stop the progress<sup>26</sup> of the public taste, and to divert it towards themselves, they endeavoured to ridicule the performances which were so much followed. The person employed was Thomas Duffet, who parodied the *Tempest*, *Macbeth* and *Psyche*: these efforts were, however, ineffectual. The Duke's theatre continued to be frequented; the victory of sound and shew over sense and reason was as complete in the theatre at this period as it hath

<sup>24</sup> See his Works, vol. ii. p. 302.

<sup>25</sup> " Yet if some pride with want may be allowed,

" We in our plainness may be justly proud :

" *Our royal master will'd it should be so ;*

" *Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no shew.*"

often been since. The King's theatre languished ; but the great expenses incurred at the other diminished their gains to such a degree, that after a few years the leaders in each discovered that it would be for their mutual advantage to unite their interests together, and open but one house. Of those who originally belonged to Killigrew's company, several had quitted the stage, some were dead, and the chief who remained began to experience the infirmities of age. These considerations induced them to listen to overtures from Davenant, Betterton, and Smith, who entered into an agreement with Hart and Kynaston, which effectually detached those performers from the King's theatre<sup>26</sup>. Their revolt, and the influence which they possessed, seem to have effected the union sooner than it otherwise might have been agreed to, though it could not have been prevented any length of time<sup>27</sup>, having been recommended by the King. The junction took place in the year 1682<sup>28</sup>,

<sup>26</sup> This agreement is printed in Gildon's *Life of Betterton*, 1710, p. 8.

<sup>27</sup> Cibber's *Apology*, p. 81.

<sup>28</sup> Cibber says 1684 ; and Derrick, in his edition of Dryden, vol. II. p. 50. hath dated it in 1686. The date, however, above set down is the true one. Mrs. Barry, who was one of the King's company, performed in *The Spanish Fryer*, which appeared in the latter end of 1681, or the beginning of 1682.

on which event the Duke's company quitted Dorset Gardens, and removed to Drury-lane. Hart performed no more, but retired on a pension; and Mohun soon afterwards died. The remainder of the troop were incorporated with the Duke's, and for the future were styled the King's Company.

The advantages which were expected to follow this junction do not appear to have been the consequence of it. Though the patents were united, the profits to the proprietors and performers seem not to have been increased. The old patentees either sold their authority to new adventurers, or relinquished all their attention to the management. On the 30th of August, 1687, Mr. Charles Davenant assigned his patent to Alexander Davenant, esq. who, on the 24th of March, 1690, sold his interest therein to Christopher Rich<sup>29</sup>, a lawyer, whose

<sup>29</sup> From the representatives of this gentleman, the present patentees of Covent-Garden theatre derive the authority they enjoy. It is generally said and believed, that the patent granted to Killegrew is in the same hands. The obscurity which always accompanies the transfer of private property prevents me from tracing the manner in which that patent was disposed of. By a letter from Mr Pope to Aaron Hill, dated 22d of May, 1733, it is said, that a patent not used was then in the hands of one of the Davenant family; and on August 31, in the same year, Mr. Hill men-



name is often to be found in the future annals of the theatre. This gentleman, who was not possessed of abilities calculated to make the stage flourish under his administration, soon contrived to engross the whole power into his own hands. By various instances of mismanagement, he alienated the affections of the principal performers from him, and by wanton oppressions provoked them to attempt their deliverance from the tyranny he exercised over them. An association of the actors was entered into, with Betterton at the head of it. Their complaint, by means of the earl of Dorset<sup>30</sup>, was laid before king William, and was considered of sufficient importance to engage the attention of his Majesty. The principal lawyers at that period were consulted, who agreed that the grants, from king Charles to Killegrew and Davenant, did not preclude the reigning prince from giving a similar authority to any person with whom he might chuse to intrust it. In consequence of this opinion, a licence was granted to a select number of the players to act in a separate theatre for themselves.

This favour being obtained a subscription was  
tions an offer which had been made to him of a patent on payment of 400*l.* a year. Whether this was the same mentioned by Mr. Pope, I am unable to discover.

<sup>30</sup> Cibber's Apology, p. 157.

set on foot for building a new theatre within the walls of the Tennis-Court, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields<sup>31</sup>. The people of quality, to shew their sense of the ill treatment which the actors had received, contributed very liberally for this purpose. The patentees became sensible of the folly of their conduct, and to repair the mischief they had done themselves, endeavoured to retain as many of the actors as they could engage. To supply the places of some who had left them, they brought a few new performers from the companies in the country, and made the best disposition they were able, to encounter their enemies.

The theatre in Lincoln's-Inn Fields was opened, on the 30th of April, 1695, with the new comedy of *Love for Love*<sup>32</sup>, which was acted with extraordinary success during the remainder of the season. The new adventurers, however, met with an opposition from a quarter where it was not expected. A number of the inhabitants of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, finding themselves incommoded by the concourse of coaches which the playhouse drew together, had recourse to the law to remedy the inconveniences they suffered. In Trinity Term, they moved the Court of King's Bench for a prohibition to restrain the company from acting any longer at the

<sup>31</sup> Cibber's Apology, p. 158.

<sup>32</sup> Ibid. p. 160.

new house; and a rule being granted, cause was shewn against it in the succeeding term, when further time<sup>33</sup> was allowed to each party to come before the court more fully prepared to support and invalidate their several suggestions. The event of this law-suit can only be conjectured from the company's being permitted to act until their removal to the Hay-market.

The prosperity of the new house was of no long continuance. After one or two years' success the audiences began to decline, and it was found that two rival theatres were more than the town was able to support. The old house suffered all the distresses which obstinacy and ignorance in a manager at the head of a raw, unexperienced set of actors could produce. Having little judgement to direct him in the conduct of a theatre, he not only permitted the best plays to be mangled by the most despicable performers, but by the introduction of tumblers and buffoons, and by other extravagances, brought the entertainments of the stage to the lowest degree of contempt<sup>34</sup>. He persisted, however, to the last in the same mode of conduct which his son afterwards followed, and by that means had a greater influence on the present public entertainments than at first sight would be thought probable.

<sup>33</sup> Skinner's Reports, p. 625.

<sup>34</sup> Cibler, *passim*.

While the rival theatres were contending against each other with inveterate malice, an enemy to the very toleration of dramatic entertainments appeared, who, with considerable ability and with all the rigid puritanical maxims of a severe sect, attacked the stage on account of its profaneness and immorality. This was the celebrated Jeremy Collier, who in 1697 published a book, containing a severe invective against the acting of plays, the profligacy of the performers, and the licentiousness of the poets; and having some truth and justice on his side, the advocates for the theatre found themselves hard pressed to answer the charges brought against their favourite diversion. It cannot be denied but that many authors, and some in great favour with the public, had written in a manner which warranted the censure of every person who professed the least regard to propriety or decency. Mr. Collier was opposed by Congreve, Vanbrugh, Dryden, Dennis, and others\*, with wit and hu-

\* One of these "others" is said to have been the celebrated Tom Brown, to whom is ascribed a dramatic piece ridiculing Jeremy Collier, called "The Stage-beaux tossed in a Blanket, or Hypocrisy à la Mode, exposed in the true picture of Jerry — pretending to scourge the English stage." 1704. Those who have hitherto mentioned this performance, have not been aware that it is for the most part merely an adaptation of Moliere's *Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*. The Editor of the *Biogr. Dram.* says that the piece was never

mour, but without confuting the objections which had been started either against themselves individually, or against the stage in general. The public opinion ran so much against the defenders of the theatre, and in favour of their enemy, that king William considered Mr. Collier's book as a work which entitled the author of it to some lenity in a prosecution then carrying on in consequence of errors in his political conduct<sup>35</sup>. This controversy produced as much as could be wished for from it. Mr. Cibber observes, "the calling our dramatic writers to this strict account had a very whole-some effect upon those who writ after this time. They were now a great deal more upon their guard; indecencies were no longer wit; and by degrees the fair sex came again to fill the boxes on the first day of a new comedy without fear or censure."

To forward the stage's reformation, prosecutions were commenced against some of the performers for repeating prophane and indecent words. Several were found guilty, and Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle were actually fined<sup>36</sup>. These seve-

acted, but the "Epilogue upon the Reformers," professes to have been "spoken by Mr. Wilkes, at the Theatre Royal, in "Drury Lane." C.

<sup>35</sup> Cibber, p. 225.

<sup>36</sup> Gildon's Comparison between the two stages, 1702, 8vo. p. 143.

rities were not entirely thrown away. From this period may be dated the introduction of that more refined taste which hath done so much credit to the British theatre.

The managers acting under the united patents had hitherto made use of both the theatres in Dorset-Garden<sup>37</sup> and Drury-lane; but about this time the former of these houses was deserted<sup>38</sup>.

<sup>37</sup> In a paper published by Theoph. Cibber in 1733, during his contest with Highmore, it is said that Dorset-Garden was used as a summer theatre.

<sup>38</sup> A lottery was drawn there in the year 1698, as may be seen from the following title of a pamphlet printed at that time: "The wheel of fortune or nothing for a penny. "Being remarks on the drawing of the penny lottery at "the Theatre-royal in Dorset-Garden, with the characters "of some of the honourable trustees, and all due acknowledgements to his honour the undertaker. Written by a "person who was cursed mad he had not the 1000*l.* Lot." 4to. In the preceding year, Settle's Play of *The World in the Moon* had been acted there. But in 1700, if it was occupied at all, it must have been by rope-dancers. In the Prologue to *The Constant Couple*, are these lines:

" Ah friends! poor *Dorset-Garden-House* is gone;  
 " Our merry meetings there are all undone:  
 " Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,  
 " That strong dog Sampson pull'd it o'er our heads,  
 " Snaps rope like thread: but when his fortune's told him,  
 " He'll hear perhaps of rope will one day hold him:  
 " At least, I hope that our good natur'd town  
 " Will find a way to pull his prices down."

The company which had been left by Betterton and his party, after struggling with unequal force against the excellent performers who listed under the banner of that respectable veteran, began now to remove the prejudices which had been entertained against them, and to claim their share of applause. Many of them were much improved. They had the advantage of youth, and having had the opportunity of exhibiting themselves in new characters, where comparisons to their disadvantage could not be made, they began to be viewed in a more favourable light. In the mean time, Betterton and some of his associates were daily losing ground through old age. Their system of management, which had been hastily settled, deprived their principal friend of that authority which is necessary for the person who undertakes to govern any body of people, and especially those who belong to a theatre. The house itself was too small, and poorly fitted up, very insufficient for the purposes of profit or splendor. These considerations induced Sir John Vanbrugh to procure subscriptions for erecting a new and magnificent playhouse in the Hay-market, calculated to do honour to the architect and to the nation, and at the same time produce wealth to those who were concerned in it. The sum of 3000*l.* was immediately raised, and the building begun under Sir John's direction.

On this scheme being proposed, it was agreed

that Mr. Betterton should assign<sup>39</sup> over to Vanbrugh his licence to perform, and for the future serve only as an actor without any concern in the conduct or direction of the theatre. The proposal was readily assented to on the part of Betterton. He had now been upon the stage between forty and fifty years, and found the infirmities of age beginning to make inroads upon his constitution. He was therefore desirous of repose, and to be relieved from the fatigues of management. In the latter part of the year 1704, he performed his part of the agreement by surrendering to Sir John Vanbrugh all his right and interest in the licence granted to him. The new proprietor associated himself with Mr. Congreve, and, from the joint abilities of such excellent writers, great expectations were formed. On the 9th day of April, 1705, the theatre was opened with an Italian Opera, which did not meet with the success expected from it<sup>40</sup>, and a Prologue written by Sir Samuel Garth. The failure of their first hope obliged the principal manager to exert himself; and he accordingly, with that happy facility which accompanied him in writing, immediately produced

<sup>39</sup> Downes, p. 47.

<sup>40</sup> The foundation stone of this theatre was laid by Lady Harriet Godolphin, says Curll; but according to others, by Lady Sunderland, and upon it was inscribed *The little Whig*. Dr. Garth's Prologue is printed in his Works.



no less than four<sup>41</sup> new pieces. But these were insufficient to bring the theatre into reputation. It was soon found, that the architect of it was better qualified to support the stage by his writings than to build houses to act them in. Every piece represented appeared under manifest disadvantage. The edifice was a vast triumphal piece of architecture, wholly unfit for every purpose of convenience; the vast columns, the gilded cornices, and lofty roofs, availed very little, when scarce one word in ten could be distinctly heard, for it had not then the form it has now. “At the first opening it,” says Mr. Cibber, “the flat ceiling, that is now over the orchestre, was then a semi-oval arch, that sprung fifteen feet higher from above the cornice. The ceiling over the pit too was still more raised, being one level line from the highest back part of the upper gallery to the front of the stage; the front boxes were a continued semicircle to the bare walls of the house on each side: this extraordinary and superfluous space occasioned such an undulation from the voice of every actor, that generally what they said sounded like the gabbling of so many people in the lofty isles in a cathedral—The tone of a trumpet, or the swell of an eunuch’s holding

<sup>41</sup> *The Confederacy*; *The Cuckold in Conceit*; *Squire Treeloby*; and *The Mistake*.—Cibber’s Apology, p. 263.

“ note, ’tis true, might be sweetened by it; but  
“ the articulate sounds of a speaking voice were  
“ drowned by the hollow reverberations of one word  
“ under another<sup>42</sup>.” To these disadvantages the  
situation might be added; it had not at that time  
the benefit of a large city, which hath since been  
built in its neighbourhood, and it was too remote  
from the then frequenters of the theatre to be much  
attended by them. All these circumstances unit-  
ing together afforded so little prospect of profit or  
success, that in a few months Mr. Congreve gave  
up his share and interest wholly to Sir John Van-  
brugh<sup>43</sup>; who, at the end of the second season,  
either finding the gains which arose from the  
management too few, or the trouble arising from  
his attendance on it too much, grew also disgusted  
with his situation, and wished to be relieved from  
it. But of so little value was the theatre consi-  
dered at that juncture, that no person thought it  
of consequence enough to apply for it. At length  
it was offered to Mr. Owen Swiney, a mere ad-  
venturer without property, who had been employed  
by Mr. Rich as under-manager, and who, with the  
concurrence of his principal, agreed for it at the  
rate of five pounds for every acting day, and not to  
exceed 700*l.* in the year. The new manager  
entered upon his undertaking in the latter part of

<sup>42</sup> Cibber's *Apol.* p. 259. \*<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.* p. 263.

the year 1706, and at the end of the first season found that he had considerably improved his fortune.

From the time that Mr. Rich got possession of Drury-lane theatre, he had paid no regard to the property of any of the parties who had joint interests with him, but proceeded as though he was sole proprietor of it. Whatever he received he kept to himself, without accounting to any of his partners; and he had continued this mode of conduct so long, that those who had any claims on the theatre abandoned them in despair of ever receiving any advantage from them. The concerns of the play-house were thought of so little worth, that about this time Sir Thomas Skipwith, who Cibber says had an equal right<sup>44</sup> with Rich, in a frolic, made a present of his share to Colonel Brett, a gentleman of fortune, who soon after forced himself into the management much against the inclination of his partner. The ill effect of two play-houses being open at once, in point of profit, appeared so evident to Mr. Brett, that the first object he dedicated his attention to was a reunion of the two companies, and, through the interposition

<sup>44</sup> Cibber's *Apol.* p. 300. If this is a fact, it may be presumed that the patent granted to Killegrew, either in part or the whole, was vested in him. It does not appear how he became intitled to it.

of the Lord Chamberlain, he effected it in the year 1708. It was then resolved, that the theatre in the Hay-market should be appropriated to Italian Operas; and that in Drury-lane to Plays. The one was given to Swiney, and the other continued with Rich and Brett; the latter of whom conducting the business of it in a different manner from what it had heretofore been, brought it once more into so good a state, that Sir Thomas Skipwith repented of his generosity, and applied to the Court of Chancery to have the property he had given away restored him. Colonel Brett, offended at this treatment, relinquished his claim; and Mr. Rich again possessed himself of all the powers of the patent.

Instead of being warned by the experience of past times, to avoid the difficulties which a tyrannical and oppressive behaviour to the performers had occasioned, the acting manager resumed his former conduct, without fearing or apprehending any resistance to his measures. An application to the Lord Chamberlain was the consequence; and that officer, who was supposed to possess both an absolute and undefinable authority over the stage, agreed to permit as many of the actors as chose to engage with Swiney to desert from Drury-lane, and act at the Hay-market<sup>45</sup>. A private treaty was

<sup>45</sup> Cibber's Apol p. 331.

accordingly entered into ; and Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber, were proposed to be managers and joint-sharers with Swiney in conducting the theatre, which for the future was to be used both as a Play-house and Opera-house. After all the preliminaries were settled, the Lord Chamberlain issued an order, dated 7th of June, 1709, forbidding the patentees to perform any longer ; on which the house was shut up.

The deserters immediately began to alter the Hay-market theatre, in order to obviate the inconveniences of its original construction, and make it fit for the representation of dramatic performances. They began to act in the winter of the year 1709 ; and their audiences so much exceeded their expectations <sup>46</sup>, that they would have had every reason to be content with the change which had happened, if the direction of the Operas, which this season began to decline, had not greatly diminished their profits. On the whole, however, they appear to have received more than they had done at Drury-lane, and therefore were not dissatisfied with their emancipation from the authority of their former governor.

The power of the Chamberlain had always been implicitly acknowledged. Those therefore who had any concern in the interdicted theatre patiently

<sup>46</sup> Cibber's Apol. p. 345.

submitted to the prohibition, and had recourse only to supplications in order to procure a revocation of the silencing order. As it was put in execution so late in the season, no immediate detriment ensued; and it was generally expected, that as the time of acting approached in the following winter, the proprietors would be permitted to open their house. The summer was taken up in petitions to the Chamberlain, and appeals to the Queen's justice and humanity, both from the patentees and players. The applications, however, were not crowned with success; the order was still continued in force, and at the beginning of the season one theatre only employed.

As soon as it appeared with certainty that the old manager would not be able to obtain a recall of the order for silencing the patent, one who had some property in the house, and who had joined in all the applications to be relieved against the Chamberlain's mandate, determined to avail himself of his interest at court, and profit by the distress of his partners. This was William Collier, Esq. a lawyer<sup>47</sup> of an enterprising head and a jovial heart. He was a member of parliament, and by his convivial qualities had become a favourite with the people then in power, and was often admitted to partake with them in those detached hours of life when business was to give way to pleasure.

<sup>47</sup> Cibber's Apol. p. 345.

This gentleman, observing the situation of theatrical affairs to be desperate in the hands of Mr. Rich, applied for and obtained a license to take the management of the company left at Drury-lane. The late patentee, who still continued in the theatre, though without the power of using it, was not to be removed without compulsion. Mr. Collier, therefore, procured a lease of the house from the landlords of it, and armed with this authority took the advantage of a rejoicing<sup>48</sup> night, the 22d of November, when, with a hired rabble, he broke into it, and turned the former owner out of possession.

Here ended the power of Mr. Rich over the theatres. After his expulsion from Drury-lane, he employed the remainder of his life in rebuilding the playhouse in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, which was opened about six weeks after his death, by his son, in the year 1714, with the Comedy of *The Recruiting Officer*<sup>49</sup>. Both this theatre and its manager will be mentioned hereafter.

<sup>48</sup> Cibber's Apology, p. 346. A ludicrous account of this transaction is given in the *Tatler*, No. 99.

<sup>49</sup> On this occasion I have been informed by a gentleman who was present, that a Prologue was spoken by the new manager dressed in mourning.

This Prologue I since find to be in print, in a collection called "A new Miscellany of Tales, Songs, and Poems. By several hands" 12mo. n. d. p. 61. It concluded with these lines :

The scheme which Mr. Collier had engaged in did not prosper according to his wishes; the profits of the season were very small, and by no means a compensation for the trouble, risk, and expence, which he had been at in seating himself on the theatrical throne. The joint-sharers at the Hay-market had acquired both fame and money; he therefore meditated an exchange of theatres with them, and, by again employing his influence at court, soon effected it. By the agreement which was then entered into between the rival managers, the sole licence for acting plays was vested in Swiney and his partners; and the performance of Operas was to be confined to the Hay-market under the direction of Collier<sup>30</sup>.

The authority which this gentleman had now obtained in the Opera-house, he immediately farmed to "Aaron Hill, Esq. for 600*l.* *per annum*; but

" But oh, my poor father! alas he died

" Ere he beheld this house in finish'd pride.

" He rais'd the stately pile by slow degrees,

" Big with the hopes a curious town to please.

" Let generous pity move the brave and fair

" To take his poor remains unto your care :

" Who dies in love, a martyr's pity draws

" From all ; then let him share the same applause,

" Who died a martyr for this good old cause.

" Still let true noble gratitude be shewn,

" And for a father's sake support the son !" I. R.

<sup>30</sup> Cibber's Apology, p. 353.

<sup>31</sup> Ibid. 356.



before the season expired he resumed the management again into his own hands. The flourishing state of Drury-lane had attracted his notice and envy. He grew again dissatisfied with his station, and proposed once more to return to the stage he had abandoned. The same power which had hitherto supported him in his caprices still continued to favour him. Swiney was obliged to return to the Hay-market; and Collier, Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber, remained at Drury-lane, where from this period the abilities, industry, and integrity of the managers brought their theatre into so much reputation, that it became to them the source of independence during the rest of their lives. At the end of the first season, Swiney was ruined at the Hay-market, and obliged to banish himself from the kingdom.

As soon as the new regulation was settled, Collier rendered his share a sinecure, and agreed to accept a certain sum annually in lieu of all claims. In 1712, the Tragedy of Cato was acted, wherein Mr. Booth acquired so much reputation, that he was encouraged to solicit for a share in the management of the theatre, and was gratified in it during the succeeding year. On his introduction, Dogget, in disgust, retired from the management, to which he never afterwards returned.

In the year 1714, Queen Anne died; and, amongst the changes which that event brought

about, the management of Drury-lane theatre was not too inconsiderable to attract the notice of the court. At the desire of the acting managers, Sir Richard Steele procured his name to be inserted instead of Collier's in a new licence jointly with them; and this connection lasted many years equally to the advantage of all the parties. In this year, the prohibition which the patent had been long under was removed, and Lincoln's-Inn Fields theatre opened under the direction of the late Mr. John Rich.

No sooner were dramatic performances permitted at two theatres, than the manager of the weaker company was obliged to have recourse to foreign aid, and to oppose his antagonists with other weapons than the merits of his actors, or the excellence of the pieces represented by them. The performers who were under Mr. Rich's direction were so much inferior to those at Drury-lane, that the latter carried away all the applause and favour of the town. In this distress, the genius of the new manager suggested to him a species of entertainment, which hath always been considered as contemptible, but which at the same time hath been ever followed and encouraged. Pantomimes were now brought forwards; and, as sound and shew had in the last century obtained a victory over sense and reason, the same event would have followed again, if the company at Drury-lane had

not, from the experience of past times, thought it advisable to adopt the same measures. The fertility of Mr. Rich's invention in these exotic entertainments, and the excellence of his performances in them must be ever acknowledged. By means of these only, he kept the managers of the other house at all times from relaxing their diligence; and, to the disgrace of public taste, frequently obtained more money by such ridiculous and paltry performances than all the sterling merit of the other house was able to acquire.

The business of the stage was carried on successfully, and without interruption, until about the year 1720, when on a disgust which the duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain, had received from Mr. Cibber<sup>52</sup>, that gentleman was for some time

<sup>52</sup> The author of a Pamphlet, called "The State of the Case, between the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household and Sir Richard Steele, as represented by that Knight, restated," &c. p. 30. mentions some strokes levelled at the ministry, in Mr. Cibber's Dedication of *Ximena* to Sir Richard Steele, and these were likely to have been what gave offence. The same writer, however, afterwards asserts the following to have been the real cause: "My lord Duke had a mind to have a certain part performed by a certain actor, which was generally acted by one of the managers; and when my lord urged his authority to enforce his commands, Cibber, visibly slighting his authority in half a laugh, said, that they were a sort of separate ministry, and so absolutely refused to obey

forbid to perform; and soon after a difference arising between the same nobleman and Sir Richard Steele, the power which had been often exercised by the persons who had held his grace's office was exerted, and an order of silence was enforced against the managers. On this occasion a controversy succeeded; but how long the prohibition lasted, or in what manner the difference was adjusted, no where appears.

In this year, 1720, a new playhouse was erected in the Hay-market by one Mr. Potter, a carpenter<sup>53</sup>. It was not built for any particular person or company, but seems to have been intended as a mere speculation by the architect, who relied on its being occasionally hired for dramatic exhibitions.

The harmony which had subsisted for many years between Sir Richard Steele and his partners was soon afterwards interrupted, and the affairs of the theatre became again the objects of a chancery litigation, which, in 1726, was determined in favour

“ my Lord Chamberlain; upon which he was silenced.” Sir Richard, however, in his state of the case, asserts, that all the mortification put upon Mr. Cibber<sup>54</sup> was intended “ only as a remote beginning of evils which were to affect “ the patentee.” During the time that the order for silencing Mr. Cibber was in force, Southerne's Tragedy of *The Spartan Dame* was acted, and the part of *Cites* intended for that performer was obliged to be read by another actor.

<sup>53</sup> Victor's History of the Theatres, vol. 3. p. 184.

of the acting proprietors<sup>54</sup> by a decree of Sir Joseph Jekyll, then Master of the Rolls. The breach, however, which this dispute had made would perhaps never have been healed, had Sir Richard been able to have resumed his share of the management. His faculties at this time began to decline: he soon afterwards retired into Wales, where he died on the 1st of September, 1729.

As the powers of the patent granted to him terminated at the end of three years after his death, the remaining managers solicited and obtained a renewal of the authority for twenty one years commencing on the 1st of September, 1732; but the prosperous course of their affairs was doomed about this time to be first checked, and afterwards put an end to by the illness and deaths of the principal persons concerned in the theatre. Booth was rendered incapable of performing for several years before he died. On the 23d of October, 1730, the stage suffered an irreparable loss by the death of Mrs. Oldfield; and about the same time Mrs. Porter was prevented from acting by the misfortune of a dislocated limb. To complete the whole, Wilks died in September, 1731; and Cibber, disliking his new partners, grew weary of his share, and took the earliest opportunity of parting with it.

<sup>54</sup> Cibber's Apology, p. 436.

The number of theatres in London was this year, 1729, increased by the addition of one in Goodman's Fields, which met with great opposition from many respectable merchants and grave citizens, who apprehended much mischief from the introduction of these kind of diversions so near to their own habitations. Some of the clergy<sup>55</sup> also took the alarm, and preached with much vehemence against it. Mr. Odell, however, the proprietor, was not deterred from pursuing his design; he completed the building, and, having collected a company, began to perform in it. It is asserted, that for some time he got not less than one hundred pounds a week by this undertaking; but the clamour against it continuing<sup>56</sup>, he was obliged to abandon the further prosecution of his scheme; by which means he sustained a considerable loss. It was afterwards revived by Mr. Giffard with some degree of success.

The patent for Drury-lane being renewed, Mr. Booth, who found his disorder increase, began to think it was time to dispose of his share and inte-

<sup>55</sup> A Sermon was preached against it at St. Botolph, Aldgate, on 30th of November, 1729, by Arthur Bedford, M. A. It was printed in the next year.

<sup>56</sup> It is asserted in a Pamphlet, called "The Usefulness of the Stage to Religion and Government," &c. 8vo. 1738, that an address was presented to the king from the lord mayor and court of aldermen for the suppressing of it.

rest in the theatre. The person upon whom he fixed for a purchaser was John Highmore, Esq. a gentleman of fortune, who unhappily had contracted an attachment to the stage, from having performed the part of *Lothario* one night for a wager. A treaty between them was set on foot soon after Mr. Wilks's death, and was concluded by Mr. Highmore's agreeing to purchase one half of Mr. Booth's share, with the whole of his power in the management, for the sum of two thousand five hundred pounds. Before his admission, Mrs. Wilks had deputed Mr. Ellis to attend to the conduct of the theatre in her behalf. The introduction of two people into the management, who were totally unqualified either by their abilities or experience for the offices they were to fill, gave offence to Mr. Cibber: he, therefore, to avoid being troubled with the importance of the one or the ignorance of the other of his brethren, authorized his son Theophilus to act for him as far as his interest was concerned. The first season was ended with some profit to the new patentees; but Mr. Highmore, being hurt by the impertinence of young Cibber, determined to get rid of his interference, and purchased the father's share for the sum of three thousand guineas<sup>57</sup>.

This second purchase by Mr. Highmore was

<sup>57</sup> Victor's *History of the Theatres*, vol. 1. p. 8.

made at the beginning of the season of 1733, about the same time that Mrs. Booth sold her husband's remaining share to Mr. Giffard. Mr. Highmore's connection with the theatre began now to be attended with alarming consequences to him ; two weeks had hardly passed before the principal actors, spirited up by young Cibber, determined to revolt from the patentees, and set up for themselves. The house called the little Theatre in the Hay-market was then unoccupied ; they therefore agreed to rent it of the proprietor, and, after making the necessary alterations, opened it with the Comedy of *Love for Love*, to an elegant crowded audience<sup>58</sup>.

The patentees also, though weakened by the desertion of their best performers, began to act at the usual time. To supply the places of those who had left their service, they were obliged to have recourse to such assistance as the country companies would afford. With all the help they could obtain, their performances were so much inferior to those exhibited at the Hay-market, that a constant loss was sustained until the end of the season. Mr. Highmore in the mean time buoyed himself up with hopes of obtaining redress, first from the Lord Chamberlain, and afterwards by putting the laws concerning vagrants in force

<sup>58</sup> Victor's *History of the Theatres*, vol. 1. p. 11.



against the delinquent players. In both these expectations he found himself disappointed. The losses fell so heavy upon him, that he was under the necessity of giving up the contention, in order to secure a small part of the property he had imprudently risked in this unfortunate undertaking.

The person who now succeeded to the patent of Drury-lane playhouse was Charles Fleetwood, a gentleman who at one period of his life had possessed a very large fortune, of which at this time a small portion only remained. He purchased not only the share belonging to Mr. Highmore, but those of all the other partners; and so little value was then set upon the theatre, that the whole sum which he disbursed for it little more than exceeded the half of what Mr. Highmore had before paid. The revolting actors were by this time become dissatisfied with their situations. A treaty was therefore opened, and soon concluded, for their return to Drury-lane.

Although dramatic entertainments were not at this time supported by the abilities of any actors of extraordinary merit, and the characters of those excellent performers who had lately been lost from Drury-lane were very ill supplied, yet this period seems to have been particularly marked by a spirit of enterprize which prevailed in theatrical affairs. The ill fortune of Mr. Odell at Goodman's Fields had not extinguished the expectations of another

schemer, who solicited and obtained a subscription for building a magnificent playhouse<sup>59</sup> in that part of the town; and in spite of all opposition it was completed and opened on the 2d day of October, 1732, with the play of *King Henry IV.* Mr. Giffard the new proprietor, however, did not remain long there. In 1733, the house in Covent-Garden was finished, and Mr. Rich's company immediately removed thither, which occasioned the old building in Lincoln's-Inn Fields to be deserted. Mr. Giffard was then advised, that it would be more for his advantage to quit Goodman's Fields, and take the vacant edifice. He accordingly agreed for it in 1735, and acted there during the two ensuing years.

Soon afterwards, though at a time when so many theatres were employed to divert the public, and

<sup>59</sup> " In a large oval over the pit is painted the figure of his Majesty, attended by peace, liberty, and justice, trampling tyranny and oppression, under his feet: round it are the heads of Shakespeare, Dryden, Congreve, and Betterton: on the coving of the left hand is painted the scene of Cato pointing to the dead body of his son Marcus: in the middle, that of Julius Cæsar stabbed in the Senate-house: and on the right, that of Mark Anthony and Octavia, where the children are introduced in *All for Love*: on the sounding board over the stage is a handsome piece of painting of Apollo and the nine Muses." *Gent. Mag.* 1732, p. 1028.

when none of them were in a flourishing state, the imprudence and extravagance of a gentleman, who possessed genius, wit, and humour in a high degree, obliged him to strike out a new species of entertainment, which in the end produced an extraordinary change in the constitution of the dramatic system. To extricate himself out of difficulties in which he was involved, and probably to revenge some indignities which had been thrown upon him by people in power, that admirable painter and accurate observer of life, the late Henry Fielding, determined to amuse the town at the expence of some persons in high rank, and of great influence in the political world. For this purpose he got together a company of performers, who exhibited at the theatre in the Hay market, under the whimsical title of the Great Mogul's Company of Comedians. The piece he represented was Pasquin, which was acted to crowded audiences for fifty successive nights. Encouraged by the favourable reception this performance met with, he determined to continue at the same place the next season, when he produced several new plays, some of which were applauded, and the rest condemned. As soon as the novelty of the design was over, a visible difference appeared between the audiences of the two years. The company, which as the play-bills said dropped from the clouds, were disbanded; and the manager, not having attended to

the voice of economy in his prosperity, was left no richer or more independent than when he first engaged in the project.

The severity of Mr. Fielding's satire in these pieces had galled the minister to that degree, that the impression was not erased from his mind when the cause of it had lost all effect. He meditated therefore a severe revenge on the stage, and determined to prevent any attacks of the like kind for the future. In the execution of this plan he steadily persisted; and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy, which had given him so much uneasiness, effectually restrained from any power of annoying him on the public theatres. An act of parliament passed in the year 1737, which forbade the representation of any performance not previously licenced by the Lord Chamberlain, or in any place, except the city of Westminster and the liberties thereof, or where the royal family should at any time reside. It also took from the crown the power of licensing any more theatres, and inflicted heavy penalties on those who should hereafter perform in defiance of the regulations in the statute. This unpopular act did not pass without opposition. It called forth the eloquence of Lord Chesterfield in a speech, wherein all the arguments in favour of this obnoxious law were answered, the dangers which might ensue from it were pointed out, and the little necessity for such hostilities

against the stage clearly demonstrated. It also excited an alarm in the people at large, as tending to introduce restraints on the liberty of the press. Many pamphlets were published against the principle of the act; and it was combated in every shape which wit, ridicule, or argument, could oppose it in. All these, however, availed nothing; the minister had resolved, and the parliament was too compliant to slight a bill which came recommended to it from so powerful a quarter. It therefore passed into a law, and freed the then, and all future ministers, from any apprehensions of mischief from the wit or malice of dramatic writers.

The year 1740, was rendered remarkable in the theatrical world by the appearance of an actor, whose genius seemed intended to adorn, and whose abilities were destined to support the stage. This was the late Mr. Garrick, who, after experiencing some slights from the managers of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, determined to make trial of his theatrical qualifications at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields, under the direction of Mr. Giffard, who was at that time permitted to perform there without molestation. The part he chose for his first appearance was that of Richard the Third, in which he displayed so clear a conception of the character, such power of execution, and a union of talents so varied, extensive, and unexpected, as soon fixed his reputation as the first actor of his

own or any former times. His fame spread through every part of the town with the greatest rapidity; and Goodman's Fields theatre, which had been confined to the inhabitants of the city, became the resort of the polite, and was honoured with the notice of all ranks and orders of people.

At Goodman's Fields, Mr. Garrick remained but one season; after which he removed to Drury-lane, where he continued to increase his reputation, and, by a prudent attention to the dictates of frugality and discretion, acquired a character which pointed him out as a proper person to succeed to the management of the theatre a few years after, and a fortune which enabled him to accomplish that point when the opportunity offered.

The affairs of Drury-lane theatre suffered all the mischiefs which could arise from the imprudence or inability of the manager. That gentleman had embarrassed his domestic concerns by almost every species of misconduct, and involved himself in such difficulties, that there remained no other means of extricating himself from them than by abandoning his country, and retiring abroad. About the year 1745, the whole of his property in the theatre was either mortgaged or sold; and the patent, which had been assigned to some creditors, was advertised to be disposed of by public auction. Two Bankers soon afterwards became the purchasers, and they received into the management the late Mr.

Lacey, to whom the conduct of the theatre was relinquished. The calamities of the times affected the credit of many persons at this juncture; and amongst the rest of the new managers, who found themselves obliged to stop payment. Their misfortunes occasioned the patent again to become the object of a sale. It was offered to several persons, but few appeared to have courage enough to venture upon it. At length it was proposed by Mr. Lacey, that he and Mr. Garrick should become joint-purchasers. The offer was accepted. A renewal of the patent was solicited and obtained. All the preliminaries were in a short time settled, and, in the year 1747, the house was opened with a Prologue written by Dr. Johnson, and spoken by Mr. Garrick.

From this period may be dated the flourishing state of the theatre. The new partners were furnished with abilities to make their purchase advantageous to themselves, and useful to the public. Mr. Garrick's admirable performances insured them great audiences; and the industry and attention of Mr. Lacey were employed in rendering the house convenient to the frequenters of it. They both exerted their endeavours to acquire the favour of the town; and the preference which was given to them over their rivals at the other theatre sufficiently proved the superior estimation they were held in. The harmony which subsisted between

them contributed to the success of their undertaking, and their efforts in the end procured them both riches and respect.

The month of December, 1761, was marked with the death of Mr. Rich, who had been manager under the patents granted by Charles the Second almost fifty years. His peculiar excellence in the composition of those performances which demanded shew and expence enabled him, with an indifferent company of actors, to make a stand against the greatest performers of his time : he was unrivalled in the representation of his favourite character Harlequin, and possessed with many foibles some qualities which commanded the esteem of his friends and acquaintance. On his decease, the business of Covent-Garden theatre was conducted by his son-in-law Mr. Beard.

In the year 1763, Mr. Garrick, by the advice of his physicians, went abroad, in order to relax from the fatigues of his profession, and to re-establish his health, which had been much broken by an uninterrupted exertion of his abilities on the stage. He was absent two seasons, and then returned to the theatre, where he remained until the year 1776.

The theatre in the Hay-market had for some years been occupied in the summer time by virtue of licences from the Lord Chamberlain. In the month of July, 1766, it was advanced to the dignity of a theatre royal ; a patent being then made



out to Mr. Foote, authorizing him to build a theatre in the city and liberties of Westminster, and to exhibit dramatic performances, &c. therein, from the 14th day of May to the 14th of September. during his life. On this grant being passed, the patentee purchased the old playhouse, which had been built in 1720, and immediately pulled it down. It was rebuilt in the course of the next year, and opened in the month of May, 1767. Mr. Foote very successfully managed this theatre until the season before his death.

From the decease of Mr. Rich, Covent-Garden theatre had been intrusted to the direction of his son-in-law Mr. Beard, who introduced several musical pieces to the stage, which were received with applause, and brought considerable profits to those concerned in the house. The taste of the public inclined very much to this species of performance for several seasons; but about the year 1766 the audiences beginning to lessen, and the acting manager finding no relief for a deafness which he had long been afflicted with, he became desirous of retiring from the bustle of a theatre to the quiet of private life. In the summer of 1767, a negociation was set on foot by Messieurs Harris and Rutherford, for the purchase of all the property in the play-house which belonged to the then proprietors; but the advantage of having a capital performer as one of the sharers being suggested,

Mr. Powell was invited to join with them, and he recommended Mr. Colman as a person from whom the undertaking would receive great advantage. The proposal being assented to by the several parties, the property of the theatre was assigned in August, 1767; the conduct of the stage was intrusted to Mr. Colman, and the house opened on the 14th of September with the Comedy of the Rehearsal; and a Prologue written by Paul Whitehead, and spoken by Mr. Powell.

The disputes which soon afterwards arose amongst the new managers are unworthy of any notice, on account of the virulence and acrimony with which each party seems to have been inflamed; it is sufficient to observe, that after they had continued a long time, and had received a judicial determination, they were amicably ended.

Mr. Rutherford sold his share to Messieurs Leake and Dagge. Mr. Powell died in July, 1769; and his widow afterwards married Dr. Fisher, who by that means became entitled to some part of her late husband's interest in the theatre. Mr. Colman managed the affairs of the stage until the year 1774, when his right was purchased by the rest of his partners, to whom it was immediately assigned.

In 1776, an event took place, which the admirers of theatrical entertainments had long expected with concern, and now viewed with regret.

Mr. Garrick, at a period when his powers had suffered little injury from time, and in the height of his fame and popularity, determined to relinquish all connection with the stage, and retire to the honourable enjoyment of a large fortune, acquired in the course of near forty years spent in the service of the public. His last appearance was in the character of Don Felix in the Play of the Wonder, acted on the 10th day of June, for a charitable benefit. He was honoured with a brilliant and crowded audience, and was dismissed with the loudest applauses ever heard in a theatre. The obligations which the public are under to him for the decency and propriety of our present dramatic performances, will ever intitle him to the grateful respect of the world, independent of his extraordinary merit either as an actor or as an author.

As this is the period at which the present imperfect account of the English theatre is intended to be closed, some apology may be expected for the defects of it. A more copious and particular detail would not have been consistent with the plan of this work ; and the materials for a history executed with such minuteness as the subject deserves are too much scattered, and too difficult to be obtained, to be readily brought together. Many circumstances and much information might be procured from those who have access to the interior

of the present playhouses ; the neglected pamphlets of former times would afford a great fund of intelligence ; and the remembrance of many individuals would furnish particulars of considerable value to any person who had leisure and abilities for such an undertaking. The History of the Drama seems intitled to more regard than hath been bestowed upon it. To excite the attention of those who are best qualified for such a work, hath been the chief end of the present slight view of the English theatres, which can only be entitled to pardon, as it may probably at some future time be the means of producing a performance with fewer imperfections and more worthy of public notice.

March 31, 1780.



# HISTORIA HISTRIONICA:

AN

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF

THE ENGLISH STAGE;

SHewing,

THE ANCIENT USE, IMPROVEMENT, AND PERFECTION OF  
DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS IN THIS NATION.

IN

A DIALOGUE OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

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— Olim meminisse juvabit. —

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LONDON;

PRINTED BY G. GROOM, FOR WILLIAM HAWES,  
AT THE ROSE IN LUDGATE-STREET.

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1699.

THIS tract was originally printed in 1699. It is said to have been the production of James Wright of New Inn, afterwards of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. He was the author of *The Antiquities of Rutlandshire*, and some poems; particularly, (1.) "An Essay on the present Ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral." To which is annexed, "The Misfortunes of St. Paul's Cathedral," in heroic verse, 4to. 1668; re-printed with two other poems under the title of, (2.) "Three poems of St. Paul's Cathedral; viz. The Ruins, The Re-building, The Chaire\*, Fo. 1697." and (3.) "Phoenix Paulina, a Poem on St. Paul's Cathedral, 4to. 1709†." He was alive in 1710, being mentioned by Mr. Hearne in his preface to Leland's Itinerary, in this manner; "I could have supply'd more Lacunæ, and in all likelihood have render'd this performance more perfect, if I had had the use of a very good transcript of Mr. Leland's Itinerary, taken about the time of Queen Elizabeth (before the originals took wet, as is suppos'd) and was formerly in possession of James Wright, of the Middle Temple, Esq. the worthy author of the Antiquities of Rutlandshire; but this, with a multitude of other valuable curiosities, was unhappily burnt in the fire at the Middle Temple, in the year 1698, as Mr. Wright has been pleased to inform me." Anthony Wood says, he wrote an elegy on the death of Mr. John Goad, Master of Merchant Taylor's School, who died 1689. (See Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. 1. p. 839.)

\* British Topography, vol. 1. p. 610.

† Catalogue of pamphlets in the Harleian Library, p. 146.

## THE PREFACE.\*

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MUCH has been writ of late *pro* and *con* about the stage, yet the subject admits of more, and that which has not been hitherto touched upon ; not only what that is, but what it was, about which some people have made such a bustle. What it is we see, and I think it has been sufficiently display'd in Mr. *Collier's* book ; what it was in former ages and how used in this kingdom, so far back as one may collect any memorials, is the subject of the following dialogue. Old plays will be always read by the curious, if it were only to discover the manners and behaviour of several ages and how they altered. For plays are exactly like portraits, drawn in the garb and fashion of the time when painted. You see one habit in the time of Charles I. another quite different from that, both for men and women, in Queen Elizabeth's time ; another

\* This preface is now for the first time inserted, Mr. Reed having omitted it probably because his copy was not perfect. It is reprinted from the first edition in 1699, which the former editor had not been able to procure. C.



under Henry the Eighth different from both, and so backward all various. And in the several fashions of behaviour and conversation there is as much mutability as in that of clothes. Religion and religious matters was once as much the mode in public entertainments, as the contrary has been in some times since. This appears in the different plays of several ages: and to evince this the following sheets are an essay or specimen.

Some may think the subject of this discourse trivial, and the persons herein mentioned not worth remembering. But besides that I could name some things contested of late with great heat, of as little or less consequence, the reader may know that the profession of players is not so totally scandalous, nor all of them so reprobate, but that there has been found under that name a canonized saint in the primitive church; as may be seen in the *Roman Martyrology* on the 29th March: his name *Masculas*, a master of interludes (the Latin is *Archimimus*, and the French translation *un Maitre comedien*) who under the persecution of the Vandals in Africa, by *Geisericus* the *Arian* King, having, endured many and grievous torments and reproaches for the confession of the truth, finished the course of this glorious combat, saith the said *Martyrology*.

It appears from this and some further instances in the following discourse, that there have been

players of worthy principles as to religion, loyalty and other virtues; and if the major part of them fall under a different character, it is the general unhappiness of mankind, that the *most* are the *worst*.



## A DIALOGUE, &c.

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LOVEWIT, TRUEMAN.

*Lovewit.* HONEST old Cavalier! well met, 'faith I'm glad to see thee.

*Trueman.* Have a care what you call me; old is a word of disgrace among the ladies; to be honest is to be poor, and foolish, (as some think;) and Cavalier is a word as much out of fashion as any of 'em.

*Lovewit.* The more's the pity: but what said the fortune-teller in Ben Jonson's mask of Gypsies, to the then Lord Privy Seal!

*Honest and old!*

*In those the good part of a fortune is told.*

*Trueman.* Ben Jonson! how dare you name Ben Jonson in these times; when we have such a crowd of poets of a quite different genius; the least of which thinks himself as well able to correct Ben Jonson, as he could a country school-mistress that taught to spell?

*Lovewit.* We have, indeed, poets of a different genius; so are the plays: but, in my opinion, they are all of 'em (some few excepted) as much inferior to those of former times, as the actors now in being (generally speaking) are, compared to Hart, Mohun, Burt, Lacy, Clun, and Shatterel; for I can reach no farther backward.

*Trueman.* I can; and dare assure you, if my fancy and memory are not partial (for men of my age are apt to be over indulgent to the thoughts of their youthful days) I say the actors that I have seen before the wars, Lowin, Taylor, Pollard, and some others,

were almost as far beyond Hart and his company, as those were beyond these now in being.

*Lovewit.* I am willing to believe it, but cannot readily; because I have been told, that those whom I mention'd, were bred up under the others of your acquaintance, and follow'd their manner of action, which is now lost: so far, that when the question has been ask'd, Why these players do not revive the Silent Woman, and some other of Jonson's plays (once of highest esteem) they have answered, Truly, because there are none now living who can rightly humour those parts; for all who related to the Black-friers, (where they were acted in perfection) are now dead and almost forgotten.

*Trueman.* 'Tis very true, Hart and Clun were bred up boys at the Black-friers, and acted women's parts; Hart was Robinson's boy, or apprentice; he acted the Duchess, in the Tragedy of the Cardinal, which was the first part that gave him reputation. Cartwright and Wintershal belong'd to the Private House in Salisbury-court; Burt was a boy, first under Shank at the Black-friers, then under Beeston at the Cock-pit; and Mohun and Shatterel were in the same condition with him, at the last place. There Burt used to play the principal women's parts, in particular Clariana, in Love's Cruelty; and at the same time Mohun acted Bellamante, which part he retained after the restoration.

*Lovewit.* That I have seen, and can well remember. I wish they had printed in the last age (so I call the times before the rebellion) the actors' names over against the parts they acted, as they have done since the restoration; and thus one might have guess'd at the action of the men, by the parts which we now read in the old plays.

*Trueman.* It was not the custom and usage of those days, as it hath been since. Yet some few old plays there are that have the names set against the parts, as, The Dutchess of Malfy; the Picture; the Roman Actor; the Deserving Favourite; the Wild-Goose-Chase, (at the Black-friers); the Wedding; the Rene-

gado : the Fair Maid of the West; Hannibal and Scipio; King John and Matilda, (at the Cock-pit); and Holland's Leaguer, (at Salisbury Court).

*Lovewit.* These are but few indeed : but pray, sir, what master-parts can you remember the old Black-frier's men to act in Jonson, Shakspeare, and Fletcher's plays?

*Trueman.* What I can at present recollect I'll tell you; Shakspeare, (who, as I have heard, was a much better poet than player) Burbage, Hemmings, and others of the older sort, were dead before I knew the town : but in my time, before the wars, Lowin used to act, with mighty applause, Falstaffe, Morose, Volpone, and Mammon, in the Alchymist; Melantius, in the Maid's Tragedy; and at the same time Amyntor was play'd by Stephen Hammerton, (who was at first a most noted and beautiful woman actor, but afterwards he acted, with equal grace and applause, a young lover's part); Taylor acted Hamlet incomparably well, Jago, Truewit in the Silent Woman, and Face in the Alchymist; Swanston us'd to play Othello; Pollard and Robinson were comedians; so was Shank, who us'd to act Sir Roger, in the Scornful Lady: these were of the Black-friers. Those of principal note at the Cock-pit, were, Perkins, Michael Bowyer, Sumner, William Allen, and Bird, eminent actors, and Robins, a comedian. Of the other companies I took little notice.

*Lovewit.* Were there so many companies?

*Trueman.* Before the wars there were in being all these play-houses at the same time. The Black-friers, and Globe on the Bank-side, a winter and summer house, belonging to the same company, called the King's Servants; the Cock-pit or Phoenix, in Drury-lane, called the Queen's Servants; the Private House in Salisbury-court, called the Prince's Servants; the Fortune near Whitecross Street<sup>1</sup>; and the Red Bull,

<sup>1</sup> *The Fortune near Whitecross Street.*] This is afterwards said to be a large round brick building. Mr. Steevens supposes, from the extent of it, that all the actors resided within its precincts. It was pulled down about the time of the restoration, soon after the ap-

at the upper end of St. John's Street: the two last were mostly frequented by citizens, and the meaner sort of people. All these companies got money, and liv'd in reputation, especially those of the Black-friers, who were men of grave and sober behaviour.

*Lovewit.* Which I admire at; that the town, much less than at present, could then maintain five companies, and yet now two can hardly subsist.

*Truceman.* Do not wonder, but consider, that tho' the town was then, perhaps, not much more than half so populous as now, yet then the prices were small (there being no scenes) and better order kept among the company that came; which made very good people think a play an innocent diversion for an idle hour or two, the plays themselves being then, for the most part, more instructive and moral. Whereas, of late, the play-houses are so extremely pestered with vizard-masks and their trade, (occasioning continual quarrels and abuses) that many of the more civiliz'd part of the town are uneasy in the company, and shun the Theatre as they would a house of scandal. It is an argument of the worth of the plays and actors of the last age, and easily inferred, that they were much beyond ours in this, to consider that they could support themselves merely from their own merit, the weight of the matter, and goodness of the action, without scenes and machines; whereas the present plays with all that shew can hardly draw an audience, unless there be the additional invi-

pearance of the following advertisement, in the *Mercurius Politicus* Tuesday, Feb. 14, to Tuesday, Feb. 21. 1661. "The Fortune Playhouse, situate between Whitecross Street and Golding Square, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, with the ground thereunto belonging, is to be let to be built upon; where 23 tenements may be erected, with gardens; and a street may be cut through for the better accommodation of the buildings." (See edition of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 1. p. 267.) From the following passage of *The English Traveller*, by Heywood, 1683, Sign. I S. we find there was a picture or Statue of Fortune before the building.

"----- I'll rather stand heere

"Like a Statue in the Forefront of your house

"For ever; Like the picture of Dame Fortune

"Before the Fortune Playhouse."

tation of a Signior Fideli, a Monsieur l'Abbe, or some such foreign regale express'd in the bottom of the bill.

*Lovewit.* To wave this digression, I have read of one Edward Alleyn, a man, so famed for excellent action, that among Ben Jonson's epigrams, I find one directed to him, full of encomium, and concluding thus :

*Wear this renown, 'tis just that who did give  
So many poets life, by one should live.*

Was he one of the Black-friers ?

*Trueman.* Never, as I have heard ; (for he was dead before my time). He was master of a company of his own, for whom he built the Fortune play-house from the ground, a large, round, brick building. This is he that grew so rich, that he purchased a great estate in Surry and elsewhere; and having no issue, he built and largely endowed Dulwich college, in the year 1619<sup>2</sup>, for a master, a warden, four fellows, twelve aged poor people, and twelve poor boys, &c. A noble charity.

*Lovewit.* What kind of play-houses had they before the wars ?

*Trueman.* The Black-friers, Cock-pit, and Salisbury-court, were called private houses, and were very small to what we see now. The Cock-pit was standing since the restoration, and Rhodes's company acted there for some time.

*Lovewit.* I have seen that.

*Trueman.* Then you have seen the other two, in effect ; for they were all three built almost exactly alike, for form and bigness. Here they had pits for the gentry, and acted by candle-light. The Globe, Fortune, and Bull, were large houses, and lay partly open to the weather, and there they always acted by day-light.

*Lovewit.* But, pr'ythee, Trueman, what became of these players when the stage was put down, and the rebellion rais'd ?

*Trueman.* Most of 'em, except Lowin, Taylor and Pollard (who were superannuated) went into the king's

<sup>2</sup> The letters patent under the great seal, bear date the 21st June, 1619.



army, and, like good men and true, serv'd their old master, tho' in a different, yet more honourable capacity. Robinson was kill'd at the taking of a place, (I think Basing-house) by Harrison, he that was after hang'd at Charing-cross, who refused him quarter, and shot him in the head when he had laid down his arms; abusing scripture at the same time, in saying, *Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently.* Mohun was a captain (and after the wars were ended here, served in *Flanders*, where he received pay as a major.) Hart was a lieutenant of horse under sir Thomas Dallison, in prince Rupert's regiment; Burt was cornet in the same troop, and Shatterel quarter-master; Allen of the Cock-pit was a major, and quarter-master-general at Oxford. I have not heard of one of these players of any note that sided with the other party, but only Swanston, and he profess'd himself a presbyterian, took up the trade of a jeweller, and liv'd in Aldermanbury, within the territory of father Calamy; the rest either lost, or expos'd their lives for their king. When the wars were over, and the royalists totally subdu'd, most of 'em who were left alive gather'd to London, and for a subsistence endeavour'd to revive their old trade privately. They made up one company out of all the scatter'd members of several; and in the winter before the king's murder, 1648, they ventured to act some plays, with as much caution and privacy as could be, at the Cock-pit. They continued undisturbed for three or four days; but at last, as they were presenting the tragedy of the Bloody Brother (in which Lowin acted Aubrey; Taylor, Rollo; Pollard, the Cook: Burt, Latorch; and I think Hart, Otto) a party of foot soldiers beset the house, surprized 'em about the middle of the play<sup>3</sup>, and carried 'em away in their habits, not

<sup>3</sup> This is confirmed by Kirkman; who, in his Preface to *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport*, 1672, says, the small compositions of which his work was made up, being scenes and parts of plays, were at this period "lik'd and approved by all, and they were the "fittest for the actors to represent, there being little cost in cloaths, "which often were in great danger to be seized by the then sol-

admitting them to shift, to Hatton-house, then a prison, where, having detain'd them some time, they plundered them of their clothes, and let 'em loose again. Afterwards, in Oliver's time, they used to act privately, three or four miles or more out of town, now here, now there, sometimes in noblemen's houses, in particular, Holland-house at Kensington, where the nobility and gentry who met (but in no great numbers) used to make a sum for them, each giving a broad piece, or the like. And Alexander Goffe, the woman actor at Black-friers (who had made himself known to persons of quality) used to be the jackall, and give notice of time and place. At Christmas and Bartholomew-fair, they used to bribe the officer who commanded the guard at Whitehall, and were thereupon connived at to act for a few days, at the Red Bull<sup>4</sup>; but were sometimes, notwithstanding, disturb'd by soldiers. Some pick'd up a little money by

"diers; who, as the poet says, *Enter the Red Coat, Exit Hat and Cloak*, was very true, not only in the audience but the actors too, who were commonly not only stripp'd, but many times imprisoned till they paid such ransom as the souldiers would impose upon them: so that it was hazardous to act any thing that required any good cloaths: instead of which, painted cloath many times served the turn to represent rich habits."

<sup>4</sup> "When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the actors forbidden to present us with any of their tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest; and comedies, because the vices of the age were too lively and smartly represented, then all that we could divert ourselves with, were these humours and pieces of plays, which, passing under the name of a merry conceited fellow, called Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith; John Swabber, or some such title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of rope-dancing, or the like; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the auditors; and these small things were as profitable and as great get-pennies to the actors as any of our late famed plays. I have seen the *Red Bull Playhouse*, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entered; and as meanly as you may now think of these drols, they were then acted by the best comedians then and now in being; and I may say by some that then exceeded all now living, by name, the incomparable Robert Cox, who was not only the principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of these farces." *Kirkman's Preface to The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, 1672.*

publishing the copies of plays never before printed, but kept up in manuscript. For instance, in the year 1652, Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild-Goose-Chace* was printed in folio, for the public use of all the ingenious, as the title-page says, and private benefit of John Lowin and Joseph Taylor, servants to his late majesty; and by them dedicated to the honoured few lovers of dramatic poesy: wherein they modestly intimate their wants, and that with sufficient cause; for whatever they were before the wars, they were after reduced to a necessitous condition. Lowin, in his latter days, kept an inn, the *Three Pigeons*, at Brentford, where he died very old, for he was an actor of eminent note in the reign of King James I. and his poverty was as great as his age. Taylor died at Richmond, and was there buried. Pol-lard, who lived single, and had a competent estate, retired to some relations he had in the country, and there ended his life. Perkins and Sumner of the *Cock-pit*, kept house together at Clerkenwell, and were there buried. These all died some years before the restoration; what followed after, I need not tell you; you can easily remember.

*Lovewit.* Yes; presently after the restoration, the king's players acted publicly at the Red Bull for some time, and then removed to a new-built playhouse in Vere-street, by Clare-market. There they continued for a year or two, and then removed to the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, where they first made use of scenes, which had been a little before introduced upon the public stage by Sir William Davenant, at the duke's Old Theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, but afterwards very much improved, with the addition of curious machines, by Mr. Betterton, at the New Theatre in Dorset-garden, to the great expence and continual charge of the players. This much impaired their profit o'er what it was before; for I have been inform'd by one of 'em, that for several years next after the restoration, every whole sharer in Mr. Hart's company, got 1000*l. per ann.* About the same time that scenes first entered upon the stage at London, women were taught

to act their own parts; since when, we have seen at both houses several actrèsses, justly famed, as well for beauty, as perfect good action. And some plays, in particular the Parson's Wedding, have been presented all by women, as formerly all by men. Thus it continued for about 20 years, when Mr. Hart, and some of the old men, began to grow weary, and were minded to leave off; then the two companies thought fit to unite; but of late you see, they have thought it no less fit to divide again, though both companies keep the same name of his majesty's servants. All this while the playhouse musick improved yearly, and is now arrived to greater perfection than ever I knew it. Yet for all these advantages, the reputation of the stage, and people's affection to it, are much decayed. Some were lately severe against it, and would hardly allow stage-plays fit to be longer permitted. Have you seen Mr. Collier's book?

*Trueman.* Yes, and his opposers'.

*Lovewit.* And what think you?

*Trueman.* In my mind, Mr. Collier's reflections are pertinent, and true in the main; the book ingeniously wrote, and well intended; but he has overshot himself in some places, and his respondents perhaps in more. My affection inclines me not to engage on either side, but rather mediate. If there be abuses relating to the stage, which I think is too apparent, let the abuse be reformed, and not the use, for that reason only, abolished. 'Twas an old saying, when I was a boy,

*Absit abusus, non desit totaliter usus.*

I shall not run through Mr. Collier's book; I will only touch a little on two or three general notions, in which, I think, he may be mistaken. What he urges out of the primitive councils and fathers of the church, seems to me to be directed against the heathen plays, which were a sort of religious worship with them, to the honour of Ceres, Flora, or some of their false deities. They had always a little altar on their stages, as appears

plain enough from some places in Plautus. And Mr. Collier himself, p. 235, tells us out of Livy, that plays were brought in upon the score of religion, to pacify the gods. No wonder then, they forbid Christians to be present at them, for it was almost the same as to be present at their sacrifices. We must also observe, that this was in the infancy of Christianity, when the church was under severe, and almost continual persecutions, and when all its true members were of most strict and exemplary lives, not knowing when they should be called to the stake, or thrown to wild beasts. They communicated daily, and expected death hourly; as their thoughts were intent upon the next world, they abstain'd almost wholly from all diversions and pleasures (though lawful and innocent) in this. Afterwards, when persecution ceased, and the church flourish'd, christians being then freed from their former terrors, allow'd themselves, at proper times, the lawful recreations of conversation, and among other, no doubt, this of shews and representations. After this time, the censures of the church indeed might be continued, or revived upon occasion, against plays and players; tho', in my opinion, it cannot be understood generally, but only against such players who were of vicious and licentious lives, and represented profane subjects, inconsistent with the morals and probity of manners requisite to christians; and frequented chiefly by such loose and debauch'd people, as were much more apt to corrupt than divert those who associated with them. I say, I cannot think the canons and censures of the fathers can be applied to all players, *quatenus* players; for if so, how could plays be continued among the christians, as they were, of divine subjects, and scriptural stories? A late French author, speaking of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, a play-house in Paris, says, that the ancient dukes of that name gave it to the brotherhood of the Passion, established in the church of Trinity-hospital, in the Rue S. Denis, on condition that they should represent here interludes of devotion; and adds, that there have been public shews in this place six hundred

years ago. The Spanish and Portuguese continue still to have, for the most part, such ecclesiastical stories for the subject of their plays: and, if we may believe Gage, they are acted in their churches in Mexico, and the Spanish West-Indies.

*Lovewit.* That's a great way off, Trueman; I had rather you would come nearer home, and confine your discourse to Old England.

*Trueman.* So I intend. The same has been done here in England; for otherwise how comes it to be prohibited in the 88th canon, among those pass'd in convocation, 1603? Certain it is, that our ancient plays were of religious subjects, and had for their actors, if not priests, yet men relating to the church.

*Lovewit.* How does that appear?

*Trueman.* Nothing clearer. Stow, in his survey of London, has one chapter of *the sports and pastimes of old time used in this city*; and there he tells us, that in the year 1391, which was 15 Richard II. a stage-play was play'd by the parish-clerks of London, at the Skinner's-well beside Smithfield, which play continued three days together, the king, queen, and nobles of the realm being present. And another was play'd in the year 1409, 11 Henry IV. which lasted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world; whereat were present most part of the nobility and gentry of England. Sir William Dugdale, in his antiquities of Warwickshire, p. 116, speaking of the Gray-friars, or Franciscans, at Coventry, says, Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon Corpus-christi day; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friers of this house, had theatres for the several scenes very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of the spectators; and contained the story of the New Testament, composed in old English rhyme. An ancient manuscript of the same is now to be seen in the Cottonian library, *Sub Effig. Vesp. D. 8.* Since the reformation, in queen Elizabeth's

time, plays were frequently acted by quiristers and singing-boys; and several of our old comedies have printed in the title-page, "acted by the children of Paul's," (not the school, but the church) others, "by the children of her majesty's chapel;" in particular, *Cynthia's Revels*, and the *Poetaster*, were play'd by them; who were at that time famous for good action. Among Ben Jonson's epigrams you may find an epitaph on S. P. (*Sal. Pavy*) one of the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel: part of which runs thus,

*Years he counted scarce thirteen,  
When fates turn'd cruel,  
Yet three fill'd zodiacks he had been  
The stage's jewel;  
And did act (what now we moan)  
Old man so duly,  
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,  
He play'd so truly.*

Some of these chapel boys, when they grew men, became actors at the Black-friers; such were Nathan. Field<sup>b</sup> and John Underwood. Now I can hardly ima-

<sup>b</sup> Nathaniel Field, on the authority of Roberts the player, (See his answer to Mr. Pope's preface to Shakspeare) has been considered as the author of two plays; *A Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612, and *Amends for Ladies*, 1618. He is also supposed to be the same person who assisted Massinger in *The Fatal Dowry*. I suspect that Roberts was mistaken in these assertions, as I do not find any contemporary writer speak of Field as an author; nor is it mentioned by Langbaine, who would have noticed it, had he known the fact. It seems more probable, that the writer of these plays was Nathaniel Field, M.A. Fellow of New College, Oxford, who wrote some Latin verses, printed in "*Oxoniensis Academiae, Parentalia, 1625*," and who, being of the same university with Massinger, might join with him while there, in the composition of the play ascribed to them. Nathaniel Field above mentioned, was celebrated in the part of *Bussy Dambois*, first printed in 1607. On the republication of that play, in 1641, he is thus spoken of in the Prologue:

" ————— Field is gone,  
" Whose action first did give it name, and one  
" Who came the neerest to him, is denide  
" By his gray beard to shew the height and pride

gine that such plays and players as these, are included in the severe censure of the councils and fathers; but such only who are truly within the character given by Didacus de Tapia, cited by Mr. Collier, p. 276, viz. *The infamous play-house; a place of contradiction to the strictness and sobriety of religion; a place hated by God, and haunted by the devil.* And for such I have as great an abhorrence as any man.

*Lovewit.* Can you guess of what antiquity the representing of religious matters on the stage hath been in England?

*Trueman.* How long before the conquest I know not, but that it was used in London not long after, appears by Fitz-stevens, an author who wrote in the reign of King Henry the Second<sup>6</sup>. His words are, *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, quæ sancti confessores operati sunt, seu representationes passionum quibus claruit constantia martyrum.* Of this, the manuscript which I lately mentioned, in the Cottonian library, is a notable instance. Sir William Dugdale cites this manuscript, by the title of *Ludus Coventriæ*; but in the printed catalogue of that library, p. 113, it is named thus, *A collection of plays in old English metre; h. e. Dramata sacra, in quibus exhibentur historiæ Veteris et N. Testamenti, introductis quasi in scenam personis illic memoratis, quas secum invicem colloquentes pro ingenio fingit poeta. Videntur olim coram populo, sive ad instruendum, sive ad placendum, a fratribus mendicantibus representata.* It appears by the latter end of the prologue, that these plays or interludes were not only play'd at Coventry, but in other towns and places upon

“ Of D'Ambois youth and braverie; yet to hold

“ Our title still a foot, and not grow cold

• “ By giving it o're, a third man with his best

“ Of care and paines defends our interest;

“ As Richard he was lik'd, nor doe wee feare,

“ In personating Dambois, hee'le appeare

“ To faint, or goe lesse, so your free consent

“ As heretofore give him encouragement.”

• P. 73, 4to. Edition 1772.



occasion. And possibly this may be the same play which Stow tells us was play'd in the reign of King Henry IV. which lasted for eight days. The book seems by the character and language to be at least 300 years old. It begins with a general prologue, giving the arguments of 40 pageants or gesticulations (which were as so many several acts or scenes) representing all the histories of both testaments, from the creation to the chusing of St. *Matthias* to be an apostle. The stories of the New Testament are more largely express'd, viz. the annunciation, nativity, visitation; but more especially all matters relating to the passion, very particularly, the resurrection, ascension, the choice of St. *Matthias*. After which is also represented the assumption, and last judgment. All these things were treated of in a very homely stile, as we now think, infinitely below the dignity of the subject: but it seems the gout of that age was not so nice and delicate in these matters; the plain and incurious judgment of our ancestors, being prepared with favour, and taking every thing by the right and easiest handle: For example, in the scene relating to the visitation:

*Maria. But husband of oo thyng pray you most  
mekeley,  
I have knowing that our cosyn Elizabeth with childe is,  
That it please yow to go to her hastyly,  
If ought we myth comfort her, it wer to me blys.*

*Joseph. A Gods sake, is she with child, sche?  
Than will her husband Zachary be mery.  
In Montana they dwelle, fer hence, so moty the,  
In the city of Juda, I know it verily;  
It is hence, I trowe, myles two a fifty,  
We ar like to be wery or we come at the same.  
I wole with a good will, blessyd wyff Mary;  
Now go we forth then in Goddys name, &c.*

A little before the Resurrection.

*Nunc dormient milites, et veniet anima Christi de inferno,  
cum Adam et Eva, Abraham, John Baptist, et aliis.*

*Anima Christi. Come forth Adam, and Eve with the,  
 And all my fryndes that herein be,  
 In paradys come forth with me  
 In blysse for to dwelle.  
 The fende of hell that is yowr foo  
 He shall be wrappyd and woundyn in woo:  
 Fro wo to welth now shall ye go,  
 With myrth ever mor to melle.*

*Adam. I thank the Lord of thy grete grace  
 That now is forgiven my gret trespase,  
 Now shall we dwellyn in blyssful place, &c.*

The last scene or pageant, which represents the day of judgment, begins thus :

*Michael. Surgite, All men aryse,  
 Venite ad iudicium,  
 For now is set the High Justice,  
 And hath assignyd the day of dome:  
 Kepe you redyly to this grett assyse.  
 Both gret and small, all and sum,  
 And of yowr answer you now advise,  
 What you shall say when that yow com, &c.*

These and such like were the plays, which in former ages were presented publicly: Whether they had any settled and constant houses for that purpose, does not appear; I suppose not. But it is notorious that in former times there was hardly ever any solemn reception of princes, or noble persons, but pageants, that is, stages erected in the open street, were part of the entertainment. On which there were speeches by one or more persons, in the nature of scenes; and be sure one of the speakers must be some saint of the same name with the party to whom the honour is intended. For instance, there is an ancient manuscript at Coventry, call'd the Old Leet Book, wherein is set down in a very particular manner, p. 168, the reception of Queen Margaret, wife of Henry VI. who came to Coventry; and, I think, with her, her young son, prince Edward, on the feast of the exaltation of the holy-cross, 35 Hen. VI.

1456. Many pageants and speeches were made for her welcome; out of all which, I shall observe but two or three, in the old English, as it is recorded.

St. Edward. *Moder of mekenes, dame Margarete,  
princes most excellent,  
I king Edward wellcome you with affection cordial,  
Testefying to your highnes mekely myn entent.  
For the wele of the king and you hertily pray I shall,  
And for prince Edward my gostly chylde, who I love  
principal,  
Praying the, John Evangelist, my help therein to be,  
On that condition right humbly I give this ring to the.*

John Evangelist. *Holy Edward, crowned king, brother  
in verginity,  
My power plainly I will prefer thy will to amplefy.  
Most excellent prynces of wymen mortal, your bedeman  
will I be.  
I know your life so vertuous that God is pleased thereby.  
The birth of you unto this reme shall cause great melody :  
The vertuous voice of prince Edward shall dayly well  
encrease,  
St. Edward his Godfader, and I shall prey therefore  
doubtlesse.*

St. Margaret. *Most notabulprinces of wymen earthle,  
Dame Margarete, the chefe myrth of this empyre,  
Ye be hertely welcome to this cyte.  
To the plesure of your highnesse I wyll set my desyre ;  
Both nature and gentlenesse doth me require,  
Seth we be both of one name, to shew you kindnesse ;  
Wherefore by my power ye shall have no distresse.*

*I shall pray to the prince that is endlese  
To socour you with solas of his high grace ;  
He will here my petition, this is doubtlesse,  
For I wrought all my life that his will wace.  
Therefore, lady, when you be in any dredfull case,  
Call on me boldly, thereof I pray you,  
And trust in me feythfully, I will do that may pay you.*

In the next reign, as appears in the same booke, fol. 221, another prince Edward, son of king Edward IV. came to Coventry on the 28th of April, 14 Edward IV. 1474, and was entertained with many pageants and speeches, among which I shall observe only two; one was of St. Edward again, who was then made to speak thus :

*Noble prince Edward, my cousin and my knight,  
And very prince of our line com yn dissent,  
I St. Edward have pursued for your fader's imperial  
right,  
Whereof he was excluded by full furious intent.  
Unto this your chamber, as prince full excellent,  
Ye be right welcome. Thanked be Crist of his sonde,  
For that that was ours is now in your fader's honde.*

The other speech was from St. George, and thus saith the booke.

*“ ——— Also upon the condite in the Croscheping  
“ was St. George armed, and a king's daughter kneling  
“ afore him with a lamb, and the fader and the moder  
“ being in a towre aboven beholding St. George saving  
“ their daughter from the dragon, and the condite ren-  
“ ning wine in four places, and minstralcye of organ play-  
“ ing, and St. George having this speech underwritten.*

*O mighty God our all succour celestiall,  
Which this royme hast given in dower  
To thi moder, and to me George protection perpetuall  
It to defend from enimys fer and nere,  
And as this mayden defended was here  
By thy grace from this dragon's devour,  
So, Lord, preserve this noble prince and ever be his socour.*

*Lovewit.* I perceive these holy matters consisted very much of praying; but I pity poor St. Edward the confessor, who, in the compass of a few years, was made to promise his favour and assistance to two young princes, of the same name indeed, but of as different and opposite interests as the two poles. I know not how he could perform to both.

*Trueman.* Alas! they were both unhappy notwithstanding  
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standing these fine shews and seeming caresses of fortune, being both murder'd, one by the hand, the other by the procurement of Richard duke of Gloucester. I will produce but one example more of this sort of action, or representations, and that is of later time, and an instance of much higher nature than any yet mentioned; it was at the marriage of prince Arthur, eldest son of king Henry VII. to the princess Catharine of Spain, ann. 1501. Her passage through London was very magnificent, as I have read it described in an old MS. chronicle of that time. The pageants and speeches were many; the persons represented, St. Catharine, St. Ursula, a senator, noblesse, virtue, an angel, king Alphonse, Job, Boetius, &c. among others one is thus described.—“ *When this spech was ended, she held*  
“ *on her way tyll she came unto the standurd in Chepe,*  
“ *where was ordeyned the fift paygend made like an*  
“ *hevyn, theryn, syttyng a personage representing*  
“ *the fader of hevyn, beyng all formyd of gold, and*  
“ *brennyng beffor his trone vii candylis of wax standyng*  
“ *in vii candylstykis of gold, the said personage beyng en-*  
“ *vironed wyth sundry hyrarchies off angelis, and sytt-*  
“ *ing in a cope of most rich cloth of tyssu, garnishyd*  
“ *wyth stoon and perle in most sumptuous wyse.*  
“ *Foragain which said pagend upon the south syde of the*  
“ *strete stood at that tyme, in a hows wheryn that tyme*  
“ *dwellyd William Geffrey habyardasher, the king, the*  
“ *queene, my lady the kingys moder, my lord of Oxyn-*  
“ *fford, wyth many other lordys and ladys, and perys of*  
“ *this realm, wyth also certayn ambassadors of France*  
“ *lately sent from the French king: and so passyng the*  
“ *said estatys, eyther guyving to other due and conveyent*  
“ *saluts and countenances, so sone as hyr grace was ap-*  
“ *proachid unto the sayd pagend, the fadyr began his*  
“ *spech as folowyth:*

Hunc veneram locum, septeno lumine septum.  
 Dignumque Arthuri totidem astra micant.

*I am begynnyng and ende, that made ech creature*  
*My sylfe, and for my sylfe, but man especially*

*Both male and female, made afty myne aun fygure,  
Whom I joynd togydyr in matrimony,  
And that in paradyse, declaring opynly  
That men shall weddyng in my chyrch solempnize,  
Fygurid and signified by the erthly paradyze.*

*In thys my chyrch I am allway recydent  
As my chyeff tabernacle, and most chosyn place,  
Among these goldyn condylstikkis, which represent  
My catholyk chyrch shynnyng affor my face,  
With lyght of feyth, wisdom, doctryne, and grace,  
And mervelously eke enflamyd toward me  
Wyth the extyngwible fyre of charyte.*

*Wherefore, my welbelovid dowthyr Katharyn,  
Syth I have made yow to myne awn semblance  
In my chyrch to be married, and your noble childryn  
To regn in this land as in their enherytance,  
Se that ye have me in speciall remembrance:  
Love me and my chyrch your spiritual modyr.  
For ye dyspysing that oon, dyspyse that othyr.*

*Look that ye walk in my precepts, and obey them well:  
And here I gve you the same blyssyng that I  
Gave my well beloved chylder of Israell;  
Blyssyd be the fruyt of your bely;  
Yower substance and frutys I shall encrease and multiply;  
Yower rebellious enemyes I shall put in your hand,  
Encreasing in honour both yow and your land.*

*Lovewit.* This would be censured now-a-days as profane to the highest degree.

*Trueman.* No doubt on't: yet you see there was a time when people were not so nicely censorious in these matters, but were willing to take things in the best sense; and then this was thought a noble entertainment for the greatest king in Europe (such I esteem king Henry VII. at that time) and proper for that day of mighty joy and triumph. And I must farther observe out of Lord Bacon's history of Henry VII. that the chief man who had the care of that day's proceedings was bishop Fox, a grave counsellor for war or

peace, and also a good surveyor of works, and a good master of ceremonies, and it seems he approv'd it. The said lord Bacon tells us farther, That whosoever had those toys in compiling, they were not altogether pedantical.

*Lovewit.* These things however are far from that which we understand by the name of a play.

*Trueman.* It may be so; but these were the plays of those times. Afterwards in the reign of king Henry VIII. both the subject and form of these plays began to alter, and have since varied more and more. I have by me, a thing called *A merry play between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and Neybour Pratte.* Printed the 5th of April 1533, which was 24 Henry VIII. (a few years before the dissolution of monasteries) The design of this play was to ridicule Friers and Pardoners. Of which I'll give you a taste. To begin it, the Frier enters with these words:

*Deus hic; the holy trynyte  
Preserve all that now here be.*

*Dere bretherne, yf ye will consyder  
The cause why I am com hyder,  
Ye wolde be glad to knowe my entent:  
For I com not hyther for mony nor for rent,  
I com not hyther for meat nor for meale.  
But I com hyther for your soules heale, &c.*

After a long preamble he addresses himself to preach, when the Pardoner enters with these words:

*God and St. Leonarde send ye all his grace,  
As many as ben assembled in this place, &c.*

and makes a long speech, shewing his bulls and his reliques, in order to sell his pardons, for the raising some money towards the rebuilding

*Of the holy chappell of sweet saynt Leonarde,  
Which late by fyre was destroyed and marde.*

Both these speaking together, with continual interruption, at last they fall together by the ears. Here the

curate enters (for you must know the scene lies in the church),

*Hold your hands; a vengeance on ye both two,  
That ever ye came hyther to make this ado,  
To polute my chyrche, &c.*

Frier. *Mayster parson, I marvayll ye will give lycence  
To this false knave in this audience  
To publish his ragman rolles with lyes.  
I desyred hym ywys more than ones or twyse  
To hold his peas tyll that I had done,  
But he would here no more than the man in the mone.*

Pardoner. *Why sholde I suffre the, more than thou me?  
Mayster parson gave me lycence before the.  
And I wolde thou knowest it I have relykes here,  
Other maner stuffe than thou dost bere:  
I wyll edefy more with the syght of it,  
Than will all thy pratyng of holy wryt;  
For that except that the precher himselfe lyve well,  
His predycacyon wyll helpe never a dell, &c.*

Parson. *No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch:  
I shrewe yowr hertys bothe for this lurchie.  
Is there any blood shed here between these knaves?  
Thanked be god they had no stavys,  
Nor egotoles, for then it had ben wronge,  
Well, ye shall synge another songe.*

Here he calls his neighbour Prat, the Constable, with design to apprehend 'em, and set 'em in the stocks. But the Frier and Pardoner prove sturdy, and will not be stock'd, but fall upon the poor Parson and Constable, and bang them both so well-favour'dly, that at last they are glad to let 'em go at liberty: and so the farce ends with a drawn battle. Such as this were the plays of that age, acted in gentlemen's halls at Christmas, or such like festival times, by the servants of the family, or strollers, who went about and made it a trade. It



is not unlikely that the<sup>7</sup> lords in those day, and persons of eminent quality had their several gangs of players, as some have now of fiddlers, to whom they give cloaks and badges. The first comedy that I have seen, that looks like regular, is *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, writ<sup>8</sup>, I think, in the reign of king Edward VI. This is composed of five acts, the scenes unbroken, and the unities of time and place duly observed. It was acted at Christ's College in Cambridge; there not being as yet any settled and public theatres.

*Lovewit.* I observe, Trueman, from what you have said, that plays in England had a beginning much like those of Greece; the Monologues and the Pageants drawn from place to place on wheels, answer exactly to the cart of Thespis, and the improvements have been by such little steps and degrees as among the ancients, till at last, to use the words of Sir George Buck (in his *Third University of England*) "Dramatic poesy is so lively express'd and represented upon the public stages and theatres of this city, as Rome in the auge (the highest pitch) of her pomp and glory, never saw it better performed, I mean (says he) in respect of the action and art, and not of the cost and sumptuousness." This he writ about the year 1631. But can you inform me, Trueman, when the public theatres were first erected for this purpose in London?

*Trueman.* Not certainly; but, I presume, about the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign. For Stow, in his survey of London (which book was first printed in the year 1598) says, "Of late years, in place of these stage plays (i. e. those of religious matters) have been used comedies, tragedies, interludes, and histories, both true and feigned: for the acting whereof certain publick places, as the Theatre, the Curtine, &c. have been erected." And the continuator of

<sup>7</sup> Till the 25th year of queen Elizabeth, the queen had not any players; but in that year twelve of the best of all those who belonged to several lords, were chosen, and sworn her servants. *Stow's Annals*, p. 698.

<sup>8</sup> See vol. II. p. 8, where a reason is assigned for supposing that this play was written later.

Stow's annals, p. 1004, says, that in sixty years before the publication of that book, (which was Ann. Dom 1529) no less than seventeen publick stages, or common play-houses, had been built in and about London. In which number he reckons five inns or common osteries, to have been in his time turned into play-houses, one Cock-pit, Saint Paul's singing-school, one in the Black-friers, one in the White-friers, and one in former time at Newington Butts; and adds, before the space of sixty years past, I never knew, heard, or read of any such theatres, stages, or play-houses, as have been purposely built within man's memory.

*Lovewit.* After all, I have been told, that stage-plays are inconsistent with the laws of this kingdom, and players made rogues by statute.

*Trueman.* He that told you so, strain'd a point of truth. I never met with any law wholly to suppress them: sometimes, indeed, they have been prohibited for a season; as in times of Lent, general mourning, or publick calamities, or upon other occasions, when the government saw fit. Thus by proclamation, 7 of April, in the first year of queen Elizabeth, plays and interludes were forbid till Allhallow-tide next following. Hollinshed, p. 1184. Some statutes have been made for their regulation or reformation, not general suppression. By the stat. 39 Eliz. cap. 4 (which was made for the suppressing of rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars) it is enacted, s. 2. "*That all persons that be, or utter themselves to be, proctors, procurers, patent gatherers, or collectors for gaols, prisons, or hospitals, or fencers, bearwards, common players of interludes and minstrels, wandering abroad, (other than players of interludes belonging to any baron of this realm, or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be authoriz'd to play under the hand and seal of arms of such baron or personage) all jugglers, tinkers, pedlars, and petty chapmen, wand'ring abroad, all wand'ring persons, &c. able in body, using loytering, and refusing to work for such reasonable wages as is commonly given, &c. These shall be adjudged and*

*“deemed rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and  
“punished as such.”*

*Lovewit.* But this privilege of authorizing or licensing, is taken away by the stat. Jac. I. ch. 7. s. 1. and therefore all of them, as Mr. Collier says, p. 242, are expressly brought under the aforesaid penalty, without distinction.

*Trueman.* If he means all players, without distinction, 'tis a great mistake. For the force of the queen's statute extends only to wandering players, and not to such as are the king or queen's servants, and establish'd in settled houses, by royal authority. On such, the ill character of vagrant players (or, as they are now called, strollers) can cast no more aspersion, than the wandering proctors, in the same statute mentioned, on those of Doctors-Commons. By a stat. made 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. it was enacted, *“That if any person shall, in  
“any stage-play, interlude, shew, may-game or pageant,  
“jestingly or prophanely speak or use the holy name of  
“God, Christ Jesus, or of the Trinity, he shall forfeit  
“for every such offence 10l.”* The stat. 1 Charles I. ch. 1. enacts, *“That no meetings, assemblies, or concourse of  
“people shall be out of their own parishes, on the Lord's  
“day, for any sports or pastimes whatsoever, nor any  
“bear-baiting, bull-baiting, interludes, common-plays, or  
“other unlawful exercises and pastimes, used by any per-  
“son or persons within their own parishes.”* These are all the statutes that I can think of, relating to the stage and players; but nothing to suppress them totally, till the two ordinances of the long parliament, one of the 22d of October, 1647, the other of the 11th of Feb. 1647; by which all stage-plays and interludes are absolutely forbid; the stages, seats, galleries, &c. to be pulled down; all players, tho' calling themselves the king or queen's servants, if convicted of acting within two months before such conviction, to be punished as rogues according to law; the money received by them to go to the poor of the parish; and every spectator to pay five shillings to the use of the poor. Also cock-fighting was prohibited by one of Oliver's acts of 31,

March, 1654. But I suppose no body pretends these things to be laws. I could say more on this subject, but I must break off here, and leave you, Lovewit; my occasions require it.

*Lovewit.* Farewell, old Cavalier.

*Trueman.* 'Tis properly said; we are almost all of us, now, gone and forgotten.

15 January, 14 Car. II. 1662.

*A Copy of the LETTERS PATENTS then granted by King Charles II. under the Great Seal of England, to Sir William D'avenant, Knt. his Heirs and Assigns, for erecting a new Theatre, and establishing of a company of actors in any place within London or Westminster, or the Suburbs of the same: And that no other but this company, and one other company, by virtue of a like Patent, to Thomas Killigrew, Esq; should be permitted within the said liberties.*

CHARLES the second, by the Grace of God, king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. to all to whom all these presents shall come, greeting,

Recites former patents, 14 Car. I. ann. 1639. to Sir Will. D'avenant.

Whereas our royal father of glorious memory, by his letters patents under his great seal of England bearing date at Westminster the 26th day of March, in the 14th year of his reign, did give and grant unto Sir William D'avenant (by the name of William D'aveuant, gent.) his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, full power, licence, and authority, That he, they, and every of them, by him and themselves, and by all and every such person and persons as he or they should depute or appoint, and his and their laborers, servants, and workmen, should and might, lawfully, quietly, and peaceably, frame, erect, new build, and set up, upon a parcel of ground, lying near unto or behind the Three Kings ordinary in Fleetstreet, in the parishes of St. Dunstan's in the west, London; or in St. Bride's, London; or in either of them, or in any other ground, in or about that place, or in the whole street aforesaid, then allotted to him for that use; or in any other place that was, or then after

should be assigned or allotted out to the said Sir William D'avenant by Thomas earl of Arundel and Surry, then Earl Marshal of England, or any other commissioner for building, for the time being in that behalf, a theatre or play-house, with necessary tiring and retiring rooms, and other places convenient containing in the whole forty yards square at the most, wherein plays, musical entertainments, scenes, or other the like presentments might be presented. And our said royal father did grant unto the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, and administrators and assignes, that it should and might be lawful to and for him the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assignes, from time to time, to gather together, entertain, govern, privilege, and keep, such and so many players and persons to exercise actions, musical presentments, scenes, dancing, and the like, as he the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, or assignes, should think fit and approve for the said house. And such persons to permit and continue, at and during the pleasure of the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, or assignes, from time to time, to act plays in such house so to be by him or them erected, and exercise musick, musical presentments, scenes, dancing, or other the like, at the same or other houses or times, or after plays are ended, peaceably and quietly, without the impeachment or impediment of any person or persons whatsoever, for the honest recreation of such as should desire to see the same; and that it should and might be lawful to and for the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, to take and receive of such as should resort to see or hear any such plays, scenes, and entertainments whatsoever, such sum or sums of money as was or then after, from time to time, should be accustomed to be given or taken in other play-houses and places for the like plays, scenes, presentments, and entertainments as in and by the said letters patents,

relation being thereunto had, more at large may appear.

13 Car. II. exemplification of said letters patents. And whereas we did, by our letters patents under the great seal of England, bearing date the 16th day of May, in the 13th year of our reign, exemplifie the said recited letters patents granted by our royal father, as in and by the same, relation being thereunto had, at large may appear.

Surrender of both to the king in the court of Chancery. And whereas the said Sir William D'avenant hath surrendered our letters patents of exemplification, and also the said recited letters patents granted by our royal father, into our Court of Chancery, to be cancelled; which surrender we have accepted, and do accept by these presents.

New grant to Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns. Know ye that we of our especial grace, certain knowledge, and meer motion, and upon the humble petition of the said Sir William D'avenant, and in consideration of the good and faithful service which he the said Sir William D'avenant hath done unto us, and doth intend to do for the future; and in consideration of the said surrender, have given and granted, and by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, do give and grant, unto the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, full power, licence, and authority, that he, they, and every one of them, by him and themselves, and by all and every such person and persons as he or they should depute or appoint, and his or their labourers, servants, and workmen, shall and may lawfully, peaceably, and quietly, frame, erect, new build, and set up, in any place within our cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof, where he or they shall find best accommodation for that purpose; to be assigned and allotted out by the surveyor of our works; one theatre or play-house, with necessary tiring and

retiring rooms, and other places convenient, of such extent and dimention as the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs or assigns shall think fitting? wherein tragedies, comedies, plays, operas, musick, scenes, and all other entertainments of the stage whatsoever, may be shewed and presented.

And we do hereby, for us, our heirs and successors, grant unto the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns, full power, licence, and authority, from time to time, to gather together, entertain, govern, privilege and keep, such and so many players and persons to exercise and act tragedies, comedies, plays, operas, and other performances of the stage, within the house to be built as afore-

And to entertain players, &c. to act, without the impeachment of any person.

said, or within the house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, wherein the said Sir William D'avenant doth now exercise the premises; or within any other house, where he or they can best be fitted for that purpose, within our cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof; *which said company shall be the servants of our dearly beloved brother, James Duke of York, and shall consist of such number as the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs or assigns, shall from time to time think meet.* And such persons to permit and continue at and during the pleasure of the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs or assigns, from time to time, to act plays and entertainments of the stage, of all sorts, peaceably and quietly, without the impeachment or impediment of any person or persons whatsoever, for the honest recreation of such as shall desire to see the same.

And that it shall and may be lawful to and for the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns, to take and receive of such our subjects as shall resort to see or hear any such plays, scenes and entertainments whatsoever, such sum or sums of money, as either have accustomably been given and taken in the like kind, or as shall be thought reasonable by him or them, in regard of the great expences of scenes, musick, and such new decorations, as have not been formerly used.



And further, for us, our heirs, and successors, we do hereby give and grant unto the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns, full power to make such allowances out of that which he shall so receive, by the acting of plays and entertainments of the stage, as aforesaid, to the actors and other persons employed in acting, representing, or in any quality whatsoever, about the said theatre, as he or they shall think fit; ~~and that the said company shall be under the sole government and authority of the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns.~~ And all scandalous and mutinous persons shall from time to time be by him and them ejected and disabled from playing in the said theatre.

That no other company but this, and one other under Mr. Killigrew, be permitted to act within London or Westminster, or the suburbs.

And for that we are informed that divers companies of players have taken upon them to act plays publicly in our said cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof, without any authority for that purpose; we do hereby declare our dislike of the same, and will and grant that only the said company erected and set up, or to be erected and set up by the said Sir William D'avenant, his heirs and assigns, by virtue of these presents, and one other company erected and set up, or to be erected and set up by Thomas Killigrew, Esq., his heirs or assigns, and none other, shall from henceforth act or represent comedies, tragedies, plays, or entertainments of the stage, within our said cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof; which said company to be erected by the said Thomas Killigrew, his heirs or assigns, shall be subject to his and their government and authority, and shall be *styled the Company of Us and our Royal Consort.*

And the better to preserve amity and correspondency betwixt the said companies, and that the one may not inroach upon the other by any indirect means, we will No actor to go from and ordain, That no actor or other one company to the person employed about either of the other. said theatres, erected by the said Sir William D'avenant and Thomas Killigrew, or either of

them, or deserting his company, shall be received by the governor or any of the said other company, or any other person or persons, to be employed in acting, or in any matter relating to the stage, without the consent and approbation of the governor of the company, whereof the said person so ejected or deserting was a member, signified under his hand and seal. And we do by these presents declare all other company and companies, saving the two companies before mentioned, to be silenced and suppressed.

And forasmuch as many plays, formerly acted, do contain several prophane, obscene, and scurrilous passages; and the womens parts therein have been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence; for the preventing of these abuses for the future, we do hereby straitly charge and command and enjoyn, that from henceforth no new play shall be acted by either of the said companies, containing any passages offensive to piety and good manners, nor any old or revived play, containing any such offensive passages as aforesaid, until the same shall

be corrected and purged, by the said To correct plays,  
&c.  
masters or governors of the said re-

spective companies, from all such offensive and scandalous passages, as aforesaid. And we do likewise permit and give leave that all the womens parts to be acted in either of the said two companies for the time to come, may be performed by women, so long as these recreations, which, by reason of the abuses aforesaid, were scandalous and offensive, may by such reformation be esteemed, not only harmless delights, but useful and instructive representations of humane life, to such of our good subjects as shall resort to see the same.

And these our letters patents, or the inrollment thereof, shall be in all things good and effectual in the law, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, any thing in these presents contained, or any law, statute, act, ordinance, proclamation, provision,

These letters patents to be good and effectual in the law, according to the true meaning of the same, although, &c.

restriction, or any other matter, cause, or thing whatsoever, to the contrary, in any wise notwithstanding; although express mention of the true yearly value, or certainty of the premises, or of any of them, or of any other gifts or grants by us, or by any of our progenitors or predecessors, heretofore made to the said Sir William D'avenant in these presents, is not made, or any other statute, act, ordinance, provision, proclamation, or restriction heretofore had, made, enacted, ordained, or provided, or any other matter, cause, or thing whatsoever to the contrary thereof, in any wise notwithstanding. In witness whereof, we have caused these our letters to be made patents. Witness our self at Westminster, the fifteenth day of January, in the fourteenth year of our reign.

By the King.

HOWARD.

# **GOD'S PROMISES,**

**&c.**



JOHN BALE, author of the *Morality of God's Promises*, is more known as an Historian, and Controversialist, than as a Dramatick writer. He was born on the 21st of November, 1495, at Cove, a small village near Dunwich, in Suffolk. His parents, having many other children, and not being in very affluent circumstances, sent him, at the age of twelve years, to the monastery of Camelites at Norwich \*, where he received part of his education, and from whence he removed to St. John's College†, Cambridge‡. While he continued at the University, being as he says seriously stirred up by the illustrious the Lord Wentworth, he renounced the tenets of the church of Rome; and, that he might never more serve so execrable a beast, I took, says he, to wife the faithful Dorothy, in obedience to that divine command, "Let him that cannot contain, marry." Bishop Nicholson insinuates, that his dislike to a state of celibacy was the means of his conversion, more than any doubts which he entertained about the truth of his faith. The change of his religion exposed him to the persecution of the Romish clergy, particularly of Lee, archbishop of York, and Stokesley, bishop of London: but he found an able and powerful proctor in the person of Lord Cromwell, the favourite of Henry the Eighth. On the death of this nobleman, he withdrew into the Low Countries, and resided there eight years; in which time he wrote several pieces in the English language. On the accession of King Edward the Sixth, he was recalled

\* It is said by Mr. Wallis, in "The Natural History and Antiquities of Northumberland," 4to. vol. 2. p. 390, that John Bale lived and studied at the Abbey of Hulme in that county, of which society he was a member.

† Mr. A. Chalmers in his *Biographical Dictionary*, says, that Bale was of *Jesus College*, Cambridge. C.

‡ The writer of Bale's article in the *Biographia Britannica* hath fallen into a mistake, asserting him to have been of St. John's College, *Oxford*. Bale's own words are these: "In omni literarum barbarie ac mentis cœcitate illic et *Cantabrigiæ* pervagabar, nullum habens tutorem aut *Mecænatem*; donec, lucente Dei verbo, ecclesiæ revocari cœpissent ad veræ theologiæ purissimos fontes." Dr. Berkenhout hath adopted the same error.

into England, and obtained the living of Bishop's Stocke, in the county of Southampton. During his residence at his living, he was almost brought to the point of death by an ague; when hearing that the king was come in progress to Southampton, five miles only from where he dwelt, he went to pay his respects to him. "I toke my horse, says he, about 10 of the clocke, for very weaknesse scant able to sytt hym, and so came thydre. Betwixt two and three of the clocke, the same day, I drew towards the place where as his majestie was, and stode in the open strete ryght against the gallerye. Anon, my frinde Jolian Fylpot, a gentylman, and one of hys previe chambre, called unto him two more of hys companyons, which in moving their heades towards me, shewed me most frendely countenaunces. By one of these three the kynge havynge informacion that I was there in the strete, he marveled thereof, for so much as it had bene tolde hym a lytle afore that I was bothe dead and buried. With that hys grace came to the wyndowe, and earnestly behelde me a poore weake creature, as though he had upon me so so symple a subject an earnest regard, or rather a very fatherly care." This visit to the king occasioned his immediate appointment to the bishoprick of Ossory, which was settled the next day, as he declared \* afterwards, *against his will, of the king's own mere motion only, without suit of friends, meed, labour, expences, or any other sinister means else.* On the 20th of March, 1553,† he was consecrated at Dublin by the archbishop of that see, and underwent a variety of persecutions from the Popish party in Ireland, which at length compelled him to leave his diocese, and conceal himself in Dublin. Endeavouring to escape from thence in a small trading vessel, he was taken prisoner by the captain of a Dutch man of war, who rifled him of all

\* See his Vocacyon.

† Mr. A. Chalmers gives the date of Bale's consecration, February 2, 1553, and not the 20th of March. The former is correct. C.

his money, apparel, and effects. The ship was then driven by stress of weather into St. Ives in Cornwall, where he was taken up on suspicion of high treason, but soon discharged. From thence, after a cruize of several days, the ship arrived in Dover Road, and he was again put in danger by a false accusation. On his arrival in Holland, he was kept prisoner three weeks, and then obtained his liberty on payment of a sum of money. From Holland he retired to Basil in Switzerland, and continued abroad during the remainder of Queen Mary's reign. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he returned to England; but being disgusted with the treatment he met with in Ireland, he went thither no more. He was promoted on the 15th of January, 1560, to a prebend in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, and died in that city in Nov. 1563, in the 68th year of his age. According to the manners of the times in which he wrote, he appears to have taken very indecent liberties with all his antagonists in his religious controversies, and to have considered himself as not bound by any rules of decorum in replying to those from whom he differed in matters wherein the interests of Religion were concerned. The acrimony of his style on these occasions acquired him the appellation of *bilious Bale*, and it was applied to him with singular propriety. His principal work is esteemed the *Scriptorum illustrium majoris Britanniae quam nunc Angliam et Scotam vocant Catalogus*; a *Japheto per 3618 annos usque ad annum hunc domini 1557*, &c. first printed imperfectly at Wesel 1549, and afterwards more completely in 1557 and 1559.\* He was the Author of a great number of Dramatic Pieces, three of which only appear to have been published, viz.

✓ "A Tragedye or Enterlude, manyfesting the chefe  
 "promyses of God unto Man in all ages of the olde

\* Five centuries of writers seem to have been printed at Ipswich in 1549, under the following title. *Illustrium Majoris Britanniae Scriptorum, hoc est Angliae, Cambriae, et Scotiae, Summarium*. The most complete and enlarged edition was printed at Basil by Oporinus in 1559. C.



“lawe from the fall of Adam to the Incarnacyon of  
 “the Lorde Jesus Christ. Compyled by Johan Bale,  
 “Anno Domini 1538, 8vo.”

Another Edition of this performance was printed in 4to. by John Charlewood 1577, and in the title-page said to be now fyrst imprinted.\* (See Ames, 369.)

“A brefe Comedy or Enterlude of Johan Baptystes  
 “preachyng in the Wildernesse, the crafty assaultes of  
 “the hypocrytes, with the gloryouse baptysme of the  
 “Lorde Jesus Christ. Compyled by Johan Bale,  
 “Anno 1538, 8vo.”

Re-printed in the Harleian Miscellany.

“A brefe Comedy or Enterlude, concernynge the  
 “temptatyon of our Lorde and Saver Jesus Christ by  
 “Sathan in the desart. Compyled by Johan Bale,  
 “Anno 1538, 8vo.” (Ames, 497, 498.)

According to Ames all these pieces were originally printed abroad.

This present copy is taken from an old Black Letter edition in 4to. in the valuable collection of David Garrick, Esq. The title-page being damaged, I am unable to give the date of it.

It will not be imagined, that any of the pieces in this volume, except *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, are given as good; but only as curiosities, and to shew from what low beginnings our stage has arisen. If in this view they afford any entertainment, it is all that is intended. What is remarkable in this drama is, that it is divided into seven acts,† and at the end of each act is a kind of chorus, which was performed with voices and instruments. The curious reader will observe, in this and the other pieces which compose this volume, how very loose and undetermined the orthography of our lan-

\* It very likely was the first edition from an English press, as the copy bearing the date of 1538, as the time when it was “com-piled” by Bale was obviously printed abroad, and probably at Geneva. C.

† It will be seen that the design of the author necessarily divided itself into seven ages or periods, for the seven promises by the Creator to Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, Esaias, and John the Baptist C.

guage was about 200 years ago: the same words being so constantly spelled different ways, makes it very certain they had no fixed rule of right and wrong in spelling; and provided the letters did but in any manner make out the sound of the word they would express, it was thought sufficient.

INTERLOCUTORES.

PATER CŒLESTIS.

*Justus* NOAH.

MOSES *sanctus*.

ESAIAS *propheta*.

ADAM *primus homo*.

ABRAHAM *fidelis*.

DAVID *rex pius*.

JOANNES *baptista*.

BALEUS *prolocutor*.\*

\* This list of characters is not in the old copy but was made out from the mention of persons in the progress of the piece. C.

## GOD'S PROMISES.

---

BALEUS *Prolocutor.*

If profyght maye growe, most Christen audyence,  
By knowlege of thynges whych are but transytorye,  
And here for a tyme, of moch more congruence,  
Advantage myght sprynge, by the serche of causes  
                  heavenlye,

As those matters are, that the Gospell specyfye.  
Without whose knowledge no man to the truthe can  
                  fall, \*

Nor ever attevne to the lyfe perpetuall.

For he that knoweth not the lyvyng God eternall,  
The father, the sonne, and also the holye Ghost,  
And what Christ suffered for redempcyon of us all,  
What he commaunded, and taught in every coost,  
And what he forbode, that man must nedes be lost,  
And cleane secluded, from the faythfull chosen sorte,  
In the heavens above, to hys most hygh dysconforte.

Yow therfor (good fryndes) I lovyngely exhort  
To waye soche matters, as wyll be uttered here,  
Of whom ye may loke to have no tryfeling sporte  
In fantasies fayned, nor soche lyke gaudysh gere,  
But the thyngs that shall your inwarde stomake chear,

\* The old copy from which this dramatic piece was first reprinted by Dodsley, and subsequently by Mr. Reed, having been damaged, and a part of the leaf lost, it was not possible to ascertain exactly the last word of this line: it was therefore supplied by conjecture and not very happily: the line has till now stood

“Without whose knowledge no man to the truthe can *come*.”  
But the form of the stanza and the rhyme in the next line shews decidedly that this is wrong. There are objections to the word *fall*, now substituted for *come*, for the sake of rhiming with *perpetuall*: to *fall from the truth*, however is not an uncommon expression, and without very great violence in a case of such necessity we may perhaps also use *to fall to the truth*. C.

To rejoyce in God for your justyfycacyon,  
And alone in Christ to hope for your salvacyon.

Yea, first ye shall have the eternal generacyon  
Of Christ, like as Johan in hys first chaptre wryght,  
And consequentlie of man the first creacyon,  
The abuse and fall, through hys first oversyght,  
And the rayse agayne through God's hygh grace and  
myght:

By promyses first, whych shall be declared all,  
Then by hys owne sonne, the worker pryncypall.

After that Adam bywayleth here hys fall,  
God wyll shewe mercye to every generacyon,  
And to hys kyngedome, of hys great goodnesse call  
Hys elected spouse, or faythfull congregacyon,  
As here shall apere by open protestacyon,  
Whych from Christe's birthe shall to hys death con-  
clude :

They come that therof wyll shewe the certytude.

### ACTUS PRIMUS.●

*Pater cælestis.* In the begynnynge, before the hea-  
vens were create,

In me and of me was my sonne sempytternall  
With the holy Ghost, in one degre or estate  
Of the hygh Godhed, to me the father coequall,  
And thys my sonne was with me one God essencyall.  
Without separacyon at any tyme from me.  
True God he is, of equall dignitye.

Sens the begynnynge, my sonne hath ever be,  
Joined wyth hys Father in one essencyall beynge.  
All thynges were create by hym in yche degre,  
In heaven and earthe, and have their dyverse workynge:  
Wythout hys power, was never made anye thyng,  
That was wrought; but through hys ordynaunce,  
Each have hys strength and whole contynuaunce.

In hym is the lyfe and the just recoveraunce

\* The commencement of this Act is not marked in the original  
although notice is given of its conclusion. C.

For Adam and hys, which nought but deathe deserved.  
 And thys lyfe to men is an hygh perseveraunce,  
 Or a lyght of faythe, wherby they shall be saved.  
 And thys lyght shall shyne amonge the people darkened  
 With unfaythfulnesse. Yet shall they not with hym  
 take,

But of wyllfull hart hys lyberall grace forsake.

Whych wyll compell me agaynst man for to make  
 In my dyspleasure, and sende plages of coreccyon,  
 Most grevouse and sharpe, hys wanton lustes to slake,  
 By water and fyre, by sycknesse and infeccyon,  
 Of pestylent sores, molestynge hys compleccyon,  
 By troublouse warre, by derthe and peynefull scarcen-  
 nesse,

And after thys lyfe be an extreme heavynesse.

I wyll first begynne with Adam for hys lewdenesse,  
 Whych for an apple neglected my commaundement.  
 He shall contynue in laboure for hys rashenesse,  
 Hys only sweate shall provyde hys food and rayment:  
 Yea, yet must he have a greater ponnyshment,  
 Most terryble deathe shall brynge hym to hys ende,  
 To teache hym how he hys loid God shall offende.

*Hic præcepis in terram cadit Adamus, ac post quartum  
 versum denuo resurgit.*

*Adam primus homo.* Mercyfull Father, thy pytiefull  
 grace extende

To me carefull wretche, which have mesore abused,  
 Thy precept breakynge. O Lorde, I mynde to amende,  
 If thy great goodnesse wolde now have me excused,  
 Most heavenlye Maker, lete me not be refused,  
 Nor cast from thy syght for one pöre synnefull cryme,  
 Alas I am frayle, my whole kynde ys but slyme.

*Pater cælestis.* I wott it is so, yet art thou no lesse  
 faultye,  
 Than thou haddyst bene made of matter moch more  
 worthe.

I gave the reason, and wytte to understande  
 The good from the evyll, and not to take on hande,  
 Of a braynelesse mynde, the thyng which I forbad the.

*Adam primus homo.* Soch heavey fortune hath  
 chefelye chaunced me,  
 For that I was left to myne owne lyberte.

*Pater cælestis.* Then thu art blamelesse, and the  
 faulte thu layest to me.

*Adam primus homo.* Naye all I ascribe to my own  
 imbecyllite.

No faulte in the Lorde, but in my infirmyte,  
 And want of respect in soche gyftes as thu gavest me.

*Pater cælestis.* For that I put the at thyne owne  
 lyberte,

Thu oughtest my goodnesse to have in more regarde.

*Adam primus homo.* Avoyde it I cannot, thu layest it  
 to me so harde.

Lorde, now I perceyve what power is in mæn,  
 And strength of hymselfe, whan thy swete grace is  
 absent.

He must nedes but fall, do he the best he can,  
 And daunger hymselfe, as apereth evydent;  
 For I synned not to longe as thu wert present;  
 But whan thu wert gone, I fell to synne by and by,  
 And the dyspleased. Good lorde I axe the mercy.

*Pater cælestis.* Thu shalt dye for it, with all thy  
 posterite.

*Adam primus homo.* For one faulte, good lorde,  
 avenge not thyself on me,  
 Who am but a worme, or a fleshelye vanyte.

*Pater cælestis.* I saye thu shalt dye, with thy whole  
 posterite.

*Adam primus homo.* Yet mercy swete lorde, yf anye  
 mercy maye'be.

*Pater cælestis.* I am immutable, I maye change no  
 decre.

Thu shalt dye (I saye) without anye remedye.

*Adam primus homo.* Yet gracyouse Father, extende  
 to me thy mercye,

And throwe not awaye the worke whych thu hast create  
 To thyne owne Image, but avert from me thy hate.

*Pater cælestis.* But art thou sorye from bottom of thy  
 hart?

*Adam primus homo.* Thy dyspleasure is to me most heavy smart.

*Pater cælestis.* Than wyll I tell the what thou shalt stycke unto,

Lyfe to recover, and my good faver also.

*Adam primus homo.* Tell it me, swete Lorde, that I maye therafter go.

*Pater cælestis.* Thys ys my covenant to the and all thy ofsprynge.

For that thou hast bene deceyved by the serpent,  
I wyll put hatred betwixt hym for hys doynge,  
And the woman kynde. They shall hereafter dyssent;  
Hys sede with her sede shall never have agrement;  
Her sede shall presse downe hys heade unto the grounde,  
Slee hys suggestyons, and hys whole power confounde.

Cleave to thys promyse, with all thy inwarde powre,  
Fyrmelye enclose it in thy remembraunce fast;  
Folde it in thy faythe with full hope day and houre,  
And thy salvacyon it will be at the last.  
That sede shall clere the of all thy wyckednesse past,  
And procure thy peace, with most hygh grace in my syght.

Se thou trust to it, and holde not the matter lyght.

*Adam primus homo.* Swete lorde, the promyse that thyself here hath made me,

Of thy mere goodnesse, and not of my deservynge,  
In my faythe I trust shall so establyshed be,  
By helpe of thy grace, that it shall be remaynyng  
So longe as I shall have here contynuyng,  
And shewe it I wyll to my posterite,  
That they in lyke case have therby felicyte.

*Pater cælestis.* For a closynge up, take yet one sentence with the.

*Adam primus homo.* At thy pleasure, Lorde, all thynges myght ever be.

*Pater cælestis.* For that my promyse maye have the deper effect

In the faythe of the and all thy generacyon,  
Take thys sygne with it, as a seale therto connect.  
Crepe shall the serpent, for hys abhomynacyon;



The woman shall sorowe in paynefull propagacyon.  
 Like as thou shalt finde this true in outward workyng,  
 So thinke the other, though it be an hydden thyng.

*Adam primus homo.* Incessaunt praysynge to the  
 most heavenly lorde

For this thy socoure, and undeserved kyndnesse  
 Thou byndest me in hart thy gracyouse gyftes to recorde,  
 And to beare in mynde, now after my heavynesse,  
 The brute of thy name, with inward joye and glad-  
 nesse.

Thou dysdaynest not, as wele apereth this daye,  
 To fatche to thy folde thy first shepe goyng astraye.

Most myghty maker, thou castest not yet awaye  
 Thy synnefull servaunt, whych hath done most offence.  
 It is not thy mynde for ever I shuld decaye,  
 But thou reservest me, of thy benyvolence,  
 And hast provyded for me a recompence,  
 By thy appoyntment, like as I have receyved  
 In thy stronge promyse, here openly pronounced.

This goodnesse, dere lorde, of me is undeserved,  
 I so declynyng from thy first instytucion,  
 At so lyght mocyons. To one that thus hath swerved,  
 What a lorde art thou, to geve soche retribucion!  
 I, damnable wretche, deserved execucion  
 Of terryble deathe, without all remedye,  
 And to be put out of all good memorye

I am enforced to rejoyce here inwardelye,  
 An ympe though I be of helle, deathe, and dampnacyon,  
 Through my owne workyng: for I consydre thy mercye  
 And pytiefull mynde for my whole generacyon.  
 It is thou, swete lorde, that workest my salvacyon,  
 And my recover. Therfor of a congruence,  
 From hens thou must have my hart and obedyence.

Though I be mortall, by reason of my offence,  
 And shall dye the deathe\*, like as God hath appoynted:

\* This scriptural expression occurs very frequently in our ancient  
 dramatick writers.

Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread

To die the death that by your grace's doom,

By just desert, shall be pronounc'd to me:

Ferrex and Porrex, A. 4. S. 2.

Of thys am I sure, through hys hygh influence,  
 At a serten daye agayne to be revyved.  
 From grounde of my hart thys shall not be removed,  
 I have it in faythe and therfor I will synge,  
 Thys Antheme to hym that my salvacyon shall brynge.  
*Tunc sonora voce, provolutis genibus, Antiphonam incipit,*  
 O sapientia, *quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, eo*  
*interim exeunte.*

*Vel sub eodem tono poterit sic Anglice cantari.*

O eternal sapyence, that procedest from the mouthe  
 of the hyghest, reachynge fourth with a great power  
 from the begynnynge to the ende, with heavenlye  
 swetnesse dysposynge all creatures, come now and en-  
 struct us the true waye of thy godlye prudence.

*Finit Actus primus.*

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

*Pater cælestis.* I have bene moved to stryke man  
 dyverselye,  
 Sens I lefte Adam in thys same earthly mansyon ;  
 For whye? he hath done to me dyspleasures manye,  
 And wyll not amende hys lyfe in anye condycyon :  
 No respect hath he to my worde nor monycyon,  
 But doth what hym lust, without dyscrete advysement,  
 And wyll in no wyse take myne advertysement.

Cain hath slayne Abel, hys brother, an innocent,  
 Whose bloude from the earthe doth call to me for  
 vengeance :

*Either to die the death, or to abjure*  
*For ever the society of men.*

*Midsummer's Night's Dream, A. 1. S. 1.*  
 Or else he must not only *die the death,*  
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
 To lingering sufferance.

*Measure for Measure, A. 2. S. 4. See Dr. Johnson and*

*Mr. Steevens's Notes on the two latter passages.*

*Wert thou my bosom-love, thou dyst the death ;*

*Best ease for madness is the loss of breath.*

*Machin's Dumb Knight, A. 2.*

My children with mennis so carnallye consent,  
 That their vayne workynge is unto me moche grevaunce :  
 Mankynde is but fleshe in hys whole dallyaunce.  
 All vyce encreaseth in hym contynuallye,  
 Nothyng he regardeth to walk unto my glorie.

My hart abhorreth hys wylfull myserye,  
 Hys cankred malyce, hys cursed covetousenesse,  
 Hys lustes lecherouse, hys vengeable tyrannye,  
 Unmercyfull mourther, and other ungodlynnesse.  
 I will destroye hym for hys outragiousnesse.  
 And not hym onlye, but all that on earthe do sterve \*,  
 For it repenteth me that ever I made them here.

*Justus Noah.* Most gentyll maker, with hys frayle-  
 leness sumwhat beare,

Man is thy creature, thyselfe cannot saye naye.  
 Though thou punysh hym, to put hym sumwhat in feare,  
 Hys faulte to knowledge, yet seke not hys decaye.  
 Thou mayest reclayme hym, though he goeth now  
 astraye,

And brynge hym agayne, of thy abundaunt grace,  
 To the fold of faythe, he acknowlegynge hys trespase.

*Pater cælestis.* Thou knowest I have geven to him  
 convenyent space,

With lawfull warnynges, yet he amendeth in no place.  
 The naturall lawe, which I wrote in hys harte,  
 He hath outraced, all goodnesse puttyng a parte :  
 Of helthe the covenannt, whych I to Adam made,  
 He regardeth not, but walketh a damnable trade.

*Justus Noah.* All thys is true, lorde, I cannot thy  
 words reprove,

Lete hys weaknesse yet thy mercyfull goodnesse move.

*Pater cælestis.* No weaknesse is it, but wylfull work-  
 ynge all,

That reigneth in man through mynde dyabolycall.  
 He shall have therfor lyke as he hath deserved.

*Justus Noah.* Lose hym not yet, lorde, though he  
 hath depelye swerved.

I knowe thy mercye is farre above hys rudenesse,

\* *Stir. Glossary to Mandeville's Voyages, 1725.*

Beyenge infynyte, as all other thynges are in the.  
Hys folye therfor now pardone of thy goodnesse,  
And measure it not beyonde thy godlye pytie.  
Esteeme not hys faulte farder than helpe may be,  
But graunt hym thy grace, as he offendeth so depelye,  
The to remembre, and abhorre hys myserye.

Of all goodnesse, lorde, remembre thy great mercye  
To Adam and Eve, breakynge thy first commaundement.

Them thu relevedest with thy swete promyse heavenlye,  
Synnefull though they were, and their lyves neglygent.  
I knowe that mercye with the is permanent,  
And will be ever, so longe as the wolde endure:  
Than close not thy hande from man, whych is thy creature.

Beynge thy subject, he is undreneth thy cure,  
Correct hym thu mayest, and so brynge hym to grace.  
All lyeth in thy handes, to leave or to allure,  
Bytter deathe to geve, or graunte most suffren solace.  
Utterlye from man averte not then thy face,  
But lete hym saver thy swete benyvolence,  
Sumwhat, though he fele thy hande for hys offence.

*Pater cælestis.* My true servaunt Noah, thy ryghtousnesse doth move me

Sumwhat to reserve for mannys posteryte.  
Though I drowne the worlde, yet wyll I save the lyves  
Of the and thy wyfe, thy three sonnes and their wyves,  
And of ych kynde two, to maynteyne yow hereafter.

*Justus Noah.* Blessed be thy name, most myghtye  
mercyfull maker,

With the to dyspute, it were unconvenyent.

*Pater cælestis.* Whye doest thu saye so? be bolde to  
speke thy intent.

*Justus Noah.* Shall the other dye without any remedye?

*Pater cælestis.* I wyll drowne them all, for their wylfull  
wicked folye,

That man hereafter therby maye knowe my powre,  
And feare to offende my goodnesse daye and houre.

*Justus Noah.* As thy pleasure is, so myght it alwayes  
 be,  
 For my helthe thou art, and sowle's felycyte,  
*Pater cælestis.* After that thys floude have had hys  
 ragynge passage,  
 Thys shall be to the my covenaut everlastynge.  
 The sees and waters so farre never more shall rage,  
 As all fleshe to drowne, I wyll so tempre their work-  
 ynge ;

Thys sygne wyll I adde also, to confirme the thyng.  
 In the cloudes above, as a seale or token clere,  
 For savegarde of man, my raynebowe shall apere.

Take thou thys covenaut for an earnest confirmacyon  
 Of my former promyse to Adam's generacyon.

*Justus Noah.* I wyll, blessed lorde, with my whole  
 hart and mynde.

*Pater cælestis.* Farewele than, just Noah, here leave  
 I the behynde.

*Justus Noah.* Most myghtye maker, ere I from hens  
 depart,

must geve the prayse from the bottom of my hart.

Whom may we thanke, lorde, for our helthe and  
 salvacyon

But thy great mercye and goodnesse undeserved ?

Thy promyse in faythe, is our justyfycacyon,  
 As it was Adam's, whan hys hart therein rested,  
 And as it was theirs, whych therein also trusted.

Thys faythe was grounded in Adam's memorye,  
 And clerelye declared in Abel's innocencye.

Faythe in that promyse, olde Adam ded justyfye,  
 In that promyse faythe, made Eva to prophecy.  
 Faythe in that promyse, proved Abel innocent,  
 In that promyse faythe, made Seth full obedyent.  
 That faythe taught Enos, on God's name first to call,  
 And made Mathusalah the oldest man of all.

That fayth brought Enoch to so hygh exercyse,  
 That God toke hym up with hym into paradyse.  
 Of that faythe the want, made Caïn to hate the good,  
 And all hys ofsprynge to peryshe in the flood.

Faythe in that promyse, preserved both me and myne.  
So wyll it all them whych folowe the same lyne.

Not onlye thys gyfte thu hast geven me, swete lorde,  
But with it also thyne everlastynge covenaut,  
Of trust for ever, thy raynebowe bearynge recorde,  
Nevermore to drowne the worlde by floude inconstaunt,  
Makyng the waters more peaccable and plesaunt,  
Alac I can not to the geve prayse condygne,  
Yet wyll I synge here with harte meke and benygne.  
*Magna tunc voce Antiphonam incipit, O oriens splendor,  
&c. in genua cadens; quam chorus prosequetur cum  
organis ut supra.*

*Vel Anglice sub eodem tono.*

O most orient clerenesse, and lyght shynynge of the  
sempiternall bryghtnesse! O clere sunne of justyce  
and heavenlye ryghtousnesse! come hyther and illu-  
myne the prisoner, syttyng now in the darke prison  
and shaddowe of eternall deathe.

*Finit Actus secundus.*

### INCIPIT ACTUS TERTIUS.

*Pater cælestis.* Myne hygh displeasure must nedes re-  
turne to man,

Consyderynge the synne that he doth daye by daye;  
For neyther kyndenesse, nor extreme handelynge can,  
Make hym to knowe me by any faythfull waye,  
But styll in myschefe he walketh to hys decaye.  
If he do not sone hys wyckednesse consydre,  
He is lyke, doubtlesse, to perysh all togydre.

In my syght, he is more venym than the spyder,  
Through soch abuses as he hath exercysed,  
From the tyme of Noah, to this same season hyder.  
An uncomelye acte without shame Cham commysed,  
When he of hys father the secrete partes reveled.  
In lyke case Nemrod against me wrought abusyon,  
As he rayased up the castell of confusyon.

Ninus hath also, and all by the devyl's illusyon,  
Through ymage makynge, up rayased idolatrye,  
Me to dyshonoure. And now in the conclusyon

The vyle Sodomytes lyve so unnaturallye,  
That their synne vengeaunce axeth contynuallye,  
For my covenante's sake, I wyll not drowne with  
water,

Yet shall I vysyte their synnes with other matter.

*Abraham fidelis.* Yet, mercyfull lorde, thy gracyous-  
nesse remembre

To Adam and Noah, both in thy worde and promes:  
And lose not the sowles of men in so great nombre,  
But save thyne owne worke, of thy most dyscrete  
goodness.

I wote thy mercyes are plentyfull and endles.  
Never can they dye, nor fayle, thyself endurynge,  
Thys hath faythe fixed fast in my understandyng.

*Pater cælestis.* Abraham my servaunt, for thy most  
faythfull meanyng,  
Both thou and thy stocke shall have my plentouse  
blessyng.

Where the unfaythfull, undre my curse evermore,  
For their vayne workyng, shall rewe their wyckednesse  
sore.

*Abraham fidelis.* Tell me, blessed lorde, where wyll  
thy great malyce lyght.

My hope is, all fleshe shall not perysh in thy syght.

*Pater cælestis.* No trulye Abraham, thou chauncest  
upon the ryght.

The thyng I shall do, I wyll not hyde from the,  
Whom I have blessyd for thy true fydelyte:

For I knowe thou wilt cause both thy chyldren and  
servauntes,

In my wayes to walke, and trust unto my covenantes,  
That I may perfourme with the my earnest promes.

*Abraham fidelis.* All that wyll I do, by assystence of  
thy goodnes.

*Pater cælestis.* From Sodom and Gomor, the abho-  
mynacyons call

For my great vengeaunce, whych wyll upon them fall.  
Wylde fyre and brymstone shall lyght upon them all.

*Abraham fidelis.* Pytiefull maker, though they have  
kyndled thy furye,

Cast not away yet the just sort with the ungodlye,  
Paraventure there maye be fiftye ryghteouse persones  
Within those cyties, wylt thou lose them all at ones,  
And not spare the place, for those fyfty ryghteouse  
sake?

Be it farre from the soch rygoure to undertake.

I hope there is not in the so cruell hardenesse,  
As to cast awaye the just men with the rechelesse,  
And so to destroye the good with the ungodlye.  
In the iudge of all, be never soch a furye.

*Pater celestis.* At Sodom, if I may fynde just per-  
sones fiftye,

The place wyl I spare for their sakes verelye.

*Abraham fidelis.* I take upon me, to speake here in  
thy presence,

More then become me, lorde pardon my neglygence :  
I am but ashes, and were lothe the to offende.

*Pater celestis.* Saye fourth, good Abraham, for yll  
dost thou non intende.

*Abraham fidelis.* Haplye there maye be fyve lesse in  
the same nombre ;

For their sakes I trust thou wylt not the rest accombre\*.

*Pater celestis.* If I amonge them myght fynde but  
fyve and fortye,

Them wolde I not lose for that just companye.

*Abraham fidelis.* What if the cytie maye fortye rygh-  
teouse make ?

\* Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*, l. 509. describing the Parson ,  
says,

“ He sette not his benefice to hire,

“ And lette his shepe *accombred* in the mire, &c.”

Dr. Morrell spells the word *accumbrit*, and explains it in this  
manner : “ *Accumbrit* may be interpreted to *wallow*, to *lie down*, qu

“ *accumbere*. But Chaucer sometimes uses it another sense,

“ That they were *acombrut* in their own distreyt.

Merchants' 2d Tale, 2910.

“ i. e. they were encumbred, brought into great Streights. A vet.

“ Gall. *Combre* or *Comble*.

“ ‘thro' Wine and Women ther was Loth *accombred*.”

Pierce Plowman's Visions.

None of these explanations exactly agree with the text. Bishop  
Bale certainly means, agreeably to the passage in the Bible to which  
he alludes, to *destroy* or *overwhelm*.



*Pater cælestis.* Then wyll I pardone it for those same fortye's sake.

*Abraham fidelis.* Be not angrye, lorde, though I speake undyscretelye.

*Pater cælestis.* Utter thy whole mynde, and spare me not hardelye.

*Abraham fidelis.* Perauventure there maye be thirty founde amonge them.

*Pater cælestis.* Maye I fynde thirty, I wyll nothyng do unto them.

*Abraham fidelis.* I take upon me to moche, lorde, in thy syght.

*Pater cælestis.* No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy faythe is right.

*Abraham fidelis.* No lesse, I suppose, than twenty can it have.

*Pater cælestis.* Coude I fynde twenty, that cytie wolde I save.

*Abraham fidelis.* Ones yet wyll I speake my mynde, and than no more.

*Pater cælestis.* Spare not to utter so moche as thou hast in store.

*Abraham fidelis.* And what if there myght be ten good creatures founde?

*Pater cælestis.* The rest for their sakes myght so be safe and sounde,

And not destroyed for their abhomynacyon.

*Abraham fidelis.* O mercyfull maker, moche is thy tolleracyon

And sufferance of synne. I se it now in dede,

Witsave yet of faver out of those cyties to leade

Those that be faythfull, though their flocke be but small.

*Pater cælestis.* Loth and hys howsholde, I wyll dellyver all,

For ryghteousnesse sake, whych is of me and not them.

*Abraham fidelis.* Great are thy graces in the generacyon of Sem.

*Pater cælestis.* Well Abraham, well, for thy true faythfulnes,

Now wyll I geve the my covenaut, or third promes.  
Loke thou beleve it, as thou covetyst ryghtuousnesse.

*Abraham fidelis.* Lorde so regarde me, as I receyve  
it with gladnesse.

*Pater cælestis.* Of manye peoples the father I wyll  
make the,

All generacyons in thy sede shall be blessyd.

As the starres of heaven, so shall thy kyndred be;

And by the same sede the worlde shall be redressed.

In cyrcumcysyon shall thys thyng be expressed,

As in a sure seale, to prove my promyse true,

Prynt thys in thy faythe, and it shall thy sowle renewe.

*Abraham fidelis.* I wyll not one jote, lorde, from thy  
wyll dyssent,

But to thy pleasure be alwayes obedyent,

Thy lawes to fullfyll, and most precyouse commaunde-  
ment.

*Pater cælestis.* Farwele Abraham, for heare in place  
I leave the.

*Abraham fidelis.* Thankes wyll I rendre, lyke as it  
shall behove me.

Everlastyng prayse to thy most gloryouse name,  
Whych savedyst Adam through faythe in thy sweet  
promes

Of the womannys sede, and now confyrment the same

In the sede of me. Fosoth great is thy goodnes

I can not perceyve, but that thy mercye is endles,

To soch as feare the, in every generacyon,

For it endureth without abrevyacyon.

Thys have I prynted in depe consyderacyon,

No worldly matter can race it out of mynde.

For ones it wyll be the fynall restauracyon

Of Adam and Eve, with other that hath synde;

Yea, the sure helthe and rayse of all mankynde.

Helpe have the faythfull therof, though they be infect,

They condemnacyon where as it is reject.

Mercyfull maker, my crabbed voyce dyrect,

That it maye breake out in some swete prayse to the;

And suffre me not thy due lawdes to neglect,

But lete me shewe forth thy commendacyons fre.

Stoppe not my wynde pypes, but geve them lyberte,  
To sounde to thy name, whych is most gracyouse,  
And in it rejoyce with hart melodyouse.

*Tunc alta voce canit Antiphonam, O rex gentium, choro  
eandem prosequente cum organis, ut prius :*

*Vel Anglice hoc modo.*

O most myghtye governour of thy people, and in hart  
most desyred, the harde rocke and true corner stone,  
that of two maketh one, unyng the Jews with the  
Gentyles in one church, come now and releve man-  
kynde whom thou hast fourmed of the vyle earth.

*Finit Actus tertius.*

#### INCIPIIT ACTUS QUARTUS.

*Pater cælestis.* Styll so increaseth the wyckednesse  
of man.

That I am moved with plagues hym to confounde.  
Hys weakenesse to ayde, I do the best I can,  
Yet he regardeth me no more than doth an hounde.  
My worde and promyse, in hys faythe taketh no grounde,  
He wyll so longe walke in hys owne lustes at large,  
That nought he shall fynde hys folye to dyscharge.

Sens Abraham's tyme, whych was my true elect,  
Ismael have I founde both wycked, fearce, and cruell.  
And Esau in mynde with hatefull murther infect.  
The sonnes of Jacob to lustes unnaturall fell,  
And into Egypte ded they their brother sell.  
Laban to ydolles gave faythfull reverence,  
Dina was corrupt through Sichem's vyolence.

Ruben abused hys father's concubyne,  
Judas gate chyldren of his own doughter in lawe :  
Yea, her in my syght went after a wycked lyne.  
Hys sede Onan spylte, his brother's name to withdrawe.  
Achan lyved here without all godlye awe.  
And now the chyldren of Israel abuse my powre,  
In so vyle maner, that they move me everye howre.

*Moses sanctus.* Pacyfye thy wrathe, swete lorde, I  
the desyre,

As thou art gentyll, benygne and pacyent  
Lose not that people in fearcenesse of thine yre

For whom thu hast shewed soche tokens evydent,  
Convertynge thys rodde into a lyvelye serpent,  
And the same serpent into thys rodde agayne,  
Thy wonderfull power declarynge very playne.

For their sakes also putttest Pharao to payne.  
By ten dyverse plages, as I shall here declare.  
By bloude, frogges, and lyce, by flies, death, botche,  
and blayne.

By hayle, by grassoppers, by darknesse, and by care :  
By a soden plage, all their first-gotten ware  
Thu slewest in one nyght, for hys fearce cruelnesse.  
From that thy people, witholde not now thy goodnesse.

*Pater cælestis.* I certyfye the, my chosen servaunt  
Moses,

That people of myne is full of unthankefulnes.

*Moses sanctus.* Dere lorde, I knowe it, alas, yet waye  
their weakenesse,  
And beare with their faultes, of thy great bounteous-  
nesse.

In a flamynge bushe, havynge to them respect,  
Thu appoyntedst me their passage to direct :  
And through the reade see thy ryght hande ded us lede  
Where Pharoe's hoost the floude overwhelmed in dede.

Thu wentest before them in a shynynge cloude all  
daye,

And in the darke nyght, in fyre thu shewedest their waye.  
Thu sentest them manna from heaven, to be their food.  
Out of the harde stone thu gavest them water good.  
Thu appoyntedest them a lande of mylke and honye.  
Let them not perysh for want of thy great mercye.

*Pater cælestis.* Content they are not with foule nor  
yet with fayre,

But murmour and grudge, as people in dyspayre.  
As I sent manna, they had it in dysdayne,  
Thus of their welfare they manye tymes complayne.  
Over Amalech I gave them the vycторыe.

*Moses sanctus.* Most gloryouse maker, all that is to  
thy glorye.

Thu sentest them also a lawe from heaven above,  
And dalye shewedest them manye tokens of great love.

The brazen serpent thou gavest them for their healyng,  
 And Balaam's curse thou turnedest into a blessing.  
 I hope thou wilt not dysdayne to help them styll.

*Pater cælestis.* I gave them preceptes, which they  
 will not fulfill.

Nor yet knowledge me for their God and good lorde,  
 So do their vyle dedes with their wycked hartes ac-  
 corde

Whyls thou hast talked with me famylyarlye  
 In Synai's mountayne, the space but of dayes fortye,  
 Those sightes all, they have forgotten clerely,  
 And are turned to shamefull ydolatrie.

For their God, they have sett up a golden calfe.

*Moses sanctus.* Let me saye sumwhat, swete Father,  
 in their behalfe.

*Pater cælestis.* I wyll first conclude, and then saye  
 on thy mynde.

For that I have founde that people so unkynde,  
 Not one of them shall enjoye the promyse of me,  
 For enterynge the lande, but Caleb and Josue.

*Moses sanctus.* Thy eternall wyll evermore fulfilled  
 be.

For dysobeydence thou slewest the sonnes of Aaron,  
 The earthe swallowed in both Dathan and Abiron.  
 The adders ded styng other wycked persones els,  
 In wonderfull nombre. Thus hast thou ponnyshed re-  
 bels.

*Pater cælestis.* Never wyll I spare the cursed iny-  
 quyte

Of ydolatrie, for no cause, thou mayst trust me.

*Moses sanctus.* Forgeve them yet Lorde for thys tyme,  
 if it may be.

*Pater cælestis.* Thynkest thou that I wyll so sone  
 change my decre?

No, no, frynde Moses; so lyght thou shalt not fynde  
 me,

I wyll ponnysh them all Israel shall it se.

*Moses sanctus.* I wote, thy people hath wrought  
 abhomynacyon,

Worshyppeinge false goddes, to thy honour's deroga-  
cyon,

Yet mercyfullie thou mayest upon them loke.

And if thou wylt not, thrust me out of thy boke.

*Pater cælestis.* Those great blasphemers shall out of  
my boke cleane,

But thou shalt not so, for I knowe what thou doest  
meane.

Conduct my people, myne angell shall assyst the,  
That synne at a day wyl not uncorrected be.

And for the true zeale that thou to my people hast,  
I adde thys covenant unto my promyses past.

Rayse them up I wyl a prophete from amonge them.  
Not onlyke to the, to speke my wordes unto them.

Whoso heareth not that he shall speake in my name,  
I wyl revenge it to hys perpetual shame.

The passover lambe wyl be a token just,

Of thys stronge covenant. Thys have I clerely dys-  
custe,

In my appoyntement thys houre for your delyver-  
aunce.

*Moses sanctus.* Never shall thys thyng depart from  
my remembraunce.

Laude be for ever to the most mercifull lorde  
Whych never withdrawest from man thy heavenlye  
comfort,

But from age to age thy benefytes doth recorde  
What thy goodnesse is, and hath bene to hys sort.

As we fynde thy grace, so ought we to report.

And doubtlesse it is to us most bounteous,

Yea, for all our synnes most ripe and plenteouse.

Abraham our father founde the benyvolouse.

So ded good Isaac in hys dystresse amonge.

To Jacob thou wert a gyde most gracyouse.

Joseph thou savedest from daungerouse deadlye wronge.

Melchisedech and Job felt thy great goodnesse  
stronge,

So ded good Sara, Rebecca, and fayre Rachel,

With Sephora my wyfe, the doughter of Raguel.

To prayse the, swete lorde, my faythe doth me compell,  
 For thy covenantes sake, wherin rest our salvacyon,  
 The sede of promyse, all other sedes excell,  
 For therin remayneth our full justyfycacyon.  
 From Adam and Noah, in Abraham's generacyon,  
 That sede procureth God's myghty grace and powre,  
 For the same sede's sake, I wyll synge now thys howre.  
*Clara tunc voce Antiphonam incipit, O Emanuel, quam*  
*chorus (ut prius) prosequetur cum organis.*

*Vel Anglice canat :*

O hygh kynge Emanuel, and our lege lorde! the  
 longe expectacyon of Gentyles, and the myghtye saver  
 of their multytude, the healthe and consolacyon of  
 synners, come now for to save us, as our Lorde and  
 our Redeemer.

*Finit Actus quartus.*

## INCIPIT ACTUS QUINTUS.

*Pater cælestis.* For all the faver I have shewed  
 Israel,

Delyverynge her from Pharaoe's tyrannye,  
 And gevyng the land, fluentem lac & mel,  
 Yet wyll she not leave her olde ydolatrie,  
 Nor know me for God. I abhorre her myserye.  
 Vexed her I have with battayles and decayes,  
 Styll must I plague her, I se no other wayes.

*David rex pius.* Remembre yet, lorde, thy worthy  
 servaunt Moses,

Walkynge in thy syght, without rebuke of the.  
 Both Aaron, Jetro, Eleazar, and Phinees,  
 Evermore feared to offende thy mageste,  
 Moch thou acceptedest thy servant Josue.  
 Caleb and Othoniell sought the with all their hart,  
 Aioth and Sangar for thy folke ded their part.

Gedeon and Thola thy enemyes put to smart,  
 Jayr and Jephthe gave prayes to thy name.  
 These, to leave ydolles, thy people ded coart.  
 Samson the strongest, for hys part ded the same.  
 Samuel and Nathan thy messages ded proclame.

What though fearce Pharao wrought myschef in thy  
syght:

He was a pagane, laye not that in our lyght.

I wote the Benjamytes abused the wayes of ryght,  
So ded Helye's sonnes, and the sonnes of Samuel.

Saul in hys offyce was slouthful daye and night,

Wycked was Semei, so was Achitophel.

Measure not by them the faultes of Israel,

Whom thu hast loved of longe tyme so inteyrlye,

But of thy great grace remyt her wycked folye.

*Pater cælestis.* I cannot abyde the vyce of ydolatrie,  
Though I shuld suffer all other vyllanye.

Whan Josue was deaſt, that sort from me ded fall

To the worshyppynge of Asteroth and Baal,

Full uncleane ydolles, and monsters bestyall.

*David rex pius.* For it they have had thy righteouse  
ponnyshment,

And for as moch as they did wyckedly consent

To the Palestynes and Chananytes ungodlye

Idolaters, takynge to them in matrymonye,

Thu threwest them undre the kynge of Mesopotamye,

After thu subduedest them for their idolatrie.

Eyghtene years to Eglon, the kynge of Moabytes,

And XX years to Jabin, the kynge of Chananytes,

Oppressed they were VII years of the Mydyanytes,

And XVIII years vexed of the cruell Ammonytes.

In three great battayles, of threescore thousand and  
fyve,

Of thys thy people, not one was left alывe.

Have mercye now, lorde, and call them to repentaunce.

*Pater cælestis.* So longe as they synne, so longe  
shall they have grevaunce.

David my servaunt, sumwhat must I say to the;

For that thu lately hast wrought soch vanyte.

*David rex pius.* Spare not, blessed lorde, but saye  
thy pleasure to me.

*Pater cælestis.* Of late dayes thu hast mysused  
Bersabe,

The wyfe of Urye, and slayne hym in the fyelde.



*David rex pius.* Mercye, lorde, mercye, for doubtlesse I am defyelde.

*Pater cælestis.* I constytute the a kynge over Israel, And the preserved from Saul, whych was thy enemye. Yea, in my faver, so moch thou dedyest excell, That of thy enemyes I gave the vycorye. Palestynes and Syryanes to the came trybutarye. Why hast thou then wrought soch folye in my syght, Despysynge my worde, against all godlye ryght?

*David rex pius.* I have synned, lord, I beseech the, pardon me.

*Pater cælestis.* Thou shalt not dye, David, for thys iniquyte,  
For thy repentaunce; but thy sonne by Bersabe Shall dye, for as moch as my name is blasphemed Among my enemyes, and thou the worse esteemed. From thy howse for thys the swerde shall not depart.

*David rex pius.* I am sorye, lorde, from the bottom of my hart.

*Pater cælestis.* To further anger. thou doest me yet compell.

*David rex pius.* For what matter, lorde? I beseech thy goodnesse tell.

*Pater cælestis.* Why dedest thou numbred the people of Israel?

Supposest in thy mind, therein thou hast done well?

*David rex pius.* I cannot saye naye, but I have done undyscretelye.

To forget thy grace, for a humayne pollycye.

*Pater cælestis.* Thou shalt of these three chose whych plage thou wilt have,

For that synnefull acte, that I thy sowle maye save.  
A scarcenesse vii. years, or else iii. monthes exyle,  
Eyther for iii. dayes the pestylence most vyle,  
For one thou must have, there is no remedye.

*David rex pius.* Lorde, at thy pleasure, for thou art full of mercye.

*Pater cælestis.* Of a pestylence, then iii. score thousand and ten,

In iii. dayes shall dye of thy most puyfant men.

*David rex pius.* O lorde, it is I whych have offended  
thy grace,

Spare them and not me, for I have done the trespase.

*Pater cælestis.* Though thy synnes be great, thy  
inwarde harte's contricyon

Doth move my stomake in wonderfull condycion.

I fynde the a man accordyng to my hart.

Wherefor thys promyse I make the, ere I depart.

A frute there shall come forth yssuynge from thy  
bodye,

Whom I wyll aduance upon thy seate for ever.

Hys trone shall become a seate of heavenly glorye,

Hys worthy scepture from ryght wyll not dyssever,

Hys happye kingedome, of fayth shall perysh never.

Of heaven and of earthe he was autor pryncypall,

And wyll contynue, though they do perysh all.

Thys sygne shalt thou have for a token specyall,

That thou mayst beleve my wordes unfaynedlye,

Where thou hast mynded, for my memoryall,

'To buylde a temple, thou shalt not fynysh it trulye.

But Salomon thy sonne shall do that accyon worthye,

In token that Christ must fynysh every thyng

That I have begunne, to my prayse everlastyng.

*David rex pius.* Immortall glorye to the, most hea-  
venlye kynge,

For that thou hast geven contynuall vycorye

To me thy servaunt, ever sens my anoyntyng,

And also before, by manye conquestes worthye.

A beare and lyon I slewe through thy strenght onlye.

I slew Golias, which was vi. cubites longe.

Agaynst thy enemyes thou madest me ever stronge.

My fleshlye fraylenesse made me do deadlye  
wronge,

And cleane to forget thy lawes of ryghteousnesse.

And though thou vysytedst my synnefulnesse amonge,

With pestylent plagues, and other unquyetnesse :

Yet never tokest thou from me the plenteousnesse

Of thy godly sprete, which thou in me dedest plant.

I havynge remorse, thy grace coulde never want.

For in conclusyon, thy everlastyng covenant

Thū gavest unto me for all my wycked synne;  
 And hast promysed here by protestacyon constant,  
 That one of my sede shall soch hygh fortune wyne,  
 As never ded man sens thys worlde ded begynne.  
 By hys power he shall put Sathan from hys holde,  
 In rejoyce whereof to synge wyll I be bolde.

*Canora voce tunc incipit Antiphonam, O Adonai, quam  
 (ut prius) prosequetur chorus cum organis.*

*Vel sic Anglice :*

O lorde God Adonai, and gyde of the faythfull howse  
 of Israel, whych sumtyme aperedest in the flamyng  
 bushe to Moses, and to hym dedst geve a lawe in  
 mounte Syna, come now for to redeme us in the  
 strengthe of thy ryght hande.

*Finit Actus quintus.*

### INCIPIT ACTUS SEXTUS.

*Pater cælestis.* I brought up chyldren from their first  
 infancye,  
 Whych now despyseth my godlye instruccyons.  
 An oxē knoweth hys lorde, an asse hys master's  
 dewtye,  
 But Israel wyll not know me, nor my condycyons.  
 Oh frowarde people, geven all to superstycyons,  
 Unnaturall chyldren, expert in blasphemyes,  
 Provoketh me to hate, by their ydolatryes.

Take hede to my wordes, ye tyrauntes of Sodoma,  
 In vayne ye offer your sacryfyce to me.  
 Dyscontent I am with yow beastes of Gomorra,  
 And have no pleasure whan I your offerynges se,  
 I abhorre your fastes and your solempnyte.  
 For your tradycyons my wayes ye set apart,  
 Your workes are in vayne, I hate them from the hart:  
*Esaias propheta.* Thy cytie, swete lorde, is now be-

come unfaythfull,  
 And her condycyons are turned up so downe.  
 Her lyfe is unchast, her actes be very hurtefull,  
 Her murther and theft hath darkened her renowne.  
 Covetouse rewardes doth so their consyence drowne,

That the fatherlesse they wyll not help to ryght,  
The poore wydowe's cause come not afore their syght.

Thy peceable pathes seke they neyther daye nor  
nyght;

But walke wycked wayes after their fantasie.

Convert their hartes, lorde, and geve them thy true  
lyght,

That they maye perceyve their customable folye :

Leave them not helplesse in so depe myserye,

But call them from it of thy most specyall grace,

By thy true prophetes, to their sowle's helthe and  
solace.

*Pater cælistis.* First they had fathers, than had they  
patryarkes,

Than dukes, than judges to their gydes and monarkes.

Now have they stowte kynges, yet are they wycked styll,

And wyll in no wyse my pleasaunt lawes fulfyll.

Alwayes they applye to ydolles worshyppe,

From the vyle begger to the anoynted kynge.

*Esaias propheta.* For that cause thou hast in two  
devyded them,

In Samaria the one, the other in Hierusalem.

The kynge of Juda in Hierusalem ded dwell,

And in Samaria the kynge of Israel.

Ten of the twelve trybes bycame Samarytanes,

And the other two were Hierosolymytanes.

In both these cuntreyes, accordynge to their doynge,

Thou permyttedest them to have most cruell kynges.

The first of Juda was wycked kynge Roboam,

Of Israel the first was that cruell Hieroboam;

Abia than folowed, and in the other Nadab,

Than Basa, then Hela, then Zambri, Joram and Achab.

Then Ochosias, then Athalia, then Joas;

On the other part was Jouathan and Ahas.

To rehearse them all that have done wretchydlye

In the syght of the, it were longe verelye.

• *Pater cælistis.* For the wycked synne of fylthye  
ydotlatrye,

Whych the ten trybes ded in the lande of Samarye,

In space of one daye fyfty thousand men I slewe,  
Thre of their cyties also I overthrewe,  
And left the people in soche captyvte,  
That in all the worlde they wyst not whyther to fle.

The other ii. trybes, whan they from me went back  
To ydolatrie, I left in the hande of Sesack,  
The kynge of Egypt, whych toke awaye their treasure,  
Convayed their cattel, and slewe them without measure.  
In tyme of Achas, an hondred thousande and twentye  
Were slayne at one tyme for their ydolatrie.

Two hondred thousande from thens were captyve  
led,  
Their goodes dyspersed, and they with penurye fed.  
Seldom they sayle it, but eyther the Egipcyanes  
Have them in bondage, or els the Assyreanes.  
And alone they maye thanke their ydolatrie.

*Esaias propheta.* Wele, yet blessed lorde, releve  
them with thy mercye.

Though they have been yll, by other prynces dayes.  
Yet good Ezechias hath taught them godlye wayes.  
Whan the prynce is good, the people are the better;  
And as he is nought, their vyces are the greater.  
Heavenlye lorde, therfor send them the consolacyon,  
Whych thou hast covenanted with every generacyon.

Open thou the heavens, and lete the lambe come  
hither,  
Whych wyll delyver thy people all togyther.  
Ye planetes and cloudes, cast downe your dewes and  
rayne,  
That the earth maye beare out helthful saver playne.

*Pater cælistis.* Maye the wyfe forget the chylde of  
her owne bodye?

*Esaias propheta.* Naye, that she can not in anye  
wyse verelye.

*Pater cælistis.* No more can I them whych wyll do  
my commandementes,  
But must preserve them from all inconvenyentes.

*Esaias propheta.* Blessed art thou, lorde, in all thy  
actes and judgementes.

*Pater cœlistis.* Wele, Esaias, for thys thy fydeyte,  
A covenaut of helthe thu shalt have also of me.  
For Syon's sake now I wyll not holde my peace,  
And for Hierusalem, to speake wyll I not cease,  
Tyll that ryghteouse lorde become as a sunne beame  
bryght,

And their just saver as a lampe extende hys lyght.

A rodde shall shut fourth from the olde stocke of  
Jesse,

And a bryght blossome from that rote wyll aryse,  
Upon whom alwayes the sprete of the lorde shall be,  
The sprete of wysdome, the sprete of heavenly prac-  
tyse,

And the sprete that wyll all godlynesse devyse.

Take thys for a sygne, a mayde of Israel

Shall conceyve and beare that Lord Emanuel.

*Esaias propheta.* Thy prayes condygne no mortal  
tunge can tell,

Most worthy maker and kynge of heavenlye glorie,  
For all capacitytes thy goodnesse doth excell,  
Thy plenteouse graces no brayne can cumpas trulye,  
No wyt can conceyve the greatnesse of thy mercye,  
Declared of late in David thy true servaunt  
And now confirmed in thys thy latter covenaut.

Of goodnesse thu madest Salomon of wyt most preg-  
naunt,

Asa and Josaphat, with good kynge Ezechias,  
In thy syght to do that was to the ryght pleasaunt.  
To quench ydolatrie, thu raysedest up Helias,  
Jehu, Heliseus, Michas, and Abdias,  
And Naaman Syrus thu pouredst of a leprye.  
The workes wonderfull who can but magnifye?

Aryse, Hierusalem, and take faythe by and bye,  
For the verye lyght that shall save the is commynge.  
The Sonne of the lord apere wyll evydentlye,  
Whan he shall resort, se that no joye be wantynge.  
He is thy saver, and thy lyfe everlastynge,  
Thy release from synne, and thy whole ryghteousnesse.  
Help me in thys songe to knowledge his great good-  
nesse.

*Concinna tunc voce Antiphonam inchoat, O radix Jesse  
quam chorus prosequeter cum organis.*

*Vel Anglice hoc modo canet :*

O frutefull rote of Jesse, that shall be set as a synge  
amonge people, agaynst the worldly rulers shall fearce-  
ly open their mouthes. Whom the Gentyles worshypp  
as their heavenlye lorde, come now for to delyver us.  
and delaye the tyme no longar.

*Finit Actus sextus.*

### ACTUS SEPTIMUS.

*Pater cælistis.* I have with fearcenesse mankynde oft  
tymes corrected,  
And agayne, I have allured hym by swete promes.  
I have sent sore plages, when he hath me neglected,  
And then by and by, most comfortable swetnes.  
To wynne hym to grace, bothe mercye and ryghteousnes  
I have exercysed, yet wyll he not amende.  
Shall I now lose hym, or shall I hym defende ?

In hys most myschefe, most hygh grace will I sende.  
To overcome hym by favoure, if it may be.  
With hys abusyons no longer wyll I contende  
But now accomplysh my first wyll and decre.  
My worde beynge flesh, from hens shall set hym fre.  
Hym teachynge a waye of perfyght ryghteousnesse,  
That he shall not nede to perysh in his weaknesse.

*Johannes baptista.* Manasses (lorde) is past, whych  
turned from the hys harte,

Achas and Amon have now no more ado,  
Jechonias with other, whych ded themselves avarte  
Fro the to ydolles, may now no farther go.  
The two false judges, and Bel's wycked prestes also,  
Phassur and Semeias, with Nabuchodonosore,  
Antiochus and Triphon, shall the dyplease no more.

Thre score yeares and ten, thy people into Babylon  
Were captyve and thrall for ydolles worshyppynge.  
Hierusalem was lost, and left voyde of domynyon,  
Brent was their temple, so was their other buyldynge,

Ther hygh prestes were slayne, ther treasure came to  
nothyng.

The strength and bewtye of thyne owne heretage.  
Thus dedest thou leave then in myserable bondage.

Oft had they warnynges, sumtyme by Ezechiel,  
And other prophetes, as Esaye and Hieremye,  
Sumtyme by Daniel, sumtyme by Ose and Johel,  
By Amos and Abdias, by Jonas and by Sophonye,  
By Nahum and Micheas, by Agge and by Zacharye,  
By Malachias, and also by Abacuch,  
By Olda the wydowe, and by the prophete Baruch.

Remembre Josias, whych toke the abhomynacyon  
From the people, then restorynge thy lawes agayne.  
Of Rechab consydre the faythfull generacyon,  
Whom to wyne-drynkyng no fryndshyppe myght con-  
strayne.

Remembre Abdemelech, the frynde of truthe certayne,  
Zorobabel the prynce, whych ded repare the temple,  
And Jesus Josedech, of vertu the exemple.

Consydre Nehemias, and Esdras the good scribe,  
Mercyfull Tobias, and constaunt Mardocheus.  
Judith and quene Hester, of the same godly trybe,  
Devoute Mathias, and Judas Machabeus.  
Have mynde of Eleazar, and then Joannes Hircanus,  
Waye the earnest faythe of thys godlye companye,  
Though the other cleane fall from thy memorye.

*Pater cælestis.* I wyll Johan, I wyll, for as I sayd  
afore,

Rygour and hardenesse I have now set apart,  
Myndyng from hens fourth to wynne man evermore  
By wonderfull kyndenesse to breake hys stubberne hart,  
And change it from synne. For Christ shall suffre  
smart,

In mannys frayle nature for hys inyquyte,  
Thys to make open, my massenger shalt thou be.

*Johannes baptista.* As thy pleasure is, so blessed  
lorde appoynt me,

For my helthe thou art, and my sowle's felycyte.

*Pater cælestis.* Longe ere I made the, I the predes-  
tynate,



Before thou wert borne I the endued with grace.  
 In thy mother's wombe wert thou sanctifycate  
 By my godlye gyft, and so confirmed in place,  
 A Prophete, to shewe a waye before the face  
 Of my most dere sonne, whych wyll come: the untyll  
 Applye the apace thyne offyce to fulfill.

Preache to the people, rebukynge their neglygence,  
 Doppe them in water, they knowledgyng their offence;  
 And saye unto them, The kyngedome of God doth cum.

*Joannes baptista.* Unmete, lorde, I am, *Quia puer  
 ego sum*

An other than that, alac, I have no scyence  
 Fyt foi that offyce, neyther yet cleane eloquence.

*Pater celestis.* Thou shalt not saye so, for I have  
 geven the grace,

Eloquence and age, to speake in the desart place.  
 Thou must do therefor as I shall the advyse,  
 My appoynted pleasure fourth utter in any wyse  
 My stronge myghtye wordes put I into thy mouthe,  
 Spare not, but speake them to east, west, north and  
 southe.

*Hic extendens Dominus manum, labia Joannis digito  
 tanget, ac ori imponet auream linguam.*

Go now thy waye fourth, I shall the never fayle,  
 The sprete of Helias have I geven the alredye.  
 Persuade the people, that they their synnes bywayle,  
 And if they repent their customable folye,  
 Longe shall it not be ere they have remedye.  
 Open thou their hartes, tell them their helth is commynge  
 As a voyce in desart, se thou declare the thynges,

I promyse the sure, thou shalt washe hym amonge  
 them

In Jordane, a floudé not farre from Hierusalem.

*Johannes baptista.* Shewe me yet, good lorde, whereby  
 shall I knowe that man,

In the multytude whych wyll resort to Jordan.

*Pater celestis.* In thy mother's wombe of hym  
 haddest thou cognayon.

*Johannes baptista.* Yea, that was in sprete. I wolde  
 now knowe hys person.

*Pater cœlestis.* Have thou no feare, Johan, hym shalt  
thou knowe full well,  
And one specyall token afore wyll I the tell.  
*Super quem videris spiritum descendantem & manentem*  
*Super eum, hic est qui baptizat spiritu sancto.*

Amonge all other whom thou shalt baptysse there,  
Upon whom thou seyst the Holy Ghost descende  
In shappe of a dove, restynge upon hys shuldere,  
Holde hym for the same, that shall the worlde amende  
By baptysm of sprete, and also to man extende  
Most specyall grace. For he must repare hys fall,  
Restorynge agayne the justyce orygynall.

Take now thy journaye, and do as I the advyse.  
First preache repentaunce, and than the people baptysse.

*Johannes baptista.* Hygh honour, worshypp, and  
glorye be unto the,  
My God eternall, and patrone of all puryte.

Repent, good people, for synnes that now are past,  
The kyngdome of heaven is at hande very nye.  
The promysed lyght to yow approacheth fast,  
Have faythe, and applye now to recyve him boldelye.  
I am not the lyght, but to beare testimonye  
Of hym am sent, that all men maye beleve,  
That hys bloude he wyll for their redemptyon geve.

He is soch a lyght as all men doth illumyne,  
That ever were here, or shall be after thys,  
All the worlde he made by hys myghtye power devyne,  
And yet that rude worlde wyll not knowe what he is.  
Hys owne he enterynge, is not regarded of hys.  
They that receyve hym, are God's true chyl dren playne,  
In sprete regenerate, and all grace shall attayne.

Manye do reckon, that I Johan Baptyst am he,  
Deceyved are they, and that wyll apere in space.  
Though he come after, yet he was longe afore me.  
We are weake vessels, he is the well of grace,  
Of hys great goodnesse all that we have we purchace.  
By hym are we like to have a better increes  
Than ever we had by the lawe of Moses.

In Moses' harde lawe we had not els but darkenes,  
Fygure and shaddowe. All was not els but nyght,

Ponnyshment for synne, much rygour, payne and roughnes.

An hygh change is there, where all is turned to lyght,  
Grace and remyssyon anon wyll shyne full bryhgt.

Never man lyved that ever se God afore,

Whych now in our kynde mannys ruine wyll restore.

Helpe me to geve thanks to that lorde evermore,  
Whych am unto Christ a cryar's voyce in the desart,  
To prepare the pathes and hygh wayes hym before,  
For hys delyght is on the poore symple hart.

That innocent lambe from soch wyll never depart,

As wyll faythfullye receyve hym with good mynde.

Lete our voyce then sounde in some swete musycall  
kynde.

*Resona tunc voce Antiphonam incipit, O clavis David,  
quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, ut prius.*

*Vel in Anglico sermone sic :*

O perfyght keye of David, and hygh scepture of the  
kyndred of Jacob, whych openest and no man speareth\*,  
thu speakest and no man openeth; come and delyver  
thy servaunt mankyude, bound in prison, sytting in the  
darknesse of synne and bytter dampnacyon.

\* i. e. asketh, enquireth.

So Chaucer's Testament of Creseide.

“ Who had been there, and liking for to here,

“ His faconde tonge and termis exquisite,

“ Of rethorike and practike he might lere.

“ In brete sermon a preignant sentence write;

“ Before Cupide valing his cappe a lite

“ *Speris* the cause of that vocation,

“ And he anon shewde his entencion.”

Again, Douglas's Virgil, B. iii. p. 72.

“ The seek ground deny is frute and fudis,

“ My fader exhortis us turn againe our studis

“ To Delos, and Apollois ansuere *speris*,

“ Be seeking him of succours us to lere;”

Again, B. v. p. 140.

“ Ane uthir mache to him was socht and *sperit*.”

*BALEUS Prlocutor.*

The matters are soch that we have uttered here  
As ought not to slyde from your memoryall.  
For they have opened soch comfortable gere,  
As is to the helthe of this kynde universall,  
Graces of the lorde and promyses lyberall,  
Whych he hath geven to man for every age,  
To knytt hym to Christ, and so clere hym of bondage.

As saynt Paule doth write unto the Corinthes  
playne,

Our fore fathers were undre the cloud of darkenes,  
And unto Christe's dayes ded in the shaddowe  
remayne :

Yet were they not left, for of hym they had promes,  
All they receyved one spirytual fedynge doubtles.  
They dronke of the rocke whych them to lyfe  
refreshed,

For one savyng helthe, in Christ, all they confessed.

In the woman's sede was Adam first justyfyed,  
So was faythfull Noah ; so was just Abraham,  
The faythe in that sede in Moses fourth multiplyed,  
Lykewyse in David and Esaye, that after cam.  
And in Johan Baptyst, whych shewed the very lam.  
Though they se afarre, yet all they had one justyce,  
One Masse (as they call it) and in Christ one sacry-  
fyce.

A man can not here to God do better servyce,  
Than on thys to grounde hys faythe and understand-  
ynge.

For all the worlde's synne alone Christ payed the  
pryce,

In hys only deathe was mannys lyfe alwayes restynge,  
And not in wyll workes, nor yet in mennys deservynge,  
The lyght of our faythe make thys thyng evydent,  
And not the practyse of other experiment.

Where is now fre wyll, whom the hypocrytes com-  
ment ?

Whereby they report they maye at their owne pleasure

Do good of themselves, though grace and fayth be  
 absent,  
 And have good intentes their madnesse with to  
 measure.  
 The wyll of the fleshe is proved here small treasure,  
 And so is mannys will, for the grace of God doth all.  
 More of thys matter conclude hereafter we shall.

Thus endeth thys Tragedy or enterlude, manyfest-  
 ynge the chefe promyses of God unto Man by all ages  
 in the olde lawe, from the fall of Adam, to the incar-  
 nacyon of the lorde Jesus Christ. Compyled by  
 Johan Bayle, Anno Domini 1538.

### EDITION.

A Tragedy or enterlude manyfestyng the chefe pro-  
 myses of God unto man by all ages in the olde lawe,  
 from the fall of Adam to the incarnacyon of the lorde  
 Jesus Christ. Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno  
 Domini MDXXXVIII. In the worde (which is now  
 called the eternall sonne of God) was lyfe from the  
 begynnyng, and that life was the lyght of men. Thys  
 lyght yet shyneth in the darknesse, but the darknesse  
 comprehendeth it not.—*Joan I\**.

\* The greater part of this quotation is torn off in the only copy  
 known with certainty to exist, as well as the date and printer's  
 name; if any were ever appended. C.

## **THE FOUR P's.**



JOHN HEYWOOD, or Heewood, one of the most ancient dramatic writers in the English language, was born in the city of London\*, and educated in the University of Oxford, at the ancient Hostle called Broadgate's, in St. Aldgate's parish. He was in his time more celebrated for his wit than his learning; and having some fair possessions at 'North Mims, he resided there after he left Oxford, and became intimately acquainted with Sir Thomas More, who lived in the neighbourhood†. Here the latter wrote his celebrated work called *Utopia*, and is supposed to have assisted Heywood‡ in the composition of his Epigrams§.

\* Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, vol. 1. p. 149, positively fixes his birth at this place. Other writers have made him a native of North Mims in Hertfordshire, but apparently without any authority. Bale, who lived nearest to the author's time, calls him *Civis Londinensis*; which words, though they do not absolutely prove that he was born in London, yet surely are sufficient in a matter of this uncertainty to warrant any one to conclude that he was a native of that city, as no circumstance appears to induce a belief that he acquired the title of Citizen of London otherwise than by birth.

† Peacham's *Compleat English Gentleman*, 4to. 1627, p. 95.

‡ Gabriel Harvey's MS. Note to Speyght's Chaucer, as quoted in Mr. Steevens's *Shakspeare*, vol. 5.

§ T. Bastard, in his *Chrestoleros, seven bookes of Epigrams*, 1598, has the following, addressed *Ad Johannem Davis*, in which he speaks of Heywood and his reputation in this department :

“ If witt may make a poet, as I gesse,  
*Heywood* wih auncient poets may compare.  
 But thou, in word and deed, hast made him lesse  
 In his own witt, having yet learning spare.  
 The goate doth hunt the grasse, the wolfe the goat;  
 The lyon hunts the wolfe by proof we see;  
*Heywood* sang others downe, but thy sweete note,  
 Davis, hath sang him downe, and I would thee.  
 Then be not mov'd, nor count it such a sinn,  
 To will in thee what thou hast done in him.”



Through Sir Thomas More's means, it is probable our author was introduced to the knowledge of King Henry the Eighth, and of his daughter the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary; by the former of whom, he was held in much esteem for the mirth and quickness of his conceits; and so much\* valued by the latter, that he was often, after she came to the throne, admitted to the honour of waiting upon and exercising his fancy before her, even to the time she lay languishing on her death bed. His education having been in the Roman Catholic faith, he continued steadily attached to the tenets of that religion; and during the reign† of Edward the Sixth, fell under the suspicion of practising against the government, and narrowly escaped the halter. After the death of his patroness the queen, he left the nation, says Wood‡, for religion's sake, and settled at Mechlin in Brabant, where he died about the year 1565§, leaving several

The subsequent *Ad Lectorem* is to the same effect,

"Reader, if Heywood lived now againe,  
Whom time of life, hath not of praise bereaved;  
If he would write, I could express his vaine;  
This would he write, or else I am deceived."

Sir J. Harrington quotes one of Heywood's Epigrams in the Notes to B. 38 of his Translation of *Orlando Furioso*; and Thomas Wilson, in his *Rhetorique*, 1553, speaks of Heywood's *Proverbs*, adding, that his "paynes in that behalfe are worthye of immortall prayse." In Barnaby Googe's *Husbandry*, "our English Martiall, "John Heywood," is quoted regarding Essex cheese. It would not be difficult to add several other authors who quote or applaud him. C.

\* Athen. Oxon. vol. 1. p. 149.

† "But to step backe to my teske (though everie place I step to, yeeldes me sweeter discourse) what thinke you by *Haywood* that scaped hanging with his mirth; the King being graciously and (as I thinke) truly perswaded, that a man that wrate so pleasant and harmelesse verses, could not have any harmfull conceit against his proceedings, and so by the honest motion of a gentleman of his chamber saved him from the jerke of the six-string'd whip."

Harrington's *Metamorphoses of Ajax*, 1596, p. 25.

‡ Athen. Oxon. vol. 1. p. 149.

§ The subsequent anecdote is given by Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, p. 230.

children; one of whom, Jasper Heywood, translated three of Seneca's Plays, and wrote several Poems, printed in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 4to. 1578. This Jasper Heywood was, according to Fuller, executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but more probably, as Sir Richard Baker asserts, was among those who were taken in 1585, and sent out of England \*.

John Heywood † appears to be the second English

"The like hapned on a time at the Duke of Northumberland's bourd, where merry *John Heywood* was allowed to sit at the table's end. The Duke had a very honourable and noble mynd alwayes to pay his debts well, and when he lacked money would not stick to sell the greatest part of his plate: so had he done a few days before. Heywood being loth to call for his drinke so oft as he was dry, turned his eye toward the cupboard and said, 'I finde great misse of your Grace's standing cups.' The Duke thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said somewhat sharply, 'Why, sir, will not those cuppes serve as good a man as yourself?' Heywood readily replied, 'Yes, if it please your Grace; but I would have one of them stand still at mine elbow, full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your men so often to call for it.' This pleasant and speedy revers of the former wordes, holpe all the matter againe, whereupon the Duke became very pleasaunt, and dranke a bolle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cup should be alwayes standing by him."

This story, in itself of very little worth, serves to shew the sort of terms Heywood was upon with the nobility of his time. C.

\* The editor of the last edition of the *Biographical Dictionary* asserts, but without citing his particular authority for the fact, that "after many peregrinations, he died at Naples, January the 9th, 1598." C.

† Dr. Palsgrave, whose Play of *Acolastus* was printed in the year 1529, seems to have been the first. See Ames, 166.

Here is a mistake, which has likewise been fallen into in a note on *Cymbeline*, edit. 1778, vol. 9, p. 317. *Acolastus* was not printed so early as 1529. The original Latin was, I think, produced in that year. Not having the play by me, I cannot exactly account for the misinformation given in that note; but, if my memory is to be trusted, the original Latin is in verse, the translation in prose; and the title runs thus: *Comedia Acolustus dicta, cum ophrasi Anglica, per Johannem Palsgraviū. Lond. per Thomam Bertheletum, 4to. 1540.* S.

Ames, whose authority is quoted to prove the existence of the early edition of *Acolastus*, mentions both that and the later one, as though he had seen each. How far his accuracy is to be relied on, must be left to the reader's judgment.

dramatic writer. Oldys\* says, he began to write about the year 1530, but that he could not find he published any thing so early.

The following is a List of his Works :

" A Play betwene Johan the Husband, Tyb the Wife, and Sir Johan the Priest, by John Heywood, 4to. Imprynted at London, by William Rastall, " the 12th Day of February, 1533." (Oldys's MS. Notes, and Companion to the Play-house).

" A Mery Play betwene the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate, and neybour Pratte, 4to. Imprynted by Willm. Rastell, 5th of April, 1533." Ames, 182. (Oldys's MS. Notes, and Companion to the Playhouse).

" The Playe called the Foure P. P. A newe and a very mery Enterlude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A Potycary, A Pedler. Made by John Heewood, 4to. Imprynted at London in fletestrete, at the Sign of " the George, by Wyllyam Myddylton. 4to. no date." Also,

" A Play of Genteelness and Nobilitie. An Interlude in two Parts, 4to. no date." (Companion to the Playhouse).

" A Play of Love. An Interlude, 4to. 1533." (Companion to the Playhouse).

" A Play of the Weather, called A new and a very merry Interlude of all manner of Weathers, 1553," fo. (Companion to the Playhouse. Oldys's Ms.). Also in 12mo. printed by Robert Wyer, no date. (Ames, 157)

" The Spider and the Flie, a Parable made by John Heywood†. Imprinted by Tho. Powell, 1556," B. L. 4to.

\* MS. Notes on Langbaine.

† This parable, apologue or allegory, (for it is one and all three) is not perhaps so " dull, tedious, and trifling," as Warton contends ; and if it be without much " fancy," it has both meaning and moral. In " the conclusion," Heywood informs us that he began the work twenty years before it was finished, and that he did nothing to it during an interval of nineteen years. He adds, that it was commenced " with the first, and ended with the last," of his " poor

“ John Heywood’s Woorkes. A Dialogue conteyn-  
 “ ing the Number of the effectual Proverbes in the  
 “ English Tongue, compacte in a matter concerning  
 “ two Maner of Mariages : with one Hundreth of Epi-  
 “ grammes ; and three Hundreth of Epigrammes up-  
 “ pon three Hundred Proverbes, and a fifth hundred of  
 “ Epigrammes. Whereunto are newly added, a sixte  
 “ hundred of Epigrammes, by the said John Heywoode.  
 “ Imprinted by Tho. Marshe, 1576,” 4to. B. L.

Another Edition was printed by Felix Kyngston, in  
 4to. B. L. 1598.

“ A Breve Balet, touching the trayterous takynge of  
 “ Scarborow Castle. Imprinted at London by Thomas  
 “ Powel.” On a broad side of two columns, B. L.  
 (Among the folio volumes of Dyson’s Collections, in  
 the Library of the Society of Antiquarians). Tho.  
 Stafford, who took that Castle 23 April, 1557, and  
 proclaimed himself Protector of the realm, was be-  
 headed 28 May following, and three of his accomplices  
 were hanged. Oldys’s Ms.

“ A Balade of the meeting and marriage of the King  
 “ and Queenes Highness. Imprinted by W. Ryddel.”  
 One side of a large half sheet. Oldys.†

Winstanly ‡ hath expressed a doubt, whether the  
 author of the epigrams and of the plays were not differ-  
 ent persons. The following epigram will be sufficient  
 to set that fact beyond contradiction, and at the same  
 time exhibit a specimen of the author’s manner :—

works. The maid who sweeps down the spider, he explains to  
 mean Queen Mary, in “ sense allegoricall,” whom he calls “ a mer-  
 ciful maiden ;” perhaps in “ sense allegorical” also. C.

\* Thos. Wilson, in his *Rhetorique*, published in 1553, speaks  
 of Heywood’s Proverbs as then in print. They were also repub-  
 lished in 1561 ; and the title-page professes that the work has  
 been “ newly oversene, and somewhat augmented, by the sayde  
 John Heywood.” The only copy I have met with is imperfect at  
 the end, and the title-page does not state who was the printer of  
 it. “ John Heywoodes Woorkes” were printed collectively by Henry  
 Wykes in 1566 : they consist of Proverbs and Epigrams.

† In vol. I. of the late edition of the *Royal and Noble Authors*, by  
 M. Park, a poem in praise of Queen Mary is printed, copied from a  
 MS. in the British Museum. C.

\* *Lives of English Poets*, p. 45.

Art thou *Heywood*, with thy mad merry wit ?

Yea, forsooth, master, that name is even hit.

Art thou *Heywood*, that appliest mirth more than thrift ?

Yes, sir, I take merry mirth a golden gift.

Art thou *Heywood*, that hast made many mad plays ?

Yea, many plays, few good works in my days.

Art thou *Heywood*, that hath made men merry long ?

Yea, and will, if I be made merry among.

Art thou *Heywood*, that wouldst be made merry now ?

Yes, sir, help me to it now, I beseech you.

Winstanly and Philips ascribe to him, I think, falsely, the Pinner of Wakefield \* and Philotus, printed at Edinburgh, 1603.

Dr. Fuller† mentions a book written by our author, intituled, *Monumenta literaria* ; which are said to be *Non tam labore condita, quam lepore condita*.

\* Vol. III.

† Worthies, p. 221.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A PALMER,  
A PARDONER,  
A POTICARY,  
A PEDLER.



## THE FOUR P's \*.

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<sup>1</sup> *Palmer*. Now God be here ; who kepeth this place ?  
 Now by my fayth, I crye you mercy ;  
 Of reason I must sew for grace,  
 My rewdnes sheweth me † so homely.  
 Wherof your pardon axt and wonne,  
 I sew you<sup>2</sup>, as curtesy doth me bynde,  
 To tell this whiche shalbe begonne.  
 In order as may come beste in mynde.  
 I am a Palmer, as ye<sup>3</sup> se,  
 Whiche of my lyfe mucche part have<sup>4</sup> spent  
 In many a fayre and farre<sup>5</sup> cuntrie,

\* Although more pains than usual were bestowed on the collation of this piece, yet, as it was printed originally by Dodsley from the most corrupt of the old copies, many of the errors and a few interpolations were allowed by the subsequent editor to remain. The orthography also, professed to be observed, was very frequently abandoned. C.

† *Palmer*] "The difference between a pilgrim and a palmer was thus, The pilgrim had some home or dwelling place, but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place or places; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges, but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession, and return home, but the palmer must be constant till he had obtained the palm, that is, victory over all spiritual enemies, and life by death, and thence his name *Palmer*, or else from a staff, or boughs of palm, which he always carried along him." *Staveley's Ruman Horseleech*, 1769, p. 93.

† The first edition gives this line,  
 "My rewdnes sheweth me *no* so homely,  
 and that of 1569 has it.

"My rudenes sheweth me *not* so homely."

The negative certainly seems to have been inserted by mistake. C.

<sup>2</sup> *sew you*] *sue now*, edition 1569.

<sup>3</sup> *ye*] *you*, edit. 1569.

<sup>4</sup> *have*] *hath*, 1st edit.  
 edit. 1569.

<sup>5</sup> *fayre and farre*] *far and faire*,



As pilgryms do of good intent.  
 At Hierusalem<sup>6</sup> have I bene  
 Before Chryste's blessed sepulture:  
 The mount of Calvery have I sene<sup>7</sup>  
 A holy place ye may be sure.  
 To Josaphat and Olyvete<sup>8</sup>  
 On fote, god wote, I wente ryght bare:  
 Many a salte tere dyd I swete,

<sup>6</sup> *Hierusalem*], Jerusalem. edit, 1569.      <sup>7</sup> *have I*] I have, edit. 1569.

<sup>8</sup> *To Josaphat and Olyvete*,] Maundevile thus mentions these places. "And towards the Est syde, withoute the walles of the cytee (i. e. Jerusalem) is the vale of Josaphathe, that touchethe to the walles, as though it were a large dyche. And anen that vale of Josaphathe out of the cytee, is the churche of Seynt Stevene, where he was stoned to dethe." *Voyage and Travaile*, 8vo. 1725, p. 96 "And above the vale, is the mount of *Olyvete*; and it is cleped so, for the plentee of olyves, that growen there. That mount is more highe than the cytee of Jerusalem is; and therefore may men upon that mount, see many the stretes of the cytee. And betwene that mount and the cytee, is not but the vale of *Josaphathe*, that is not fulle large. And fro that mount, steighe oure Lord Jesu Christ to hevене, upon Ascencioun-day: and zit there schewethe the schapp of his left foot in the ston." *Voyage and Travaile*, 8vo. 1725, p. 116.

In Dr. Andrew Borde's *Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542, Sign. N 3. that writer, who had been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, says. "and that there is a great confluence of pylgrims to the holy sepulchre, and to many holy places, I will *wyshe* somewhat that I doo know, and have sene in the place. Whosoever that dothe *pretende* to go to Jerusalem, let him prepare himselfe to set forth of England after Easter 7 or 8 dayes," &c. He then directs the route a traveller ought to take, and adds, "when you come to Jerusalem, the friers which be called cordaline, they be of saynct Fraunces, other they wyl receave you with devocion and brynge you to the sepulchre: the holy sepulchre is wythin the church, and so is the mount of Calvery, where Jesu Christ did suffer his passions. The churche is rounde lyke a temple, it is more larger than auye temple that I have sene amonges the Jues. The sepulchre is grated rounde aboute wyth yrone, than no man shall great or pycke out any stones. The sepulchre is lyke a lytle house, the which by masons was dyged out of a rocke of stone. There maye stonde wythin the sepulchre a x or a xii parsons, but few or none dothe go into the sepulchre, except they be singularly beloved, and then they go in by night wyth great feare and reverence."

Before thys carkes coulede<sup>9</sup> come thare  
 Yet have I bene at Rome also,  
 And gone the statyons<sup>10</sup> all arow :  
 Saynt peter's shryne and many mo,  
 Than yf I told all ye do know.  
 Except that there be any suche,  
 That hath ben there, and diligently  
 Hath taken hede, and marked muche,  
 Then can they speke as muche as I.  
 Then at the Rodes<sup>10\*</sup> also I was ;  
 And rounde about to Amias<sup>11</sup>.  
 At Saynt Toncomber and Saynt Tronion<sup>12</sup> :  
 At Saynt Bothulph<sup>13</sup> and Saynt Anne of Buckston<sup>14</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *coulede*] would, edit. 1569.

<sup>10</sup> *the statyons (stationes, or jurnee)*] Answered to the stages between London and Rome, or Holy Land ; of which there is a map in a Ms. of Math. Paris Roy. Libr. 14 C. VII. and Benet. Coll. c. ix. and Pl. VII. Brit. Topog. vol. I. p. 85. G.

In Borde's Introduction (before quoted) it is said, and forasmuch as there may bee many that hath wrytten of the holy lands, of the *stacyons* and of the *jurney* or way, I doo passe over to speake further of this matter, &c.

<sup>10\*</sup> *Rodes*] *Rhodes*, an island to which the Knights Hospitallers, now Knights of Malta, retired, on being driven out of Jerusalem.

<sup>11</sup> *Amias*] Probably Emaus, near Jerusalem.

<sup>12</sup> *Saynt Toncomber and Saynt Tronion*] Of these saints, or places, I can give no account.

Mr. Steevens in a letter to the printer of the *Saint James's Chronicle*, points out the following mention of Saint Tronion, in Geoffrey Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 4to. 1567 fo. 114 b. " He returned in haste to his lodgyng, where he attended the approche of his hower of appointment wyth no lesse devocyon, than the Papistes in France performe their ydolatrous pilgrimage to the ydoll, *Saynt Tronyon*, upon the mount *Avyon*, besides *Roan*." Regarding Saint Toncomber, he professes to be unable to add any thing. I. R.

This worthy is also noticed in the following terms in *Apus and Virginia* 1575. Sign. E. 2.

" Nay, softe, my aisters, by saincte *Thomas of Trunions*.

" I am not disposed to buy of your onions." C.

<sup>13</sup> *Saynt Bothulph*] Saint Bothulph is said to have been born in Cornwall, and was eminent for working miracles about the time of Lucius. He was buried at Boston in Lincolnshire.

<sup>14</sup> *Saynt Anne of Buckston*] " Within the parish of Bacwell, in Derbyshyre, is a chappel (somtyme dedicated to St. Anne), in a

On the hylles of Armony, where I see<sup>15</sup> Noe's arke<sup>16</sup> ;  
 With holy Job, and saynt George in Southwarke<sup>17</sup> ;  
 At Waltham<sup>18</sup> and at Walsyngham<sup>19</sup> ;

" place called *Bucston*, wheare is a hotte bathe, of such like qualitie  
 " as those mentored in Bathe be. *Hyther they ucare wont to run on*  
 " *pulgrimage*, ascribinge to St. Anne miraculously, that thinge which  
 " is in that and sondrye other waters naturally." *Lombarde's Dic-*  
*tionarium*, p. 48. Drayton says,

"— I can again produce those wondrous wells

" Of *Bucston*, as I have, that most delicious fount

" Which men the second Bath of England do account,

" Which in the primer reigns, when first this well began

" To have her virtues known unto the blest St. Anne,

" Was consecrated then." *Poly Olbion*, Song xxvi.

<sup>15</sup> see] saw 2nd edition.

<sup>16</sup> *hy'les of Armony, where I see Noe's arke*,] " And so passe men  
 " be this *Emmonu*, and entren the see of *Persie*. Fro that cytee of  
 " *Artygroun*, go men to an hille that is clept *Solissacolle*. And there  
 " besyde is another hille, that men clepen *Aianathe*. but the Jewes  
 " clepen it *Tameez*, where *Noes* schipp rested, and zit is upon that  
 " montayne: and men may seen it a ferr, in cleer wedre: and  
 " that montayne is wel a 7 myle highe. And sum men seyn, that  
 " thei han seen and touched the schupp; and put here fynghes in  
 " the parties, where the frend went out, whan that *Noe* seyde,  
 " *Benedicite*. But they that seyn suche wordes, seyn here wille:  
 " for a man may not gon up the montayne, for gret plentee of  
 " snow, that is alle weys on that montayne; nouthur somer ne  
 " wynter. so that no man may gon up there, ne never man dide,  
 " sithe the tyme of *Noe*, saf a monk, that, be the grace of God  
 " broughte on of the plankes down; that zit is in the mynstre, at  
 " the foot of the montayne." *Maundevile's Voyage and Travaile*,  
 1727, p. 179.

<sup>17</sup> *saynt George in Sut'warke*] Formerly belonging to the priory  
 of Bermondsey. See Stow's *Survey*.

<sup>18</sup> *Waltham*] The famous holy Cross of Waltham, which tra-  
 dition says was discovered in the following manner. A carpenter,  
 in the reign of Canute, living at Lutegaresbyry, had a vision in the  
 night of Christ crucified, by whom he was commanded to go to the  
 parish priest, and direct him to walk, accompanied with his parish-  
 ioners, in solemn procession to the top of an adjoining hill, where  
 on digging they would find a cross the very sign of Christ's pas-  
 sion. The man neglecting to perform the orders of the image was  
 visited by it a second time, and his hands were then griped in such  
 a manner, that the marks remained some time after. He then ac-  
 quainted the priest, and, as they were ordered, they proceeded to  
 the place pointed out, where they discovered a great marble, hav-  
 ing in it of black flint the image of the crucifix. They then in-  
 formed the lord of the manor of the transaction; and he imme-

And at the good rood<sup>20</sup> of dagnam<sup>21</sup>;

diately resolved to send the cross first to Canterbury, and afterwards to Reading; but on attempting to draw it to these places, although with the force of twelve red oxen, and as many white kine, it was found impracticable, and he was obliged to desist. He then determined to fix it at Waltham, and immediately the wain began to move thither of itself. In the way many persons were healed of disorders, and the relick soon became much resorted to by the pilgrims on account of the miracles performed by it. Lambarde's *Dictionary Angliæ Topographicum & Historicum*, 4to. 1730, p. 431.

<sup>19</sup> *Walsyngham*] "Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his Account of the VIRGO PARATHALASSIA, in his Colloquy, intitled, PERGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO. He tells us the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present, to our LADY OF WALSHINGHAM. At the dissolution of the monasteries, in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners." See Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* vol. II. p. 79.

Robert Longland, in *Pier's Plowman's Vision*, 1550, p. 1. says,

"Hermets on a heape, wyth hoked staves,  
"Wenten to Walsyngham, and her wenches after.  
"Great loubies and longe, yt loth were to swinke,  
"Clothed him in copes to be knownen from other,  
"And shopen hem her mets, her ease to have."

See also Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 131,

<sup>20</sup> *rood*] Hearne, in his Glossary to Peter Langtoft, p. 544. under the word *cross* observes, that although the *cross* and the *rood* are commonly taken for the same, yet the *rood* properly signified formerly the image of Christ on the cross, so as to represent both the cross and the figure of our blessed Saviour as he suffered upon it. The *roods* that were in churches and chapels were placed in shrines, that were styled *Rood-lofts*, "Rood-loft (saith Blount) a shrine, whereon was placed the cross of Christ. The *rood* was an image of Christ on the cross, made generally of wood, and erected in a loft for that purpose, just over the passage out of the church into the chancel." But *rood-loft* sometimes also signifies a shrine, on which was placed the image or relicks of a saint, because generally a crucifix, or a cross, used likewise to attend such image or relicks.

<sup>21</sup> *Dagnam*] i. e. Dagenham, in Essex.

At saynt Cornelys<sup>22</sup>; at saynt James in Gales<sup>23</sup>;  
 And at saynt Wynefryde's well<sup>24</sup> in Walles;  
 At our lady of Boston<sup>25</sup>; at saynt Edmund's byry<sup>26</sup>;

<sup>22</sup> *saynt Cornelys*] Saint Cornelys, according to the *Legenda Aurea*, succeeded Fabyan in the papacy, and was beheaded in the reign of Decian, for refusing to sacrifice in the Temple of Mars. There was a fraternity in his honour at Westminster. See their pardon, Brit. Top. I. 772.

<sup>23</sup> *saynt James in Gales*] Weever in his *Funeral Monuments*, p. 172. observes that "—the Italians, yea those that dwell neare "Rome, will mocke and scoffe at our English (and other) pilgrims that go to Rome to see the Pope's holinesse, and St. Peter's chaire, and yet they themselves will runne to see the reliques of Saint Iumes of Compostella in the kingdom of Galicia, in Spaine, which is above twelve hundred English miles." See also Dr. Geddes's *Tracts*.

<sup>24</sup> *saynt Wynefryde's well*] Saint Wenefrede's well, near Holywell, in the county of Flint, is a spring which rises at the foot of a steep hill out of a rock, and is formed into a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch supported by pillars; the roof exquisitely carved in stone; over the fountain, the legend of St. Wenefrede on a pendent projection, with the arms of England at the bottom. Numbers of fine ribs secure the arch, whose intersections are coupled with some sculpture. To this place the resort of pilgrims was formerly very great; and, though considerably diminished, there are still to be seen in the summer a few in the water in deep devotion up to their chins for hours, sending up their prayers, or performing a number of evolutions round the polygonal well; or threading the arch between well and well a prescribed number of times. The legend of St. Wenefrede is well known. Those who desire more information on this subject; may be referred to *The Legenda Aurea*, Bishop Fleetwood's *Works*; or Mr. Pennant's *Tour into Wales*, p. 28.

<sup>25</sup> *At our Lady of Boston*] Or Botolph's town, in Lincolnshire, where St. Botolph was buried.

"Delicious Wytham leads to holy Botolph's town."

*Poly Olbion*, Song xxv.

<sup>26</sup> *At saynt Edmund's byry*] "—is named of Kinge Edmund, "whom the comon Chronicles call St. Edmund, or Edmund the "Martyr; for Bury, is but to say a court or palace. It was first "a colledge of priestes, founded by Athelstane the kinge of "England, to the honour and memorye of Edmund that was slayne "at Hoxton (then called Eylesdum [or Eglesdon], as Leland "thinketh,) whose bones he removed thither. The hole hystorie "of this matter is so enterlaced with miracles, that Polydor him- "selfe (who beleaved them better than I) began to dalye with it; "sayinge, that Monkes were muche delighted with them." Lambarde's *Dictionarium*, p. 35.

And streyght to saynt Patryke's purgatory<sup>27</sup>;  
At Ridybone<sup>28</sup>, and at the blood of Hayles<sup>29</sup>,

<sup>27</sup> *Saynt Patryke's purgatory*] This place, which was much frequented by pilgrims, was situate on a lake called Lough Derg, in the Southern part of the county of Donegall, near the borders of Tyrone and Fermanagh. It was surrounded with wild and barren mountains, and was almost inaccessible by horsemen even in summer time, on account of great bogs, rocks, and precipices, which environed it. The popular tradition concerning it is as ridiculous as is to be found in any Legend of the Romish Martyrology. After continuing in great credit many years, it began to decline; and in the 13th of Henry the Seventh was demolished with great solemnity, on St. Patrick's-day, by the Pope's express order. It, however, afterwards came into reputation again, insomuch that, by an order of the Privy Council, dated 13th of September, 1682, it was a second time destroyed. From this period, as pilgrimages grew less in fashion, it will appear extraordinary that the place should be a third time restored to its original state, and as much visited as in any former period. In this condition it continued until the second year of Queen Anne, when an act of the Irish Parliament declared, that all meetings and assemblies there should be adjudged riots and unlawful assemblies, and inflicted a penalty upon every person meeting or assembling contrary to the Statute. The ceremonies to be performed by the pilgrims are very exactly set forth in Richardson's *Great Folly, Superstition, and Idolatry, of Pilgrimages in Ireland, especially of that to St. Patrick's Purgatory Dublin*, 8vo. 1727.

Enough hath been already said on the subject of *Saint Patrick's Purgatory*, I shall therefore only add, that it is often mentioned in *Froussard's Chronicle*, and that Sir James Melvil who visited it in 1545, describes it as looking "like an old coal-pit, which had "taken fire, by reason of the smoke that came out [of the hole." Melvil's *Memoirs*, p. 9. edit. 1683.

It is mentioned in Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*, 1549, Sign. A. "Whereas before ye satte all heavie and glommyng, as if ye had "come lately from Troponius cave, or *Saint Patricke's purgatorie*."

<sup>28</sup> *Ridybone*.] i. e. Redburne within three miles of St. Alban's. "At this place, says Norden, were founde the reliques of Amphibal, who is saide to be the instructour and convertour of Alban "from Paganisme, of whose reliques such was the regard that the "abbottes of the monasterie of Alban had, that they should be "devoutly preserved, that a decree was made by Thomas then "abbot, that a pryor and three munckes should be appointed to "this holie function, whose allowance in those dayes amounted "yearely to 20 pound, or upwardes, as much as three hundred "pound in this age." *Description of Hartfordshire*, p. 22.

See also Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 585. Dr. Middleton, in his *Letter from Rome*, says, Bishop Usher has proved that this

Where pilgrymes paynes ryght much avayles;  
At saynt Davys<sup>30</sup>, and at saynt Denis<sup>31</sup>;

saint never existed, and that we owe the honour of his saintship to a mistaken passage in the Legend of St. Alban, where the *Amphibolus* there mentioned is nothing more than a *cloak*."

<sup>29</sup> *blood of Hailes.*] The abbey of Hailes, in Gloucestershire, was founded by Richard, king of the Romans, brother to Henry the Third. This precious relic, which was commonly called *the blood of Hailes*, was brought out of Germany by Richard's son Edmund, who bestowed a third part of it upon his father's abbey of Hailes, and some time after gave the other two parts to an abbey of his own foundation at Ashrug, near Berkhamstead. It was given out, and believed to have this property, that, if a man was in mortal sin, and not absolved, he could not see it, otherwise, he might see it very well. therefore every man that came to see this miracle, this most precious blood, confessed himself first to one of the priests there; and then, offering something at the altar, was directed to a chapel, where the miracle was shewed, the priest who confessed him, in the mean time retiring to the back part of the said chapel, and putting forth a little cabinet, or vessel of crystal, which being thick on the one side, that nothing could be seen through it, but on the other side, thin and transparent, they used diversely, as their interest required. On the dissolution of the abbey, it was discovered to be nothing more than honey clarified and coloured with saffron, "an unctowse gumme coloured, which in the glasse apperyd to be a glisterynge red resemblyng partlie the color of blood, and owte of the glasse apparaunte glystering yelow colour like ambre or basse gold." Certificate of visitors, printed at end of Hearne's *Benedictus Abbas II.* 751.

<sup>30</sup> *Saynt Davys*] 1. c. Saint David. Drayton, in his *Poly Olbion*, Song xxiv. says,

"Whose Cambro Britons so their saints as duly brought,  
"T' advance the Christian faith, effectually that wrought;  
"Their *Davul* (one deriv'd of th' royal British blood),  
"Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damn'd opinions stood;  
"And turn'd Menenia's name to *Davul's* sacred see,  
"The patron of the Welsh deserving well to be."

See an account of him in an extract from Bale, in *Godwin de Prasulibus Angliæ*, p. 573. edit. 1743. He is said to have been bishop 65 years, and to have lived 146. He died, according to some accounts, in the year 546, according to others, in the year 542. His shrine, I am informed remains in the wall of his cathedral in Pembrokeshire.

<sup>31</sup> *saynt Denis.*] St. Denis, the patron of France, is said to have been the disciple of St. Paul, and the first who preached the gospel to the French. The Legend concerning him affirms, that, after he was beheaded near Paris, he walked four miles with his head in his hands. His body was said to be intombed very magnificently at the abbey of St. Denis, to which the pilgrims used to resort.

At saynt Mathew, and saynt Mark in Venis<sup>32</sup>;  
 At mayster Johan shorne at Canterbury<sup>33</sup>;  
 The graet God of Katewade<sup>34</sup>, at kynge Henry<sup>35</sup>  
 At saynt Savyour's<sup>36</sup>; at our lady of Southwell<sup>37</sup>;

<sup>32</sup> *Saynt Mark in Venis*] At the Church of St. Mark, in Venice, they pretend to have the body of that Evangelist, which was brought thither by certain merchants from Alexandria in Egypt in the year 810. Coryat says, that the treasure of this church was of that inestimable value, that it was thought no treasure whatsoever in any other place in Christendom might compare with it, neither that of St. Denis in France, nor St. Peter's in Rome, nor that of Madonna de Loretto in Italy, nor that of Toledo in Spain, nor any other. See Coryat's *Cruities*, p. 214. and *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, by Contareno, translated by Lewes Lewknor, Esq. 1599, p. 175.

<sup>33</sup> *mayster Johan shorne in Canterbury*]; Who this John Shorne was I can give no account. In the Preface to *The Accedence of Armorie*, 4to. 1597, a story is told of one who had been called to worship in a city within Middlesex, and who being desired by a herald to shew his coat (i. e. of arms,) "called unto his mayd, "commanding her to fetch his coat, which, being brought, was of "cloth garded with a burgunian gard of bare velvet, well bawdc-fied on the halfe placard, and squallotted in the fore quarters. "Lo, quoth the man to the heraught, here it is, if ye will buy it, "ye shall have tyme of payment, as first to pay halfe in hand, and "the rest by and by. And with much boste he said, he ware not "the same since he came last from *Sir John Shorne, &c.*"

<sup>34</sup> *Katewade*] Catwade-bridge is in Sampford hundred, in the county of Suffolk, where there may have been a famous chapel and rood. G.

<sup>35</sup> *Henry*] Henry, edit. 1569.

<sup>36</sup> *Saynt Savyour's*] "In September, the same yeare (says Weever, p. 111.), viz. an. 30 Hen. VIII. by the special motion "of great Cromwell, all the notable images, unto the which were "made any especial pilgrimages and offerings, as the images of "our *Lady of Walsingham*, Ipswich, Worcester, the *Lady of Wilsdon*, the rood of grace of our Lady of Boxley, and the image of "the rood of *Saint Saviour at Bermondsey*, with all the rest, were "brought up to London, and burnt at Chelsey, at the commandment of the foresaid Cromwell, all the jewels, and other rich "offerings, to these, and to the shrines (which were all likewise "taken away, or beaten to pieces) of other saints throughout both "England and Wales were brought into the king's treasure."

<sup>37</sup> *at our lady of Southwell*] The church dedicated to *Saint Mary* at Southwel, in Nottinghamshire.



At Crome<sup>38</sup>, at Wylsdome<sup>39</sup>, and at Muswel<sup>40</sup>;  
At saynt Rycharde<sup>41</sup>, and at saynt Roke<sup>42</sup>;

<sup>38</sup> Crome] In the County of Kent, near Greenwich.

<sup>39</sup> Wylsdome] In Finsbury hundred, Middlesex, the chapel dedicated to St. Mary. See above, Note 36.

<sup>40</sup> at Muswel] "Muswell-hill, called also Pinsenall-hill: there was a chapple sometime bearing the name of our ladie of Muswell: where now Alderman Roe hath erected a proper house, the place taketh name of the well and of the hill, Mousewell-hill; for there is on the hill a spring of faire water, which is now within the compass of the house. There was sometime an image of the ladie of Muswell, whereunto was a continuall resort, in the way of pylgrimage, growing as is (though as I take it fabulouſlie) reported in regard of a great cure which was performed by this water, upon a king of Scots, who being strangely diseased, was, by some devine intelligence, advised to take the water of a well in England, called *Muswell*, which after long scrutiny and inquisition, this well was found and performed the cure." Norden's *Speculum Britannie*, p. 36. edit. 1723. I am informed, that the mosaic pavement and other ruins of this well and its chapel were to be seen about 25 years ago.

<sup>41</sup> saynte Rycharde] This was probably Richard Fitznige, bishop of London, and treasurer of England, in the time of Henry the Second. His shrine was, as *Weever* observes, p. 714. in St. Paul's Church; and as he contributed largely to the building of the church, he conjectures it, to have been erected there on that account. Drayton, however, in his *Poly Olthion*, Song xxiv. speaks of others of that name, as

"Richard, the dear son to Lothar king of Kent,  
"When he his happy days religiously had spent;  
"And feeling the approach of his declining age,  
"Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage;  
"Into thy country come, at Lucca left his life,  
"Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are rife."

Again,

"So countries more remote with ours we did acquaint,  
"As Richard for the fame his holiness had won,  
"And for the wondrous things that through his prayers were done,  
"From this his native home into Calabria call'd,  
"And of St. Andrew's there the bishop was install'd;  
"For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to this land."

Again,

"So other southern sees, here either less or more,  
"Have likewise had their saints——  
"—— we have of Chichester  
"Saint Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do stand  
"Inroll'd amongst the rest of this our mitred band."

<sup>42</sup> Saynt Roke] Saint Roke, or Roch, was born at Montpelier, in

And at our lady that standeth in the oke.\*  
 To these, with other many one,  
 Devoutly have I prayed and gone,  
 Praying to them, to pray for me  
 Unto the blessed trynytye,  
 By whose prayers and my dayly payne,  
 I truste the soner to obtain<sup>43</sup>  
 For my salvacyon, grace and mercy.  
 For be ye sure I thynke surely,<sup>44</sup>  
 Who seketh sayntes for Chryste's sake,  
 And namely suche as payne do take  
 On fote, to punysh their<sup>45</sup> frail body,  
 Shall therby meryte more hyely  
 Then by any thyng done by man.

*Pardoner.*<sup>46</sup> And when ye have gone as far as ye<sup>47</sup>  
 can,

For all your labour and gostely entente,  
 Ye<sup>48</sup> will come home as wyse as ye wente.

*Palmer.* Why, syr, dyspyse ye pylgrymage?

*Pardoner.* Nay, fore<sup>49</sup> god, syr, then dyd I rage;  
 I thynke ye ryght well occupied,  
 To seke these sayntes on every syde.  
 Also your payne<sup>50</sup> I nat dyspraise it;  
 But yet I discomende your wit:  
 And or<sup>51</sup> we go even so shall ye,  
 If you in thys wyl answeere me.

France: and died in prison at Anglerye, in the province of Lombardy, where a large church was built in honour of him. See *Legenda Aurea*, p. 238.

\* *World of Wonders*, §16. O. G.

<sup>43</sup> *obtain*] *obtaine*, 1st edit. <sup>44</sup> *surely*] *assuredly* 2d edit.

<sup>45</sup> *their*] *thy*, 1st edit.

<sup>46</sup> *Pardoner*] "Pardoners were certain fellows that carried  
 "about the Pope's Indulgences, and sold them to such as would  
 "buy them; against whom Luther, by Sleydan's report, incensed  
 "the people of Germany in his time, exhorting them *ne merces tam*  
 "*viles tanti emerent*." COWEL.

<sup>47</sup> *ye*] *you*, edit. 1569.

<sup>48</sup> *Ye will come home*] *Yet welcome*, 1st edit.

<sup>49</sup> *fore*] *for*, 1st edit.

<sup>50</sup> *payne*] *paynes*, 2d edit.

*or*] *ere*, edit. 1569.

I pray you shew what the cause is  
Ye wente all these pylgrymages ?

*Palmer.* Forsoth, this lyfe I dyd begyn  
To rydde the bondage of my syn :  
For whiche these sayntes rehersed on this :  
I have both sought and sene, I wys ;  
Besechynge them to hear recorde  
Of all my payne, unto the lord,  
That gyveth all remyssion,  
Upon eche man's contricyon :  
And by thyr good mediacion,  
Upon myne <sup>52</sup> humble submyssion,  
I trust to have in very dede,  
For my soule helthe the better spede.

*Pardoner.* Nowe is your owne confessyon lykely  
To make yourselfe <sup>53</sup> a fole quykely.  
For I perceyve ye wolde obtayn  
No other <sup>54</sup> thyng for all your payne,  
But onely grace your soule to save :  
Now marke in this what wyt ye have.  
To seke so farre, and helpe so nye ;  
Even here at home is remedy :  
For at your dore myselfe doth dwell,  
Who coude have saved your soule as well ;  
As all your wyde wandrynge shall do,  
Though ye wente thryes to Jericho.  
Nowe syns ye myght have spedde at home,  
What have ye wone by ronnyng <sup>55</sup> at Roame ?

*Palmer.* If this be true that ye have moved,  
Then is my wyt in dede reproved.  
But let us here fyrste what ye are ?

*Pardoner.* Truly I am a pardoner.

*Palmer.* Truly a pardoner ! that may be true ;  
But a true pardoner doth nat ensew.

<sup>52</sup> *myne*] *my*, edit. 1569.

<sup>53</sup> *yourselfe*] *you*, edit. 1569.

<sup>54</sup> *no other*] *nother*, 1st edit.

<sup>55</sup> *ronnyng*] *running*, 1st edit.

This is a mistake, the first edition reading *ronnyng*, which is the old spelling of *running*. Another error was committed in printing it hitherto " running to Rome" the correct reading being ' ronnyng at Rome.' C.

Ryght selde is it sene, or never,  
 That treuth and pardoners dwell together,  
 For be your pardons never so great,  
 Yet them to enlarge ye wyll nat let,  
 With suche lyes, that oft tymes Cryste wot,  
 Ye seme to have that ye have nat.  
 Wherefore I went my selfe to the selfe thyng  
 In every place, and without faynyng:  
 Had as much pardon there assuredly,  
 As ye can promyse me here doutefully.  
 Howe be it, I thynke ye do but scoffe : <sup>56</sup>  
 But yf ye hadde all the pardon ye speak <sup>57</sup> of,  
 And no whyt of pardon graunted  
 In any place, where I have haunted:  
 Yet of my labour I nothyng repent;  
 God hathe respect how eche tyme is spent.  
 And as in his knowlege all is regarded:  
 So by his goodnes all is rewarded.

*Pardoner.* By the <sup>58</sup> fyrste parte of this last tale,  
 It seemeth ye came of late <sup>59</sup> from the ale.  
 For reason on your syde so farre doth fayle,  
 That ye leve reasoning, <sup>60</sup> and begyn to rayle.  
 Wherin you <sup>61</sup> forget your owne part clerely  
 For you <sup>62</sup> be as untrue as I:  
 And in one poynte ye are beyonde me,  
 For you <sup>63</sup> may lye by aucthoryte,  
 And all that have <sup>64</sup> wandred so farre,  
 That no man can be theyr controller.  
 And where you <sup>65</sup> esteme your labour so muche;  
 I say yet agayne my pardons are <sup>66</sup> suche,  
 That yf there were a thousand soules on a hepe,  
<sup>67</sup> I wold brynge them all to heven, as good chepe,

<sup>56</sup> scoffe] scofte, 1st edit.

<sup>57</sup> speak] kepe, 1st edit.

<sup>58</sup> the] this, edit. 1569.

<sup>59</sup> ye came of late] you come late, 1st edit.

<sup>60</sup> reasoning] sonyng, 1st edit.

<sup>61</sup> you] ye, 1st edit.

<sup>62</sup> you] ye, 1st edit.

<sup>63</sup> you] ye, 1st edit.

<sup>64</sup> have] hath, 1st edit.

<sup>65</sup> you] ye, 1st edit.

<sup>66</sup> are] be, 1st edit.

<sup>67</sup> I wold brynge them all to heven, as good chepe]. Cheap, as Dr. Johnson observes, is market, and good cheap therefore is *bon marche*.

As ye have brought yourselfe on pylgrymage,  
 In the least<sup>68</sup> quarter of your vyage,  
 Which is<sup>69</sup> far a this side heaven, by god :  
 There your labour and pardon is od.  
 With smale cost and without any payne,  
 These pardons bring<sup>70</sup> them to heaven playne,  
 Geve me but a peny or two pens,  
 And assone as the soule departeth hens,  
 In halfe an houre, or thre quarters at the moste,  
 The soule is in heven ; with the holy ghost.

*Poticary.* Sende ye any souls to heaven by water ?

*Pardoner.* If we doo,<sup>71</sup> sir, what is the mater ?

*Poticary.* By god, I have a drye soule shulde  
 thyther ;

I praye you let our soules go to heven togyther,  
 So bysy you twayne be in soules helth ;  
 May nat a potycary come in-by stelth ?  
 Yes, that I wyl<sup>72</sup>, by saynt Antony,  
 And by the leve of thys company.  
 Prove ye false knaves bothe, ere<sup>73</sup> we goo,  
 In parte of your sayenges, as thys, lo,  
 Thou, by thy travayle, thynkest heaven to gete :  
 And thou by pardons and reliques countest no lete<sup>74</sup>,  
 To sende thyne owne soule to heaven sure ;  
 And all other whome thou lyste to procure.

The expression is very frequent in ancient writers, as in Churchyard's *Worthyness of Wales*. Evans's Edition, 1776, p. 3.

"Victuals good cheap in most part of Wales."

*Euphues*, 1581, p. 8. "Seeing thou wilt not buie counsaile at  
 "the first hande good cheape, thou shalt buy repentance at second  
 "hand, at such an unreasonable rate that thou wilt curse thy hard  
 "penyworth, and ban thy hard heart."

*Dekkar's Belman's Night-walks*, H 4. "He buyes other men's  
 "cunning good cheap in London, and sels it deare in the countrye."  
 See other instances in Mr. Steevens's Note on *First Part of King  
 Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 3.

<sup>68</sup> least] leste, 1st edit. least, edit. 1569.

And as least is probably the reading the author intended, and is supported by both the old copies, it is restored ; the Pardoner means in the *smallest* quarter of the Palmer's voyage. C.

<sup>69</sup> is] as, 1st edit.

<sup>71</sup> doo] dyd, 1st edit.

<sup>93</sup> ere] or, 1st edit.

<sup>70</sup> bring] bryngeth, 1st edit.

<sup>72</sup> I wyl] we will, edit. 1569.

<sup>74</sup> lete] i. e. hinderance.

If I toke an accyon, then were they blanke;  
 For lyke theeves the knaves<sup>75</sup> rob away my thanke.  
 All soules in heven, havynge relefe,  
 Shall they thanke your craftes? nay, thanke myn  
 chefe.

No soule, ye knowe, entreth heven gate,  
 Tyll from the bodye he be separate;  
 And whome have ye knowen dye honestly<sup>76</sup>,  
 Without helpe of the potycary?  
 Nay, all that commeth to our handlynge,  
 Except ye happe to come to hangynge;  
 That way, perchaunce, ye shall nat myste,  
 To go to heven without a glyster.  
 But be ye sure I wolde be wo<sup>77</sup>,  
 If<sup>78</sup> ye shulde chaunce to begyle me so.  
 As good to lye with me a nyght.  
 As hang abrode in the mone light.  
 There is no choyse to fle my hand,  
 But, as I sayd, into the bande.  
 Syns of our soules the multitude  
 I sende to heaven, when all is vewd,  
 Who shulde but I then all togyther,  
 Have thanke of all they comynge thyther?

*Pardoner.* If ye kyl'd a thousande in an houre space,  
 When come they to heven dyenge out of grace<sup>79</sup>?

*Potycary.* If a thousande pardons about your necks  
 were teyd;

When come they to heven, yf they never dyed?

*Palmer.* Long lyfe after good workes in dede  
 Doth hinder manne's receyt of mede;  
 And deth before one dewty done,  
 May make us thynke we dye to sone.

<sup>75</sup> rob] they rob, edit. 1569.      <sup>76</sup> honestly] hostely, 1st edit.

<sup>77</sup> I wolde be wo] *To be woe*, is often used by old writers, to signify to be sorry. So Shakspeare's *Tempest*, A. 5. S. 1.

*I am woe for't, Sir.*

*Chaucer's Court of Love:*

" — I wolde be wo,

" That I presume to her is writin so."

See Mr. Steevens's Note on Shakspeare, vol. 1. p. 106.

<sup>78</sup> If] That, edit. 1569.

<sup>79</sup> dyenge out of grace] from state of grace, 1st edit.

Yet better tary a thing then <sup>80</sup> have it ;  
Then go to sone, and vaynly crave it.

*Pardoner.* The longer ye dwell in comunicacion,  
The lesse shall ye lyke thys ymagynacyon.  
For ye <sup>81</sup> may perceyve even at the fyrst chop,  
Your tale is trapt in such a stop.  
That, at the leste, ye seme worse than we.

*Poticary.* By the masse, I holde us nought all  
thre.

*Pedler.* By our lady, then have I gone wronge ;  
And yet to be here I thought it longe.

*Poticary.* Brother, he have gone wrong no wyt,  
I prayse your fortune and your wyt,  
That can dyrecte you so discretely,  
To plante you in this company.  
Thou a palmer, and thou a pardoner,  
I a poticary.

*Pedler.* And I a pedler.

*Poticary.* Nowe, on my fayth, ful well watched ;  
Where the devyll were we foure hatched ?

*Pedler.* That maketh no matter, since we be matched,  
I coude be mery yf that I had catchyd  
Some money for parte of the ware in my packe.

*Poticary.* What the devyll hast thou there at thy  
back ?

*Pedler.* What dost thou nat knowe, that every  
pedler  
In all kinde of trifles <sup>82</sup> must be a medler ?  
Specyally in women's tryflinges ;  
Those use we cheefly <sup>83</sup> above all thinges.  
Whiche thyngs to se, yf ye be disposed,  
Beholde what ware here is disclosed ;  
This gere sheweth itself in suche bewte,  
That eche man thynketh <sup>84</sup> it saith come bye me.  
Loke where your self can lyke to be chooser,  
Yourselfe shall make pryce, though I be looser.

<sup>80</sup> then] Mr. Dodsley reads, and.

<sup>81</sup> ye] you, edit. 1569.

<sup>82</sup> all kind of tryfles] every tryfull, 1st edit.

<sup>83</sup> cheefly] chese,

1st edit.

<sup>84</sup> thynketh] thinks, edit. 1569.

Is here<sup>85</sup> nothyng for my father Palmer?  
 Have ye nat a wanton in a corner?  
 For all your walkyng to holy places,  
 By cryste, I have herde of as straunge cases.  
 Who lyveth in love, and love wolde wyne,  
 Even at this packe he must begynne.  
 Wherin<sup>86</sup> is ryght many a proper token,  
 Of which by name parte shal be spoken:  
 Gloves, pynnes, combes, glasses unspottyd,  
 Pomanders, hookes, and lasses knotted<sup>87</sup>;  
 Broches, rynges, and all manner of bedes:  
 Laces<sup>88</sup> rounde and flat for women's hedes;  
<sup>89</sup> Nedylys, threde, thymbell, shers, and all suche  
 knackes,  
 Where lovers be, no suche thynges lackes:  
 Sypers<sup>90</sup>, swathbondes<sup>91</sup>, rybandes, and sleve laces,  
 Gyrdyls, knives, purses, and pyncases.  
*Poticary.* Do women bye their pyncases of you?  
*Pedler.* Ye, that they do I make God a vow.  
*Poticary.* So mot I thryve then for my parte,  
 I beshrewe thy knave's nakyd herte,  
 For makynge my wifey's pyncase so wyde,  
 The pynnes fall out, they cannat abyde:  
 Great pynnes she must have, one or other;  
 Yf she lese one, she wyll fynde another.  
 Wherin I fynde cause to complayne;  
 New pynnes to her pleasure, and to my payne.

<sup>85</sup> here] there, edit 1569.

<sup>86</sup> Wherin] Where, 1st edit.

<sup>87</sup> knotted] unknotted, edit.

1569.

<sup>88</sup> Laces] Lace, 1st edit.

<sup>89</sup> Needles, thred, thimbles, and such other knacks, Edit. 1569.

<sup>90</sup> Sypers] i. e. *Cyprus*; thin stuff of which women's veils were made. So, in Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 3.

"Lawn as white as driven snow,

"*Cyprus* black as any crow."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"—— a *cyprus*, not a bosom

"Hides my poor heart." S.

<sup>91</sup> swathbondes] i. e. rollers in which infants were swath'd. So, in *Timon of Athens*.

"Had thou, like us from thy first swath, &c." S.



*Pardoner.* Syr, ye seme wel sene in women's causes  
I praye you tell me, what causeth this :  
That women after theyr arysynge <sup>92</sup>,  
Be so longe in theyr apparelyng ?

*Pedler.* Forsoth, women have many lettes,  
And they be masked in many nettes :  
As frontlettes <sup>93</sup>, fyllettes, partlettes <sup>94</sup>, and bracelettes ;  
And then theyr bonettes and theyr poynettes <sup>95</sup>.  
By these lettes and nettes, the lette is suche,  
That spede is small, whan haste is muche.

*Poticary.* Another cause why they come nat forwarde,  
Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe backward ;  
And yet <sup>96</sup> is a thyng they cannat forbere ;  
The trymmynge and pynnyng up theyr gere ;  
Specyally theyr fyddling with the tayle pyn ;  
And when they wolde have it prickt <sup>97</sup> in,  
If it chaunce to double in the clothe,  
<sup>98</sup> Then be they <sup>99</sup> wode, and swere <sup>100</sup> an othe.

<sup>92</sup> arysynge] uprising, edit. 1569.

<sup>93</sup> frontlettes] *Frontal Fr. A frontlet, or forehead-band.* COTGRAVE.  
A frontlet is mentioned as part of a woman's dress, in Lyly's  
*Midas*, 1592 : " Hoods, frontlets, wires, cauls, curling irons, peri-  
" wigs, bodkins, fillets, hair laces, ribbons, rolls, knotstrings, glasses,  
&c.

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *King Lear*, A. 1. S. 4.

<sup>94</sup> partlettes] Ruffs or bands for women. See Glossary to Dou-  
glas's Translation of Virgil.

<sup>95</sup> poynettes] Little bodkins or puncheons. *Cotgrave*, voce *poin-  
çonnet*.

<sup>96</sup> yet] it, edit. 1569.

<sup>97</sup> prickt] prycke, 1st edit.

<sup>98</sup> Then be they wode] *Wode* signifies *mad, furious, or violent*. So,  
in Ascham's *Toxophilus*, Bennet's Edition, 4to. p. 86. " How wilt  
" you thincke that such furiousnesse, with *wode* countenance, and  
" brenninge eyes, with staringe and bragginge, with hart redye to  
" leape out of the bellye for swellinge, can be expressed the tenth  
" part to the uttermost."

Churchyard's *Worthiness of Wales*, p. 103. Evans's Edition, 1776.

" It flowes with winde, although no rayne there bee,

" And swelles like sea, with waves and foming flood :

" A wonder sure, to see this river Dee,

" With winde alone, to waxe so wyld and wood,

" Make such a sturre, as water would be mad,

" And shewe such life, as though some spreete it had."

<sup>99</sup> they] they be, edit. 1569.

<sup>100</sup> swere] swereth, 1st edit.

Tyll it stande ryght they wyll not forsake it,  
 Thus though it may not, yet wolde<sup>101</sup> they make it.  
 But be ye sure they do but defarre it;  
 For when they wolde make it, ofte times marre it.  
 But prycke them and pynne them as nyche\* as ye wyll,  
 And yet wyll they loke for pynnyng styll.  
 So that I durste holde with you a joynt,  
 Ye shall never have them at a full<sup>102</sup> point.

*Pedler.* Let women's maters passe, and marke myne:  
 What ever theyr poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne.  
 Wherefore yf ye be wyllinge to bye,  
 Lay downe money, come off<sup>103</sup> quykely.

*Palmer.* Nay, by my trowth, we be lyke fryers;  
 We are but beggars, we be no byers.

*Pardoner.* Syr, ye may showe your ware for your  
 mynde.

But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde.

*Pedler.* Well, though this journey acqyte no coste,  
 Yet thynke I nat my labour loste:  
 For by the fayth of my body,  
 I lyke ful well thys company.  
 Up shall this packe, for it is playne  
 I came not hyther al for gayne.  
 Who may nat play one day in a weke,  
 May thynke hys thryfte is farre to seyke.  
 Devyse what pastyme that ye thynke beste,  
 And make ye sure to fynde me prest<sup>104</sup>.

<sup>101</sup> wolde] wyl, edit. 1569.

Neither edition reads *wyl*, nor *wil*, but *wolde*. C.

\* The oldest copy has it "as *nyche* as ye wyll," and the edition of 1569, "as *nie* as ye wilt," perhaps the meaning is "as much as you will." C.

<sup>102</sup> ful] fall, 1st edit.

<sup>103</sup> come off] i. e. pay down. See Note 65 to *The Wits*, vol. VIII. p. 512.

<sup>104</sup> prest] i. e. ready; *pret*, Fr. So, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:  
 "What must be, must be; Cæsar's *prest* for all."

See a Note on *The Merchant of Venice*, A. 1. S. 1. S.

Again, Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 80.

"Then shall my mouth, my muse, my pen and all,

"Be *prest* to serve at each good subject's call."

*Cynthia's Revels*, A. 5, S. 4.

"I am *prest* for the encounter."

*Poticary.* Why? be ye so unyversall,  
That ye can do what so ever ye shall?

*Pedler.* Syr, yf ye lyste for to oppose me;  
What I can do, then shall you se.

*Poticary.* Then tell me thys, are you perfytt in  
drynkyng?

*Pedler.* Perfytt in drynkyng, as may be wysht by  
thynkyng.

*Poticary.* Then after your drynking, how fall ye to  
wynkyng?

*Pedler.* Syr, after drynkyng, whyle the shot<sup>105</sup> is  
tynkyng;  
Some hedes be swymmyng<sup>106</sup>, but myne will be  
synkyng,

And upon drynkyng, my eyse will be pynkyng:  
For wynkyng to drynkyng is alway lynkyng.

*Poticary.* Then drynke and slepe you can well do;  
But yf ye were desyred therto,  
I pray you tell me, can you synge?

*Pedler.* Syr, I have some syght in syngyng.

*Poticary.* <sup>107</sup> But is your brest any thyng swete?

<sup>105</sup> shot] i. e. the reckoning. See Mr. Steevens's Note to *The First Part of King Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 3.

Again, in Churchyard's *Worthyness of Wales*:

"Behold besides, a further thing to note,

"The best cheap cheare they have that may be found;

"The shot is great when each mans pais his groate,

"If all alike the reckoning runneth round."

<sup>106</sup> swymmyng] The second edition reads, *swynkyng*. See Note 26 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

<sup>107</sup> But is your brest any thyng swete] In Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. III. p. 466. a passage, in *Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Husbandry*, 1580, is cited, in which this line occurs:

"The better brest, the lesser rest,"

upon which he makes this observation: "In singing the sound is originally produced by the action of the lungs; which are so essential an organ in this respect, that to have a good *breast* was formerly a common periphrasis to denote a good singer. The Italians make use of the terms *Voce di Petto*, and *Voce di Testa*, to signify two kinds of voice, of which the first is the best. In Shakespeare's *Comedy of Twelfth Night*, after the Clown, is asked to sing, Sir Andrew Aguecheek says,

"By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breast*."

"And in the statutes of Stoke College, in Suffolk, founded by

*Pedler.* What ever my breste be, my voyce is mete.

*Poticary.* That answere sheweth you a ryght syngynge man.

Now what is your wyll, good father, than ?

*Palmer.* What helpeth wyll, where is no skylle ?

*Pardoner.* And what helpeth skylle, where is no wil<sup>108</sup> ?

*Poticary.* For wyll or skylle what helpeth it,  
Where frowarde knaves be lackynge wit<sup>109</sup> ?

Leve of thys curyosytie,

And who that lyste, synge after me. [*Here they synge.*]

*Pedler.* Thys lyketh me wel, so mot I the.

*Pardoner.* So helpe me god, it lyketh nat me.

Where company is met and well agreed,

Good pastyme doth ryght well in dede.

But who can syt in dalyaunce,

Men syt in suche a variaunce ?

As we were set, or<sup>110</sup> ye came in,

Whiche stryfe thys man dyd fyrst begynne ;

Allegynge that suche men as use

For love of god, and not<sup>111</sup> refuse

On fot to goo from place to place

A pylgrimage, callynge for grace,

" Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, is a provision in these words :  
" Of which said queristers, after their *breasts* are changed (i. e.  
" their voices broke,) we will the most apt of wit and capacity be  
" helpen with exhibitions of forty shillings," &c.

See also the Notes of Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens to *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 3.

Again, in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, A. 1. S. 1.  
Dondolo after a song by his Page, says, " Oh rich, ravishing, rare,  
" and inticing. Well, go thy ways, for as *sweet a brested* page as  
" ever lay at his master's feet in a truckle-bed."

*Women beware of Women*, A. 3. S. 2.

*Duke.* " Yea the voice too, sir ?"

*Fab.* " I and a *sweet brest* too, my lord, I hope,

" Or I have cast away my money wisely."

Yet in the very next line of the text, the Pedlar seems to take a distinction between the *breast* and the *voice*, which induces the Poticary to observe,

" That answere sheweth you a ryght syngynge man." C.

<sup>108</sup> wil] wyt, 1st edit. <sup>109</sup> wit] wyll, 1st edit.

<sup>110</sup> or] ere. See Note 48 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

<sup>111</sup> and not] not and, 1st edit.

Shall in that payne with penitence,  
 Obtayne discharge of conscyence :  
 Comparynge that lyfe for the beste  
 Enduccyon to your endles rest.  
 Upon these wordes \* our mater grewe :  
 For yf he coulde avow them true,  
 As good to be a gardener.  
 As for to be a pardoner.  
 But when I harde hym so farre wyde,  
 I then aproched and replied :  
 Sayenge this, that this <sup>112</sup> indulgence,  
 Havyng the foresaid penitence,  
 Dyschargeth man of all offence,  
 With muche more profyt then this pretence.  
 I aske but two pens at the moste ;  
 I wys this is nat very great coste,  
 And from <sup>113</sup> all payne without dyspayre,  
 My soule for his kepe <sup>113</sup> \* even his chayre,  
 And when he dyeth, he may be sure  
 To come to heven even at pleasure.  
 And more then heven he can <sup>114</sup> nat get,  
 How farre so ever he lyste to jet.  
 Then is hys payne more then hys wit,  
 To walke <sup>115</sup> to heven, syns he may syt.  
 Syr, as we were in this contencion,  
 In came thys daw with hys invencion ;  
 Revelynge us, hymselfe avauntynge,  
 That all the soules to heven assendynge,  
 Are most bounde to the poticary,  
 Bycause he helpeth moste men to dye  
 Before whiche deth he sayeth in dede,  
 No soule in heven can have hys mede.

*Pedler.* Why, do poticaries kyll men ?

*Poticary.* By God, men say so now and then.

*Pedler.* And I thought ye wolde nat have myt  
 To make them lyve as longe as ye lyste.

\* Hitherto misprinted,

“ Upon these *workes* our mater grewe.” C.

<sup>112</sup> *this]* his, edit. 1569. *from]* for, edit. 1569.

<sup>113</sup> \* *his kepe]* for to keep even in his chair, edit. 1569.

<sup>114</sup> *can]* may, edit. 1569. <sup>115</sup> *walke]* wake, 1st edit.

*Poticary.* As longe as we lyste? nay, as longe as they can.

*Pedler.* So myght we lyve without you than.

*Poticary.* Ye, but yet it is <sup>116</sup> necessary

For to have a poticary :

For when ye fele your conscyens redy,

I can sende you to heven <sup>117</sup> quyckly.

Wherefore concernynge our mater here,

Above these twayne I am best, clere ;

And yf ye \* lyste to take me so,

I am content: you and no mo

Shal be our judge, as in thys case,

Whiche of us thre shall take the best place.

*Pedler.* I neyther wyll judge the beste nor worste ;

For be ye bleste or be ye curste,

Ye know it is no whyt my sleight,

To be a judge in maters of weyght.

It behoveth no pedlers nor proctours,

To take on them judgemente as doctours :

But yf your myndes be onely set

To worke for soule helthe, ye be well met ;

For eche of you somewhat doth showe

That soules towarde heven by you doe growe.

Then yf ye can so wel agree,

To contynue togyther all thre ;

And all you thre obay one wyll,

Then all your myndes ye may fulfyll.

As yf ye came all to one man,

Who shulde goo pylgrymage <sup>118</sup> more then he can ?

In that ye palmer, as debite,

May clerely dyscharde hym, parde ;

And for all other syns, ones had contryssyon,

Your pardons geveth hym full remyssyon.

<sup>116</sup> *yet it is*] it is very, edit. 1569.

<sup>117</sup> *very*] added in edit. 1569.

\* The first edition reads,

“ And if he lyste to take me so.”

which is altered in the edit. of 1569, to *ye*, and it is probably right. C.

<sup>118</sup> *shulde goo pylgrymage*] should go on pilgrimage, edit. 1569.

And then ye mayster poticary,  
May sende hym to heven by and by.

*Poticary.* Yf he taste this boxe nye aboute the  
pryme,

By the masse, he is in heven or even songe tyme.

My craft is suche, that I can ryght well

Sende my fryndes to heven, and myselfe to hell.

But, syrs, marke this man, for he is wyse,

<sup>119</sup> Who coulde devyse suche a devyse :

For yf we thre may be as one,

Then be we <sup>120</sup> lordes everychone ;

Betwene us all coulde nat be myste,

To save the soules of whome we lyste.

But for good order, at a worde,

Twayne of us must wayte on the thyrde.

And unto that I do agree,

<sup>121</sup> For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me

*Pardoner.* What chaunce is this, that suche an elf  
Commaund two knaves besyde himself?

Nay, nay, my frende, that wyll nat be ;

I am to good to wayt on the.

*Palmer.* By our lady, and I wolde be loth  
To wayt on the better of you both.

*Pedler.* Yet be ye sewer, for all thys dout,  
This waytynge must be brought about.

Men cannat prosper wylefully ledde ;

All thyng decay <sup>122</sup> where is no hedde.

Wherefore doutlesse, marke what I say,

To one of you thre, twayne must obey.

And synnes ye cannat agree in voyce

Who shall be hed, there is no choyce

<sup>119</sup> *Who*] Howe, 1st edit.

<sup>120</sup> *be we*] were we as, edit. 1569.

<sup>121</sup> *For bothe, &c.*] First edition reads,

For bothe you twayne shall wayt on me.

What chaunce is this, that suche an elfe

Commaunded two knaves be besyde himselfe.

Both editions have it so, and the alteration was made by Dodsley and followed by Reed, although it is by no means necessary to the due understanding of the passage. C.

<sup>122</sup> *things decay*] thyng decayed, 1st. edit.

But to devyse some maner thyng,  
 Wherin ye all be lyke connyng;  
 And in the same who can do beste,  
 The other twayne to make them preste,  
 In every thyng of hys entente,  
<sup>123</sup> Holy to be at commaundement.  
 And now have I founde one mastry,<sup>124</sup>  
 That ye can do indyfferently;  
 And is nother sellynge nor byenge,  
 But evyn onely very lyenge  
 And all ye thre can lye as well,  
 As can the falsest devyll in hell.  
 And though afore ye harde me grudge,  
 In greater maters to be your judge,  
 Yet in lyenge I can some skyll,\*  
 And yf I shall be judge, I wyll.  
 And be you sure without flatery,  
 Where my consciens fyndeth the mastyre,  
 Ther shall my judgement strait be founde,  
 Though I myght wyne a thousande pounce.

*Palmer.* Syr, for lyeng though I can do it:  
 Yet am I loth for to goo to it.

*Pedler.* Ye have no<sup>125</sup> cause to fear, be bolde,<sup>126</sup>  
 For ye may here<sup>127</sup> lie uncontrolde.  
 And ye in this have good avauntage,  
 For lyeng is your comen usage.  
 And you in lyenge be well spedde,  
 For all your craft doth stande in faldred.

<sup>123</sup> *Holy*] *Holly*, 1st edit.

<sup>124</sup> *one mastry*] i. e. one magisterium: a chymical term expressive of the highest powers of transmutation, and sometimes used for any masterly performance. S.

*Mastery* seems here used in the sense of *mystery* or trade, which is derived from the French *mestier* and that perhaps from *magisterium*. See Warton Hist. Engl. Poetry. III. xxxvii. C.

\* Both the old copies agree in reading,

"Yet in lyenge, I can some skyll"

which has hitherto been altered to

"Yet in lyenge I can boste some skyll."

a word having been foisted in as if the former editors were not aware that "*I can some skyll*," was a phrase of the time and perfectly intelligible. C.

<sup>125</sup> *no*] not, 1st edit.

<sup>126</sup> *beholde*] beholde, edit. 1569.

<sup>127</sup> *may here*] may here, 1st edit. may lie, edit. 1569.



Ye nede nat care who shall begyn;  
 For eche of you may hope to wyn.  
 Now speke all thre evyn as ye fynde.  
 Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde?

*Palmer.* Ye, by my trouth, I am contente.

*Pardoner.* Now, in good fayth, and I assente.

*Poticary.* If I denyed, I were a nody;  
 For all is myne, by goddes body,

[*Here the poticary hoppeth.*]

*Palmer.* Here were a hopper to hop for the rynges!  
 But, syr<sup>128</sup>, this gere goth nat by hoppynges.

*Poticary.* Syr, in thys hoppynges I wyll hop so well,  
 That my tonge shall hop better<sup>129</sup> then my hele:  
 Upon whiche hoppynges, I hope and nat doute it,  
 To hop<sup>130</sup> so, that ye shall hop<sup>131</sup> without it\*.

*Palmer.* Syr, I wyll neyther boste ne brawll,  
 But take suche fortune as may fall:  
 And if ye wynne this mastery,  
 I wyll obaye you quietly:  
 And sure I thynke that quietnesse  
 In any man is great rychesse,  
 In any maner company,  
 To rule or be ruled<sup>132</sup> indifferently.

*Pardoner.* By that bost thou semest a begger in  
 dede,  
 What can thy quyetnesse helpe us at nede?  
 Yf we shulde starve, thou hast nat, I thynke,  
 One peny to bye us one potte of drynke.  
 Nay yf richesse myghte rule the roste,  
 Beholde what cause I have to boste:  
 Lo, here be<sup>133</sup> pardons halfe a dosyn,  
 For gostely ryches they have no cosyn.  
 And more over to me they brynge  
 Sufficient succour for my lyvynges.

<sup>128</sup> syr] sirs, edit. 1569.

<sup>129</sup> better] as well as, 1st edit.

<sup>130</sup> hop] hope, 1st edit.

<sup>131</sup> hop] hope, 1st edit.

\* The word *it* is omitted in the first edition, but is necessary for the rhyme. C.

<sup>132</sup> be ruled] to be rulde, edit. 1569.

<sup>133</sup> here be] here are, edit. 1569.

And here be <sup>134</sup> relykes of suche a kynde,  
 As in this world no man can <sup>135</sup> fynde,  
 Knele downe all thre, and when ye leye kyssynge,  
 Who lyste to offer shall have my blyssynge.  
 Frendes, here shall ye se evyn anone,  
 Of all Hallowes the blessyd jaw bone <sup>136</sup>,  
 Kys it hardely with good devocion.

*Poticary.* Thys kysse shall brynge us muche promocyon.

Fogh, by saynt savyour I never kyst a wars;  
 Ye were as good kysse all Hallowe's ars;  
 For by all Hallowes, yet me thynketh,  
 That all Hallowe's breth stynketh.

*Palmer.* Ye judge all Hallowe's breth unknowen:  
 Yf any breth stynke, it is your owne.

*Poticary.* I knowe myne owne breth from all Hallowes,

Or els it were tyme to kysse the galows.

*Pardoner.* Nay syrs, beholde, here may ye se  
 The great toe of the trinite,  
 Who to thys toe any money voweth,  
 And ones may role it in his moueth,  
 All hys lyfe after, I undertake,  
<sup>137</sup> He shall never be vext with the tooth ake.

*Poticary.* I praye you torne that relyke aboute:  
<sup>138</sup> Either the Trinite had the goute,  
 Or elles, bycause it is iij. toes in one,  
 God made it asmuche <sup>139</sup> as thre toes alone.

*Pardoner.* Well, lette that passe, and loke upon thys.

Here is a relyke that doth nat mys  
 To helpe the leste as well as the moste:  
 This is a buttocke-bone of Pentecoste,

<sup>134</sup> be] are, edit. 1569.

<sup>135</sup> can] may, edit. 1569.

<sup>136</sup> All hallowes, the blessyd jaw-bone] All hallowes is All Saints. Mr. Steevens, in his note on *The First Part of King Henry IV*, A. 1. S. 2. remarks on the absurdity of appropriating a word formed to express a community of saints to a particular one of the number.

<sup>137</sup> He shall never be vext with the tooth ake.] He shall be ryd of the toth ake, 1st edit.

<sup>138</sup> Either] Other, 1st edit.

<sup>139</sup> asmuche] muche, 1st edit.

*Poticary.* By christe, and yet for all your boste,  
This relyke hath be shyten the roste.

*Pardoner.* Mark well thys relyke here is a whipper,  
My frends <sup>140</sup> unfayned, here <sup>141</sup> is a slypper  
Of one of the seven slepers be sure <sup>142</sup>.  
Doutlesse thys kys shall do you great pleasure;  
For all these two dayes it shall so ease you,  
That none other savours shall displease you.

*Poticary.* All these two dayes! nay, all these <sup>143</sup> two  
yere;

For all the savours that may come here  
Can be no worse; for at a worde,  
One of the seven slepers trode in a torde.

*Pedler.* Syr, me thynketh your devocyon is but  
smal.

*Pardoner.* Small! mary me thynketh he hath none  
at all.

*Poticary.* What the devyll care I what ye thinke?  
Shall I prayse relykes when they stynke?

*Pardonér.* Heer is an eye toth of the great Turke.  
Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of worke,  
May happely lese parte of his eye-syght,  
But nat tyll he be blynde out ryght.

*Poticary.* What so ever any other man seeth,  
I have no devocyon unto <sup>144</sup> Turkes teeth:  
For although I never sawe a greter,  
Yet me thynketh I have sene many better.

<sup>140</sup> *freundes*] freend, edit. 1569.

<sup>141</sup> *here*] this, 1569.

<sup>142</sup> *One of the seven slepers be sure.*] These seven slepers are said to have lived at Ephesus in the time of the emperor Decian. Being commanded to sacrifice according to the Pagan manner, they fled to a cave in mount Ceylon, where they fell asleep, and continued in that state 372 years, as is asserted by some, though according to others only 208 years. They awoke in the reign of the emperor Theodosian, who, being informed of this extraordinary event, came from Constantinople to see them, and to satisfy himself of the truth of the relation. Having communicated to him the several circumstances of their case, they all, as the *Legenda Aurea* expresses it, "enclyned theyr hedes to th' erth, and rendred their "spyrites at the commaundement of our Lorde Jesu Cryst, and soo "deyed." See *Legenda Aurea*, 196.

<sup>143</sup> *theser*] thys, 1st edit.

<sup>144</sup> *to*, 1st edit.

*Pardoner.* Here is a box ful of humble bees,  
That stonge Eve as she sat on her knees,  
Tastyng the frute to her forbydden.  
Who kysseth the bees within this hydden,  
Shall have as muche pardon of ryght,  
As for any relyke he kyst thys nyght.

*Palmer.* Syr, I will kysse them with all my herte.

*Poticary.* Kysse them agayne, and take my parte,  
For I am nat woorthy: nay, lette be,  
Those bees that stonge Eve shall nat styng me.

*Pardoner.* Good frendes, I have yet here<sup>145</sup> in thys  
glas,  
Which on the drynke at the weddyng was  
Of Adam and Eve undoutedly.  
If ye honor this relyke devoutly,  
Although ye thurste no whyt the lesse,  
Yet shall ye drynke the more, doubtlesse:  
After whyche drynkyng ye shall be as mete  
To stande on your hede as on your fete.

*Poticary.* Ye mary, now I con<sup>146</sup> you thanke<sup>147</sup>;  
In presens of thys the rest be blanke.  
Wolde God thys relyke had come rather:  
Kysse that relyke well, good father.  
Suche is the payne that ye palmers take,  
To kysse the pardon bowle for the drynke sake.  
O holy yeste, that loketh full sowr and stale,  
For goddes body, helpe me to a cuppe of ale.  
The more I beholde<sup>148</sup> the, the more I thurste:  
The oftener I kysse the, the more lyke to burste.  
But sins I kysse the so devoutely,  
Hyre me\* and helpe me with drynke tyll I dye.  
What, so muche prayeing and so lytell spede?

*Pardoner.* Ye, for God knoweth whan it is nede

<sup>145</sup> yet, edit. 1569.

<sup>146</sup> can, 1st edit.

<sup>147</sup> con you thanke.] See note 34 to *Gummer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

<sup>148</sup> beholde] see, edit. 1569.

\* Hyre me is hear me, and afterwards we meet with this line,  
"But answered you, and geven you hyring." C.

VOL. I.

To sende folkes drynke ; but by saynt Antony,  
I wene he hath sent you to muche all redy.

*Poticary.* If I have never the more for the,  
Then be thy relykes no ryches to me ;  
Nor to thy selfe, excepte they be  
More benefycyall then I can se.  
Rycher is one boxe of this tryacle<sup>149</sup>,  
Then all thy relykes, that do no myrakell.  
If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me,  
As I have prayed to thy relykes and the,  
Nothyng concernynge myne occupacion,  
But streyght shulde have wrought one<sup>150</sup> operation :  
And as in value I pas you an ace,  
So here lyeth muche rychesse in lytell space.  
I have a boxe of rebarb here,  
Whiche is as deynty as it is dere.

<sup>151</sup> So helpe me god, and hollydam,  
Of this I wolde not geve a dram  
To the beste frende I have in Englande's grounde,  
Though he wolde give me xx pounce.  
For though the stomake do it abhor,  
It pourget you clene from the color ;  
And maketh your stomake sore to walter,  
That ye shall never come to the halter.

*Pedler.* Then is that medycyn a soverayn thinge,  
To preserve a man from hangynge.

*Poticary.* If ye wyll taste but thys crome that ye see,  
If ever ye be hanged never truste me.  
Here have I diapompholicus,  
A speciall oyntement, as doctours discuse,  
For a fistela or for a canker :

<sup>152</sup> Thys oyntement is even shot anker ;

<sup>149</sup> tryacle] *theriaca*, a remedy against poison. *Blount.*

The word *triacle* is also not unfrequently used for a balsam, or indeed any kind of infallible or powerful medicine. C.

<sup>150</sup> one] in, 1st edit.

<sup>151</sup> So] Addition. ~

The word so is no addition, but is found in both the old copies.  
C.

<sup>152</sup> Thys oyntement is even shot anker.] I should suppose we ought to read *sheet anchor*. The *sheet anchor* is the largest belonging to a ship, and is the last refuge of mariners ; for when that fails to take hold of the ground, the vessel is left at the mercy of the

For this medecyn <sup>153</sup> helpeth one and other,  
 Or bringeth them in case that they nede no other.  
 Here is a syrapus de Byzansis,  
 A lytell thyng is inough of this ;  
 For even the weyght of one scryppall,  
 Shall <sup>154</sup> make you as strong as a cryppull.  
 Here are other, as diosfialios,  
 Diagalanga and sticados,  
 Blanka, manna, diospoliticon,  
 Mercury sublyme, and .netridaticon ;  
 Pellitory, and arsefetita ;  
 Cassy, and colloquintita.  
 These be <sup>155</sup> the thynges that breke all stryfe  
 Betwene manne's sycknes and his lyfe.  
 From all payne these shall you delever,  
 And set you even at reste for ever.  
 Here is a medecyn no mo lyke the same ;  
 Whiche comenly is called thus by name,  
 Alikakabus or Alkakengy,  
 A goodly thyng for dogges that be <sup>156</sup> mangy.  
 Suche be these medycynes, that I can  
 Helpe a dogge as wel as a man.  
 Nat one thyng here partycularly,  
 But worketh universally ;  
 For it doth me as muche good when I sell it,  
 As all the byers that taste it, or smell it.  
 Now syns my medycyns be so speciall,  
 And in one operacion so generall,  
 And redy to worke when<sup>e</sup> so ever they shall,  
 So that in ryches I am principall ;  
 If any rewarde may entreat ye,  
 I besech your masshype be good to <sup>157</sup> me,  
 And ye shall have a boxe of marmelade,  
 So fyne that you may dyg it with a spade.

*Pedler.* Syr, I thanke you, but your rewarde  
 Is nat the thyng that I regaide :

storm. The *sheet anchor* was called by the ancients, *anchora sacra* ;  
 and by the French *maitresse ancre*. S.

<sup>153</sup> medecyn] oyntment, edit. 1569.

<sup>154</sup> Shall] Wil, edit. 1569.

<sup>155</sup> be] are, edit. 1569.

<sup>156</sup> be] are, edit. 1569.

<sup>157</sup> to] unto, edit. 1569.

I muste and wyll be indifferent.

Wherefore procede in your intente.

*Poticary.* Nowe yf I wyst thys wysh no synne,  
I wolde to God I myght begynne.

*Pardoner.* I am content that thou lye fyrste.

*Palmer.* Even so am I; now <sup>158</sup> say thy worste.  
Now let us here of all thy lyes,  
The greatest lye thou mayst devyse.  
And in the fewyst wordes thou can.

*Poticary.* Forsoth, ye be <sup>159</sup> an honest man.

*Pedler.* There sayde ye muche, but yet no lye.

*Pardoner.* Now lye ye bothe, by our lady.  
Thou lyest in bost of hys honestie,  
And he hath lyed in affyrminge the.

*Poticary.* Yf we both lye, and ye say true,  
Then of these lies your parte adew:  
And if ye wyn, make none avaunt,  
For you are sure of one yll servaunte.  
You may perceyve by the wordes he gave,  
He taketh your mashyp <sup>160</sup> but for a knave.  
But who tolde truthe <sup>161</sup> or lyed in dede,  
That wyll I knowe or <sup>162</sup> we procede.  
Syr, after that I fyrste began  
To prayse you for an honest man,  
When ye affyrmed it for no lye <sup>163</sup>,  
Now, by your <sup>164</sup> sayth, speke even truely;  
Thought ye your affyrmacyon true?

*Palmer.* Ye mary, for I wolde ye knewe,  
I thynke my selfe an honest man.

*Poticary.* What thought ye in the contrary than?

*Pardoner.* In that I sayde the contrary,  
I thynke from trouth I dyd nat vary.

*Poticary.* And what of my wordes?

*Pardoner.* I thought ye lyed.

*Poticary.* And so thought I, by god that dyed.

<sup>158</sup> now] and, 1st edit.

<sup>159</sup> ye be] you are, edit. 1589.

<sup>160</sup> your mashyp] i. e. your mastership. S.

<sup>161</sup> truthe] true, 1st edit.

<sup>162</sup> or] ere, edit. 1589.

<sup>163</sup> for to lye] for no lie, edit. 1589.

<sup>164</sup> your] our, 1st edit.

Nowe have you twayne eche for hym selfe layde,  
 That none <sup>165</sup> hath lyed, but bothe true sayd :  
 And of us twayne none hath denyed,  
 But bothe affyrmed that I have lyed.  
 Nowe syns bothe ye <sup>166</sup> the trouth confes,  
<sup>167</sup> How that I lyed, doo bear witnes.  
 That twain of us may soon agree,  
 And that the lyer the wyner must be,  
 Who coulde provyde suche evydens,  
 As I have done in this pretens?  
 Me thynketh this mater sufficient  
 To cause you to gyve judgement;  
 And to gyve me the mastrye,  
 For ye perceyve these knaves can nat lye.

*Palmer.* Though neyther <sup>168</sup> of us as yet had lyed,  
 Yet what we can do is untryed;  
 For as yet we have devysed nothyng,  
 But answered you, and geven you hyring.

*Pedler.* Therefore I have devysed one waye,  
 Wherby all thre your mindes may saye.  
 For eche of you one tale shall tell,  
 And whiche of you telleth most mervell,  
 And most unlikest <sup>169</sup> to be true,  
 Shall most prevayle, what ever ensew.

*Poticary.* If ye be set on mervaylynge,  
 Then shall ye here a mervaylouse thyng.  
 And though in dede all be nat true,  
 Yet suer the most parte shall be new.  
 I dyd a cure no longer ago,  
 But in Anno domini millesimo,  
 On a woman yonge and so fayre,  
 That never have I sene a gayre.  
 God save all women of <sup>170</sup> that lyknes.  
 This wanton had the fallen syknes,

<sup>165</sup> none] one, edit. 1569.

<sup>166</sup> ye] your, 1st edit.

<sup>167</sup> How, &c.] First edition reads,

And that we both my lye so witnes,

That twayne of us thre in one agree.

<sup>168</sup> neyther] nother, 1st edit.

<sup>169</sup> unlikest] unlyke, 1st. edit.

<sup>170</sup> of] from, 1st edit.



Whiche by dissent came lynally,  
 For her mother had it naturally :  
 Wherefore this woman to recure,  
 It was more harde ye may be sure.  
 But though I boste my crafte is suche,  
 That in suche thynges I can do muche :  
 How ofte she fell were muche to reporte,  
 But her hed so gydy and her helys so shorte,  
 That with the twynglynge of an eye,  
 Downe wolde she falle evyn by and by.  
 But or <sup>171</sup> she wolde aryse agayne,  
 I shewed muche practyse muche to my payne.  
 For the tallest man within thys towne  
 Could <sup>172</sup> nat with ease have broken her swowne.  
 Although for lyfe I dyd nat doute her,  
 Yet I dyd take more paines <sup>173</sup> about her,  
 Then I wolde take with my owne syster.  
 Syr, at the last I gave her a glyster :  
<sup>174</sup> I thrust a thampyon in her tewell,  
 And bad her kepe it for a jewell ;  
 But I knew there <sup>174</sup> \* it was to heevy to cary,  
 That I sure was it wolde nat tary :

<sup>171</sup> or] ere, edit. 1569.

<sup>172</sup> Could] Shulde, 1st edit.

<sup>173</sup> paines] payne, 1st edit.

<sup>174</sup> I trust a thampyon in her tewell] The allusion is to gunnery. *Thampyon* (*tampon*, Fr. a bung, cork, or plug of wood) is now written *tompion*, and signifies the stopper with which the mouths of cannon are closed up, to prevent the admission of rain, or seawater, whereby their charges might be rendered incapable of service.—A *teuel* (*tuyau* or *tuyal*, Fr.) is a *pipe* ; and is here used (for the sake of continuing the metaphor) for *bore* or *caliber*. Moxon, in his *Mechanick Exercises*, defines the *tewel* to be that *pipe* in a smith's forge into which the nose of the bellows is introduced ; and in a Ms. fragment, said to be written by Sir Francis Drake, concerning the stores of one of the ships under his command, the word *tewel* is applied to a gun. S.

In Lambard's *Dictionarium Topographicum & Historicum*, p. 129. it is said, " It happened in the reigne of Quene Marye, that the master of a shippe passinge by while the court lay there, and meaning (as the manner is) with sayle and shot to honour the place, unadvisedly gave fire to a piece charged with a stone in stede of a *tampon*, which lightinge on the Quene's house ranne through a chamber, and did no further harme."

For where gonpouder is ones fyerd,  
 The Thampyon wyll no lenger be hyerd :  
 Whiche was well sene in tyme of thys chaunce,  
 For when I had charged this ordynaunce,  
 Sodeynly, as it had thonder'd,  
 Even at a clap losed her bumberd <sup>175</sup>.  
 Now marke, for here begynneth the revell :  
 This thampion flew x longe myle levell,  
 To a fayre castell of lyme and stone,  
 For strength I know nat suche a one,  
 Whiche stode upon a hyll full hye,  
 At fote wherof a ryver ranne bye,  
 So depe tyll chaunce had it forbyden,  
<sup>176</sup> Well might the regent there have ryden.  
 But when this thampyon at this <sup>177</sup> castle did lyght,  
 It put the castel so farre to flyght,  
 That downe they came eche upon other,  
 No stone lefte standynge by goddes mother,  
 But rolled downe so faste the hyll  
 In suche a number, and so dyd fyll  
 From botom to bryme, from shore to shore,  
 Thys foresayd ryver, so depe before,

Our antiquary writes like one unacquainted with his subject, no man, I believe, ever talked of *charging* a gun with a *tampion*; neither would the said *tampion* (consisting of a piece of hard oak) have done much less mischief than a stone, if pointed from the Thames at the Queen's Palace at Greenwich. S.

<sup>174\*</sup> *there*] Addition in the 2d edit.

<sup>175</sup> *bumberd*] A piece of ordnance. S.

<sup>176</sup> *Well myght the regent there have ryden*] *The Regent* was one of the largest ships of war in the time of King Henry the Eighth. In the fourth year of his reign, Sir Thomas Knevet, master of the horse, and Sir John Carew, of Devonshire, were appointed captains of her, and in company with several others she was sent to fight the French fleet near Brest haven. An action accordingly ensued, and the Regent grappled with a French Carrick, which would have been taken had not a gunner on board the vessel, to prevent her falling into the hands of the English, set fire to the powder-room. This communicating the flames to both ships, they shared the same fate together, being both burnt. On the part of the French 900 men were lost; and on that of the English more than 700. See Hall's *Chronicle*, tempore Henry VIII. fol. 21,

<sup>177</sup> *this*] on thys castell lyght, 1st edit.

That who lyste nowe to walke thereto,  
 May wade it over and wet no shoo.  
 So was thys castell layd wyde open,  
 That every man myght se the token.  
 But in a good houre maye these wordes <sup>178</sup> be  
     spoken :

After the thampyon on the walles was wroken,  
 And pece by pece in peces broken.  
 And she delyvered, with suche violens,  
 Of all her inconveniens,  
 I left her in good helth and luste ;  
 And so she doth contynew, I truste.

*Pedler.* Syr, in your cure I can nothyng tell ;  
 But to your <sup>179</sup> purpose ye have sayd well.

*Pardoner.* Well, syr, then marke what I can  
     say

I have ben a pardoner many a day,  
 And done greater \* cures gostely,  
 Then ever he dyd bodely.  
 Namely thys one, whiche ye shall here,  
 Of one departed within thys seven yere,  
 A frende of myne, and lykewyse I  
 To her agayne was as frendly :  
 Who fell so syke so sodeynly,  
 That dede she was even by and by,  
 And never spake with preste nor clerke,  
 Nor had no whyt of thys holy warke ;  
 For I was thens, it coulde nat be,  
 Yet harde I say she asked for me.  
 But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced,  
 And that I have to heven avaunced  
 So many soules to me but straungers,  
 And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers,  
 But she to dy so daungerously,  
 For her soule helth especyally ;

<sup>178</sup> *these*] this, edit. 1569.

<sup>179</sup> *your*] our, 1st. edit.

\* The edit. of 1569 has this line,  
 " And done more cures ghostely." C.

That was the thyng that greved me soo,  
 That nothyng could release my woo,  
 Tyll I had tryed even out of hande,  
 In what estate her soule dyd stande.  
 For whiche tryall, shorte tale to make,  
 I toke thys journey for her sake.  
 Geve ear, for here begynneth the story :  
 From hens I went to purgatory,  
 And toke with me thys gere in my fyste,  
 Wherby I may do there what I lyste.  
 I knocked and was let in quykly :  
 But Lorde, how lowe the soules made curtesy ;  
 And I to every soule agayne  
<sup>180</sup> Dyd gyve a becke them to retayne,  
 And axed them thys question than,  
 If that the soule of suche a woman  
 Dyd late amonge them there appere ?  
 Wherto they sayd, she came nat here  
 Then ferd I mucche it was nat well ;  
 Alas, thought I, she is in hell ;  
 For with her lyfe I was so acquyented,  
 That sure I thought she was nat saynted.  
 With thys it chaunced me to snese ;  
 Christe helpe, quoth a soule that ley for his fees.  
 Those wordes, quoth I, thou shalt nat lees ;  
 Then with these pardons of all degrees,  
 I payed his tole and set hym so quyght,  
 That strayt to heaven he toke his flyght,  
 And I from thens to hell that nyght,  
 To help this woman yf I myght ;  
 Nat as who sayth by autorite,  
 But by the waye of entreate.  
 And fyrst to the devyll that kept the gate  
 I came, and spake after this rate.  
 All hayle, syr devyll, and made lowe curtesy :  
 Welcome, quoth he, thus <sup>181</sup> smillyngly.

<sup>180</sup> *Dyd gyve a becke them to retayne*] A becke among other significations has that of a salutation with the head. So, in *Shakespeare's Timon of Athens* :

" A serving of becks, and jutting out of bums." S.

<sup>181</sup> *thus*] thys, 1st edit.

He knew me well, and I at laste  
 Remembred him syns longe time paste:  
 For as good happe wolde have it chaunce,  
 This devyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce;  
<sup>182</sup> For oft, in the play of corpus Cristi,  
 He hath playd the devyll at Coventry.  
 By his acqueyntaunce and my behavoure,  
 He shewed to me ryght frendly favoure,  
 And to make my returne the shorter,  
 I sayd to this devyll, good mayster porter,  
 For all olde love, yf it lye in your power,  
 Helpe me to speke with my lorde and your.  
 Be sure, quoth he, no tongue can tell,  
 What tyme thou coudest have come so well:  
 For as on <sup>183</sup> thys daye lacyfer fell,  
 Whiche is our festyvall in hell,  
 Nothyng unreasonable craved thys day,  
 That shall in hell have any nay.  
 But yet be ware thou come nat in,  
 Tyll tyme thou may <sup>184</sup> thy pasporte wyn.  
 Wherefore stand styll, and I will wyt <sup>185</sup>,  
 Yf I can get thy save condyt.  
 He taryed nat, but shortely gat it  
 Under seale, and the devyls hande at it,  
 In ample wyse, as ye shall here;  
 Thus it began: Lucyfere,

<sup>182</sup> For oft, in the play of corpus Cristi,  
 He hath playd the devyll at Coventry.] "Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city (i. e. COVENTRY) was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon *Corpus Christi* day (this is one of their ancient faires), which occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and near, was no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friers of this house, had theaters for the several scenes very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators, and contained the story of the New Testament, composed in old English rithme, as appeareth by an ancient Ms. entitled, *Ludus Corporis Chr. sti*, or *Ludus Coventriae*, in Bibl. Cotton. (sub Effigie Vesp. D. 9)." Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 116.

<sup>183</sup> as on] Add in the 2d edit. <sup>184</sup> may] maist, edit, 1569.

<sup>185</sup> wyt] Mr. Dodsley has *writes*.

By the power of god chiefe devyll of hell,  
 To all the devyls that there do dwell,  
 And every of them we sende gretynge,  
 Under streyght charge and commaundyng,  
 That they aydyng and assystent be  
 To suche a Pardoner, and named me,  
 So that he may at lybertie  
 Passe save without any <sup>186</sup> jeopardy,  
 Tyll that he be from us extyncte,  
 And clerely out of helle's precincte.  
 And hys pardons to kepe in savegarde;  
 We wyll they lye in the porter's warde.  
 Gevyn in the fornes of our palys,  
 In our highe courte of maters of malys,  
 Suche a day and yere of our reyne.  
 God save the devyll, quoth I, amain <sup>187</sup>.  
 I truste thys wrytyng to be sure:  
 Then put thy truste, quod he, in euer <sup>188</sup>  
 Syns thou art sure to take no harme.  
 Thys devyll and I walket arme in arme,  
 So farre, tyll he had brought me thyther,  
 Where all the devylls of hell togyther  
 Stode in a ray, in suche apparell  
 As for that day there metely fell.  
 Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,  
 Theyr taylles wel kempt, and, as I wene,  
 With sothery <sup>189</sup> butter theyr bodyes anoynted;  
 I never sawe devylls so well appoynted <sup>190</sup>.  
 The mayster devyll sat in his jacket,  
 And all the soules were playinge at racket.  
 None other rackettes they hadde in hande,  
 Save every soule a good fyre brand;  
 Wherwith they played so pretely,  
 That Lucyfer laughed merely;

<sup>186</sup> any] hys, 1st edit.

<sup>187</sup> amain] for playne, 1st edit.

<sup>188</sup> euer] cure, edit. 1569.

See note 12 to *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, in this vol. C.

<sup>189</sup> sothery.] Sweet or fresh made from the old word *sote*.

<sup>190</sup> well appoynted] See Note 3 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

And all the resedew of the feends<sup>191</sup>,  
<sup>192</sup> Did laugh thereat ful wel like freends.  
 But of my frende I sawe no whyt,  
 Nor durst not axe for her as yet.  
 Anone all this rout was brought in silens,  
 And I by an usher brought in presens  
<sup>193</sup> Of Lucyfer: then lowe, as wel I could,  
 I knelyd, whiche he so well alowde,  
 That thus he beckte, and by saynt Antony  
 He smyled on me well favouredly,  
 Bendynge his browes as brode as barne dures,  
 Shakyng hys eares as ruged as burres;  
 Rolyng hys eyes as rounde as two bushels;  
 Flastyng the fyre out of his nose thryls;  
 Gnashinge hys teeth so vaynglorously,  
 That me thought tyme to fall to flattery,  
 Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tell.  
 O plesant pycture! O prince of hell!  
 Feutred<sup>194</sup> in fashyon abominable,  
 And syns that is inestimable  
 For me to prayse the worthyly,  
 I leve of prayse, as unworthy  
 To geve the prays, besechyng the  
 To heare my sewte, and then to be  
 So good to graunt the thyng I crave;  
 And to be shorté, thys wolde I have:  
 The soule of one which hyther is flytted,  
 Delivered<sup>195</sup> hens, and to me remitted.  
 And in thys doynge though al be nat quyt,  
 Yet in some parte I shall<sup>196</sup> deserve it,

<sup>191</sup> *feends*] *frendes*, 1st edit.

<sup>192</sup> *Did*, &c.] First edition reads,  
 Dyd laugh full well togyther lyke *frendes*.

<sup>193</sup> *Of Lucifer*, &c.] First edition reads,  
 Then to Lucyfer low as I coude.

<sup>194</sup> *Feutred in fashyon abominable*] *Feutrer*, Fr.—faire de  
*feutre*—garnir de *feutre*.—To stuff with felt. *Feutré* d'herbe, over-  
 grown with grass. S.

<sup>195</sup> *Delivered*] Deliver, edit. 1569.    <sup>196</sup> *shall*] wil, edit. 1569.

As thus: I am a pardoner,  
 And over soules as controller,  
 Thorough out the erth my power doth stande,  
 Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,  
 That spede in maters as I use them,  
 As I receyve them or refuse them.  
 Wherby, what tyme thy pleasure is,  
 I<sup>197</sup> shall requyte any part of thys,  
 The leste devyll here that can come thyther,  
 Shall chuse a soule and brynge him hyther.  
 Ho<sup>198</sup>, ho, quoth the devyll, we are well pleased;  
 What is hys name thou woldest have eased?  
 Nay, quoth I, be it good or evyll,  
 My comynge is for a she devyll.  
 What calste her quoth he thou whoorson<sup>199</sup>?  
 Forsooth quoth I Margery Coorson.  
 Now by our honour, sayd Lucyfer,  
 No devyll in hell shall withholde her;  
 And yf thou woldest have twenty mo,  
 Wert not for justyce, they shulde goo.  
 For all we<sup>200</sup> devylls within thys den  
 Have more to do with two women,  
 'Then with all the charge we have besyde:  
 Wherefore yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,  
 Aply thy pardons to women so,  
 That unto us there come no mo.  
 To do my beste I promysed by othe;  
 Which I have kepte, for as the fayth goth  
 At thys day<sup>201</sup>, to heven I do procure  
 Ten women to one man, be sure.  
 Then of Lucyfer my leve I toke,  
 And streyght unto the mayster coke  
 I was hadde, into the kechyn,  
 For Margerie's offyce was therin.

<sup>197</sup> Ye] I, 1st edit.

And properly, the meaning being that the Pardoner is ready to requite part of this favour whenever it shall be the devil's pleasure.

C.

<sup>198</sup> Ho] Nowe, 1st edit.

<sup>200</sup> we] the, edit. 1569.

<sup>199</sup> whoorson] horyson, 1st edit.

<sup>201</sup> day] dayes, 1st edit.



All thyngs handled there discretely,  
 For every soule bereth offyce metely :  
 Woiche myght be sene to se her syt  
 So bysely turnynge of the spyt.  
 For many a spyt here hath she turned,  
 And many a good spyt hath she burned :  
 And many a spyt ful both hath rosted,  
 Before the meat coude be halfe rosted  
 And or <sup>202</sup> the meate were halfe rosted in dede,  
 I toke her then fro the spyt with spede.  
 But when she sawe thys brought to pas,  
 To tell the joy wherin she was ;  
 And of all the devylls, for joy how they  
 Did rore at her delyvery,  
 And how the cheynes in hell dyd rynge,  
 And how all the soules therin dyd synge ;  
 And how we were brought to the gate,  
 And how we toke our leve therat,  
 Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat  
 To reherse the xx parte of that,  
 Wherefore thys tale to conclude brevely.  
 Thys woman thanked me chyefly.  
 That she was ryd of thys endles deth,  
 And so we departed on newmarket heth.  
 And yf that any man do mynde her,  
 Who lyste to seke her, there shalle he fynde her,  
*Pedler.* Syr, ye have sought her wunderous <sup>203</sup> well,  
 And where ye founde her as ye tell,  
 To here the chaunce ye had <sup>204</sup> in hell,  
 I finde ye were in great peril <sup>205</sup>.

*Palmer.* His tale is all muche perilous <sup>206</sup> ;  
 But parte is muche more mervaylous :  
 As where he sayde the devylls complayne,  
 That women put them to suche payne.  
 Be theyr condicions so croked and crabbed,  
 Frowardly fashonde, so wayward and wrabbed <sup>207</sup>,

<sup>202</sup> or] ere.

<sup>203</sup> wunderous] wonders, 1st edit.

<sup>204</sup> had] founde, 1st edit.

<sup>205</sup> peril] parell, 1st edit.

<sup>206</sup> perilous] parellous, 1st edit.

<sup>207</sup> wayward and wrabbed] I suppose wrabbed to be a word coined for the sake of rhyme. S.

So farre in deuision, and sturryinge suche stryfe,  
 That all the devylls be wery of theyr life.  
 This <sup>208</sup> in effect he tolde for <sup>209</sup> trueth.  
 Whereby muche marvell to me ensueth,  
 That women in hell suche shrewes can be,  
 And here so gentyll as farre as I se.  
 Yet have I sene many a myle,  
 And many a woman in the whyle.  
 Nat one good cytye, towne nor borough  
 In cristendom, but I have ben thorough,  
 And this I wolde ye shulde understande,  
 I have sene women v hundred thousande :  
 And oft with them have longe tyme taried <sup>210</sup>  
 Yet in all places where I have ben,  
 Of all the women that I have sene,  
I never sawe nor knewe in my conscyens,  
Any one woman out of paciens,

*Poticary.* By the masse, there is a great lye.

*Pardoner.* I never harde a greater, by our Lady

*Pedler.* A greater! nay, knowe ye any so great?

*Palmer.* Syr, whether that I lose or get,

For my parte iudgement shall be prayd.

*Pardoner.* And I desyer as he hath sayd.

*Poticary.* Procede, and ye shall be obeyed.

*Pedler.* Then shall nat judgment be delayd,

Of all these thre yf eche mannes tale

In Poole's church ye were set on sale,

In some mannes hande that hath the sleighte,

He shulde sure sell these tales by weyght :

For as they wey, so be they worth,

But whiche weyth beste, to that now forth.

Syr, all the tale that ye dyd tell,

I bere in mynde, and yours as well :

And as ye sawe the mater metely,

So lyed ye bothe well and discretely

<sup>208</sup> *This*] Thus, edit. 1569. <sup>209</sup> *for*] of, edit. 1569.

<sup>210</sup> *taried*] *married*, 1st edit. It will be observed that there is no rhyme to the line

“ And oft with them have long tyme taried ”  
 and it is probable that a line has here dropped out ending with *married*, which is the word in the oldest of the two editions. C.

Yet were your lyes with the lest, truste me;  
 For yf ye had said ye had made fle  
 Ten tamponys out of ten women's tayles,  
 Ten tymes ten myle to ten castles or jayles,  
 And fild ten ryvers ten tymes so depe,  
 As ten of that whiche your castell stones dyd kepe :  
 Or yf ye ten tymes had bodely

<sup>211</sup> Fet ten soules out of purgatory ;  
 And ten tymes so many out of hell :  
 Yet, by these ten bonnes I coulde right well,  
 Ten tymes sooner all that have beleved,  
 Then the tenth parte of that he hath meved

*Poticary.* Two knaves before i, lacketh ii knaves of  
 fyve :

Then one, and then one, and bothe knaves alyve.  
 Then two, and then two, and thre at a cast,  
 Thou knave, and thou knave, and thou knave at laste.  
 Nay knave, yf ye try me by nomber,  
 I wyll as knavishly you accomber <sup>212</sup>.  
 Your mynde is all on your pryvy tythe,  
 For all in ten me thynketh your wyt lythe.

<sup>213</sup> Now ten tymes I beseeche hym that hye syttes,  
 Thy wives x commaundementes may serch thy v wyttes.  
 Then ten of my tordes in ten of thy teth,  
 And ten on thy nose, whiche every man seth ;  
 And twentie tymes ten, this wyshe I wolde  
 That thou haddest been hanged at ten yere olde :  
 For thou goest about to make me a slave ;  
 I wyll thou knowe yf I am a gentleman <sup>214</sup> knave.

<sup>211</sup> Fet *ten soules*, &c.] i. e. fetch'd. The word is used by Tusser, Spenser, and Shakspeare. S.

See also Note 73 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

<sup>212</sup> *accomber*] overcome. See Note \* on *God's Promises*, p. 21.

<sup>213</sup> *Now ten tymes I beseech hym that hye syttes,*

*Thy wives ten commaundementes may serch thy five wyttes.]*

So Eleanor, in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* A.1. S. 3. says,

"I'd set my *ten commandments* in your face."

*Ten Commandments* seem to have been cant terms for the nails of the hands.

See also Mr. Steevens's Note on the above passage.

<sup>214</sup> *gentleman*] gentle, edit. 1569.

And here is an other shall take my parte.

*Pardoner.* Nay fyrste I beshrew your knave's herte,  
Or I take parte in your knavery :  
I wyll speak fair, by our <sup>215</sup> lady.  
Syr, I beseeche your mashyp to be  
As good as ye can <sup>216</sup> be unto me.

*Pedler.* I wolde be glade to do you good ;  
And hym also, be he never so wood <sup>216\*</sup>.  
But dout you not I wyll now do  
The thyng my consciens ledeth me to.  
Both your tales I take farre unpossyble,  
Yet take I his farther incredyble.  
Not only the thyng itselfe alloweth it,  
But also the boldenes therof avoweth it.  
I knowe nat where your tale to trye ;  
Nor yours, but in hell or purgatorye.  
But hys boldnes hath faced a lye,  
That may be tryed evyn in thys companye.  
As yf ye lyst to take thys order,  
Amonge the women in thys border,  
Take thre of the yongest, and thre of the oldest,  
Thre of the hottest, and thre of the coldest,  
Thre of the wysest, and thre of the shrewdest,  
Thre of the chastest, and thre of the lewdest <sup>217</sup>  
Thre of the lowest, and thre of the hyst,  
Thre of the farthest, and thre of the nyest,  
Thre of the fayrest, and thre of the maddest,  
Thre of the foulest, and thre of the saddest,  
And when all these threes be had asonder  
Of eche thre, two justly by nomber  
Shall be founde shrewes, ex̄cepte thys fall,  
That ye hap to fynde them shrewes all.  
Hymselfe for trouth all this doth knowe,  
And oft hath tryed some of thys rowe ;  
And yet he swereth by his consciens,  
He never saw woman breke patiens.

<sup>215</sup> our] one, 1st edit.

<sup>216</sup> ye can] you may, edit. 1569,

<sup>216\*</sup> wood] mad, furious. See Note 98,

<sup>217</sup> Addition in the second edition.

Wherefore consydered with true entente,  
 Hys lye to be so evident,  
 And to appere so evydently,  
 That both you affirmed it a ly;  
 And that my consciens so depely,  
 So depe hath sought thys thyng to try,  
 And tryed it with mynde indyfferent;  
 Thus I awarde by way of judgement:  
 Of all the lies ye all have spent,  
 His lye to be most excellent.

*Palmer.* Syr, though ye were bounde of equyte  
 To do as ye have done to me,  
 Yet do I thanke you of your payne,  
 And wyll requyte some parte agayne.

*Pardoner.* Mary, syr, ye can no les do,  
 But thanke hym asmuche as it cometh to;  
 And so wyll I do for my parte.  
 Now a vengeaunce on thy knave's heart,  
 I never knewe a pedler a judge before,  
 Nor never wyll truste pedlyng knave more.  
 What doest thou there, thou horson nody?

*Poticary.* By the masse, lerne to make curtesy,  
 Curtesy before, and curtesy behynde hym,  
 And then on eche syde, the devyll blynde hym.  
 Nay, when ye<sup>218</sup> have it perfytyly,  
 Ye shall have the devyll and all of curtesy:  
 But it is nat sone lerned, gentle<sup>219</sup> brother,  
 One knave to make curtesy to another.  
 Yet when I am angry, that is the worste,  
 I shall call my master knave at the fyrste.

*Palmer.* Then wolde some mayster perhappes clowt  
 ye,  
 But as for me ye nede not doute ye;  
 For I had lever<sup>220</sup> be without ye,  
 Then have suche besynesse aboute ye.

<sup>218</sup> ye] I, 1st edit.

<sup>219</sup> gentle] Addition in the second edition.

<sup>220</sup> lever] rather, edit. 1569.

*Poticary.* So helpe me god, so were ye better;  
 What shulde a begger be a jetter<sup>221</sup>?  
 It were no whyt your honestie,  
 To have us twain jet after ye.

*Pardoner.* Syr, be you sure he telleth you true,  
 Yf we shulde wayt thys wolde ensew:  
 It wolde be sayd, truste me at a worde,  
 Two knaves made<sup>222</sup> curtesy to the thyrede.

*Pedler.* Now, by my trouth, to speke my mynde,  
 Syns they be so loth to be assyned<sup>223</sup>.  
 To let them lose I thynke it beste.  
 And so shall ye lyve the better<sup>224</sup> in rest.

*Palmer.* Syr, I am nat on them so fonde,  
 To compell them to kepe theyr bonde;  
 And syns ye lyst nat to wayte on me,  
 I clerely of waytinge do dyscharge ye.

*Pardoner.* Marry, syr, I hertely thanke you.

*Poticary.* <sup>225</sup> And likewise I, to God I vow.

*Pedler.* Now be ye all evyn as ye begoon;  
 No man hath loste, nor no man hath woon.  
 Yet in the debate wherewith ye began,  
 By waye of advyce I wyll speke as I can.  
 I doo perceyve that pylgrymage  
 Is chyefe<sup>226</sup> the thyng ye have in usage;  
 Wherto in effect, for the love of Chryst,  
 Ye have, or shulde have been entyst:  
 And who so doth with suche intent,  
 Doth well declare hys tyme well spent.

<sup>221</sup> a jetter] i. e. one who struts or agitates his body in a pompous manner. So, in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*,

"How he jets under his advanced plumes." S.

See also Note 23 to *Edward II.* vol. II.

<sup>222</sup> made] make, edit. 1569.

<sup>223</sup> assyned] I believe we should read *affin'd*, i. e. joined by affinity to each other. So, in *Othello*,

"If partially *affin'd* or leagued in office." S.

It probably means *assigned* to the Palmer to wait on him, which was part of the agreement before the contention began. C.

<sup>224</sup> better] beste, 1st edit.

<sup>225</sup> And likewise I, &c.) First edition reads,

And I lykewyse, I make God a vowe.

<sup>226</sup> chyefe] cheefest, edit. 1569.

And so do ye in your pretence,  
 If ye procure thus <sup>227</sup> indulgence  
 Unto your neyghbours charytably,  
 For love of them in god onely.  
 All thys may be ryght well applyed  
 To shew <sup>228</sup> you both well occupied:  
 For though ye walke nat bothe one waye,  
 Yet walkynge thus, thys dare I saye,  
 That bothe your walkes come to one <sup>229</sup> end;  
 And so for all that do pretende  
 By ayde of goddes grace to ensewe  
 Any maner kynde of vertue;  
 As some, great almyse for to gyve:  
 Some, in wyllfull povertie to lyve:  
 Some, to make hye wayes and suche lyke <sup>230</sup> warkes,  
 And some, to mayntaine prestes and clarkes,  
 To synge and praye for soule departed:  
 These, with all other vertues well marked,  
 Although they be of sondry kyndes,  
 Yet be they nat used with sondry myndes.  
 But as god only doth all those move,  
 So every man onely for his love,  
 With love and dred obedeintly  
 Worketh in these vertues unyformly.  
 Thus every vertue yf we lyste to scan,  
 Is pleasaunt to god and thankfull to man.  
 And who that by grace of the Holy Goste  
 To any one vertue is moved moste,  
 That man by that grace that one apply,  
 And therin serve god moste plentyfully <sup>231</sup>,  
 Yet nat that one so farre wyde to wreste,  
 So lykynge the same to myslyke the reste.  
 For who so wresteth his worke is in vayne;  
 And even in that case I perceyve you twayne.  
 Lykynge your vertue in suche wyse,  
 That eche other's vertue ye doo dyspyse.

<sup>227</sup> thus] this, edit. 1569.

<sup>228</sup> shew] shewell, 1st edit.

<sup>229</sup> one] on, edit. 1569.

<sup>230</sup> like] other, 1st edit.

<sup>231</sup> plentyfully] plenteously, edit. 1569.

Who walketh thys way for god wolde fynde hym,  
 The farther they seke hym, the farther behynde hym.  
 One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another,  
 Is lyke as the syster myght hange the brother.

*Poticary.* <sup>232</sup> For fere lest suche parel<sup>s</sup> \* to me myght  
 fall,

I thanke god I use no vertue at all.

*Pedler.* That is of all the very worste waye;  
 For more harde it is, as I have harde saye,  
 To begynne vertue where none is pretended,  
 Then where it is begonne th' abuse to be mended.  
 How be it, ye be <sup>231</sup> nat all to begynne,  
 One syne of vertue ye are entred in :  
 As thys, I suppose ye did saye true  
 In that ye sayd ye use no vertue.  
 In the whiche wordes I dare well reporte,  
 You are well beloved of all thys sorte,  
 By your raylynge here openly  
 At pardons and relyques so leudly.

*Poticary.* In that I thinke my faute nat great;  
 For all that he hath I knowe counterfete.

*Pedler.* For his, and all other that ye knowe fayned,  
 You be not <sup>234</sup> counceled nor constrayned  
 To any suche thyng in any suche case,  
 To give any reverence in any suche place.  
 But where ye dout, the truthe nat knowynge,  
 Belevynge the beste, good may be growynge,  
 In judgynge the beste, no harme at the leste;  
 In judging the worste, no good at the beste.  
 But beste in these thynges it semeth to me,  
 To make <sup>235</sup> no judgement upon ye;  
 But as the churche doth judge or take them,  
 So do ye receyve or forsake them.  
 And so be you sure ye cannat erre,  
 But may be a frutfull folower.

<sup>232</sup> For fere lest suche parel<sup>s</sup> to me myght fall.] Perhaps by parel<sup>s</sup> is meant *pareilles*, Fr. i. e. things similar, or parel<sup>s</sup>. Or it may be be only a corruption of *perils*. S.

\* i. e. *perils*. See notes 205 and 206. C.

<sup>233</sup> be] are, edit. 1569.

<sup>234</sup> not] nother, 1st edit.

<sup>235</sup> make] take, edit. 1569.



*Poticary.* Go ye before and as I am true man,  
I wyll folow as fast as I can.

*Pardoner.* And so wyll I, for he hath sayd so well,  
Reason wolde we shulde folowe hys counsell.

*Palmer.* Then, to our reason, god gyve us his grace,  
That we may folowe with fayth so fermely  
Hys commaundements, that we may purchace  
Hys love, and so consequently  
To byleve hys churche, faste and faythfully ;  
So that we may, accordyng to his promyse.  
Be kepte out of errour in any wyse.  
And all that hath scapet <sup>236</sup> us here by neglygence,  
We clerely revoke and forsake it ;  
To passe the tyme in thys without offence,  
Was the cause why the maker dyd make it ;  
And so we humbly beseche you to take it,  
Besechyng our lorde to prosper you all,  
In the fayth of his churche universall.

<sup>236</sup> *scapel*] *escapte*, edit. 1569.

## EDITIONS.

(1.) " The playe called the foure PP. A newe and  
 " a very mery enterlude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A  
 " Potycary, A Pedler. Made by John Heewood.  
 " Imprynted at London in Fletestrete, at the sygne of  
 " the George, by Wyllyam Myddylton."

This Edition must have been printed at least as early as the year 1547, at which time William Middleton either died or retired from business. See Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 218, 258.

(2.) " The Play called the Foure P. A very mery  
 " Enterlude of A Palmer, A Pardoner, A Poticary, A  
 " Pedler. Imprinted at London, at the long Shop  
 " adjoyning unto S. Mildreds Church in the Pultrie,  
 " by John Alde, Anno Domini 1569, Septembris 14."

Both these Editions are in the Collection of Mr. Garrick.



**FERREX AND PORREX.**



THOMAS SACKVILLE, Lord Buckhurst, was related to Queen Elizabeth by her mother Ann Boleyn. He was born in 1536,\* and educated at Hart-Hall, in the University of Oxford; from whence he went to Cambridge, and afterwards to the Temple. In his younger days he travelled into France and Italy; and at the early period of his life only he was, as Mr. Spence<sup>1</sup> observes, what perhaps all persons of his birth ought to be, a poet. His father, dying in 1566, left him a large fortune, the greatest part of which he soon spent by his magnificent manner of living, but in the end became a better economist. He served in parliament both in the reign of Queen Mary and Elizabeth. In 1567, he was created Baron Buckhurst; in 1571, was sent ambassador to Charles IX, king of France; and in 1587, to the States of the United Provinces. In 1588, he was made one of the Knights of the Garter; in 1591, Chancellor of the University of Oxford; and in 1598, Lord High Treasurer of England. He was continued in that office by King James, who in 1603 advanced by him to the dignity of Earl of Dorset. He died suddenly at the council board, in 1608,† of a fit of the apoplexy‡

\* Mr. A. Chalmers (Biogr. Dict. xxvii. 16, fixes the date of his birth in 1527, while Sir E. Brydges, in his new edit. of the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 66, says with Mr. Reed that this event did not happen until 1536. C.

<sup>1</sup> Some account of Lord Buckhurst and his Writings, prefixed to the edition of Gorboduc printed in 1736.

† He had been ill for some time, and his life was despaired of nine months before he died, on the 19th April, 1608. C.

‡ His funeral Sermon was preached by Dr. Abbot, Dean of Winchester, on May 26th, 1608. It was printed soon afterwards and the following curious papers are extracted from it.

“ Her Majesty not long before her death, being pleased as it seemeth with some special piece of service which his Lordship had done unto her grew at large to discourse touching this nobleman, as an honourable person and a counsellor of estate, in writing hath advertised me. Her highness was then pleased to decypher out

He was the Author of ✓

(1) The Introduction to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, first published by William Baldwin in 4to. 1550; again, with the second part in 4to, 1563; re-published with additions in 1575; and a fourth time further augmented and published by Richard Nicols in 1610. "The wurke (says the original publisher) was begun, and part of it prynted in Queene Maries tyme, but hyndred by the Lorde Chauncellor that then was; nevertheles, through the meanes of my Lord Stafford, the fyrst parte was licenced and imprinted the

his life by seven steps or degrees. The first was his younger days, the time of his scholarship when first in that famous University of Oxford, and afterward in the Temple (where he took the degree of Barrister) he gave tokens of such pregnancy, such studiousness and judgment that he was held no way inferior to any of his time or standing. And of this there remain good tokens, both in English and Latin published unto the world."

In the margin opposite the latter words is this note. "The *Life of Tressilian* in the *Mirror of Magistr.* Epist. prefix. *Aulic Barth Clerke*," from whence it seems that the Reverend Dean was not so well informed regarding the English writings of Lord Dorset, as the events of his life. He then proceeds:—"The second was his travel, when being in France and Italy he profited very much in the languages, in matter of story and state. And being prisoner in Rome for the space of fourteen days, (which trouble was brought upon him by some who hated him for his love to religion and his duty to his sovereign) he so prudently bare himself that by the blessing of God, and his temperate kind of carriage, he was freed out of that danger. The third step which her Majesty did think good to observe was (upon return in England) his coming unto her Court, where on divers occasions he bountifully feasted her Highness and her nobles; and so he did foreign ambassadors. At that time he entertained musicians, the most curious which any where he could have, and therein his lordship excelled unto his dying day. Then was his discourse judicious, but yet witty and delightful. Thus he was in his younger days a scholar and a traveller and a courtier of special estimation."

The Sermon then notices some events of Lord Dorset's public life, and particularly the present of a ring set with diamonds, which king James sent to him by the hand of Lord Hay when Lord Dorset was sick, in the beginning of June, 1607, and was not expected to recover. It quotes a passage from his will, in which he bequeathed this valued gift to his son, and afterwards to his nephew. C.

“ fyrst yeare of the raygne of thys our most noble and  
 “ vertuous Queene. Since whych time, although I  
 “ have bene called to an other trade of lyfe, yet my  
 “ good Lorde Stafforde hath not ceased to call upon  
 “ me to publish so much as I had gotten at other  
 “ mens hands, so that through his Lordshippe’s earnest  
 “ meanes I have now also set furth an other parte con-  
 “ teyning as little of myne owne, as the fyrst part  
 “ doth of other mens.” In this second part Lord  
 Buckhurst’s *Induction* first appeared. The cause of  
 writing it was as follows: “ After that he (Lord  
 “ Buckhurst) understode that some of the counsayle  
 “ would not suffer the booke to be printed in suche  
 “ order as we had agreed and determined, he purposed  
 “ with himselfe to have gotten at my handes all the  
 “ tragedies that were before the duke of Buckingham’s,  
 “ which he would have preserved in one volume; and  
 “ from that time backward even to the time of William  
 “ the Conqueror, he determined to continue and per-  
 “ fect all the story himselfe in such order as Lydgate  
 “ (following Bocchas) had already used; and there-  
 “ fore to make a meete induction into the matter,  
 “ he devised this poesye.” We are informed, that  
 this design was laid aside on the Author’s being called  
 to a more serious expence in the great state affairs  
 of his most royal Lady and Sovereign. The *Induc-*  
*tion*, in 1759, was re-printed by Mr. Capel, in his  
*Prolusions.*

Those praises which were bestowed on the poetry of  
 Lord Buckhurst by his contemporaries are not to be as-  
 cribed to his rank or fortune. The best judges have  
 ratified the sentence passed by the criticks of the time,  
 and even gone beyond them in their commendations.  
 Mr. Warton, speaking of the *The Mirror for Magis-*  
*trates*, says (Observations on Spenser, vol. II. p. 109.) :  
 “ There is one Poem indeed among the rest which ex-  
 “ hibits a groupe of imaginary personages, so beauti-  
 “ fully drawn, that in all probability they contributed  
 “ to direct, at least to stimulate, Spenser’s imagination



"in the construction of the like representations. Thus much may be truly said, that *Sackville's* INDUCTION approaches nearer to the FAIRY QUEEN, in the richness of allegoric description, than any previous or succeeding poem."

(2) The Complaynt of Henrye, duke of Buckingham, in the Mirror for Magistrates.

(3.) A Latin Letter to Dr. Bartholomew Clerke, prefixed to his Translation of Balthazar Castilio, *De Curiali sive Aulico*, first printed at London about 1571.

(4.) Verses prefixed to Hobby's Translation of Castilio's Courtier, 4to. 1577, in commendation of the Work.

(5.) Letters in the Cabala, and one to the Earl of Sussex, in Howard's Collection, p. 297.

✓ Thomas Norton, who joined with Lord Buckhurst in writing this play,\* was, according to Wood<sup>2</sup> who gives him the title of a forward and busy calvinist, a native of, or resident at, Sharpenhaule, otherwise Sharpenhoe, in the county of Bedford. He lived some time in the Temple, became a barrister<sup>3</sup> at law,† and solicitor for the city of London<sup>4</sup>. He translated some of the Psalms in Sternhold and Hopkins's Version, and was the author and translator of several polemical

\* It is only on the titles of what are considered the spurious copies of this play that it is stated that Norton wrote the *three first*, and Sackville the *two last* acts. Mr. Warton doubts whether Norton had by any means so great a share in it. C.

<sup>2</sup> Athenæ Oxonienses, 77.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

† In the books of the Stationers' Company are entries of fees paid to Thomas Norton, and hence it has been concluded that he was Counsel to that Body. Here we find also the latest memorial of him in an entry between 1588 and 1584, and it is supposed either that after that date he was not employed, or that

— "ugly death

Depriv'd him of his office and his breath." C.

<sup>4</sup> Marbury's Book of Monarchy, as quoted by Oldys, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine.

and political Works,† which are enumerated in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*<sup>5</sup>. §

† Thomas Norton's "Address to the Queene's Majesties poor deceavey'd subjectes," is noticed at length in *Censura Literaria* X. 97. O. G.

<sup>5</sup> P. 77. p. 155.

§ The portrait of Norton, or at least a figure intended for him, is preserved in a small work of six folio pages, and containing five plates, called "*Descriptiones quardam illius inhumana et multiplicis persecutionis quam in Anglia proptis fidem sustinent Catholicè Christiani.*" The third plate is entitled *Tormenta in carceribus inflicta*, and here is inserted the supposed likeness of Norton, who is called *Nortonus archicarnifex*, and is accompanied *suis satellitibus*. A further account of the work may be seen in *Censura Literaria* VII. 72. C.

## ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDIE.

GORBODUC, king of Brittain, divided his realme in his life-time to his sonnes, Ferrex and Porrex. The sonnes fell to discention. The yonger killed the elder. The mother that more dearely loved the elder, for revenge killed the yonger. The people moved with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion, and slew both father and mother. The Nobilitie assembled, and most terribly destroyed the Rebels, and afterwards for want of issue of the Prince, whereby the succession of the Crowne became uncertaine, they fell to Civil Warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

## THE P [PRINTER] TO THE READER.

WHERE this Tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner-Temple, first written about nine yeares agoe by the right honourable Thomas, now Lorde Buckherst, and by T. Norton, and after shewed before her majestie, and never intended by the Authors thereof to be published: yet one W. G. getting a copie thereof at some yong man's hand that lacked a little money, and much discretion in the last great plage an. 1565, about 5 yeares past, while the said lord was out of England, and T. Norton farre out of London, and neither of them both made privie, put it forth exceedingly corrupted: even as if by meanes of a broker for hire he should have entised into his house a faire maide and done her villanie, and after all to bescratched her face, torne her apparell, berayed and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of dores dishonested. In such plight after long wandring, she came at length home to the sight of her frendes, who scant knew her but by a few tokens and markes remayning. They, the authors I meane, though they were very much displeased that she ranne abroad without leave, whereby she caught her shame as many wantons do; yet seeing the case as it is, remedillesse have for common honestie and shamefastnesse new apparelled, trimmed, and attired her in such a forme as she was before. In which better forme since she hath come to me, I have harbored her for her frendes sake and her owne; and I do not dout her parentes, the authors, will not now be discontent that she goe abroad among you good readers, so it be in honest companie. For she is by my encouragement and others somewhat lesse ashamed of the dishonestie done to her, because it was by fraude and force. If she be welcome among you, and gently entertained in favor of the house from

whence she is descended, and of her owne nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her frendes will thanke you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproched with her former missehap, or quarelled at by envious persons, she, poore gentlewoman, will surely play Lucreces part, and of herself die for shame, and I shall wishe that she had taried still at home with me, where she was welcome; for she did never put me to more charge but this one poore blacke gowne lined with white, that I have now geuen her to goe abroad among you withall.

NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS.

GORBODUC, *king of Great Brittain,*

VIDENA, *queene and wife to king Gorboduc.*

FERREX, *elder sonne to king Gorboduc.*

PORREX, *yonger sonne to king Gorboduc.*

CLOYTON, *duke of Cornewall.*

FERGUS, *duke of Albanye.*

MANDUD, *duke of Loegris.*

GWENARD, *duke of Cumberland.*

EUBULUS, *secretarie to the king.*

AROSTUS, *a counsellor to the king.*

DORDAN, *a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest sonne Ferrex.*

PHILANDER, *a counsellor assigned by the king to his yongest son Porrex.*

[*Both being of the olde kinges counsel before.*

HERMON, *a parasite remaining with Ferrex.*

TYNDAR, *a parasite remaining with Porrex.*

NUNTIUS, *a messenger of the eldest brother's death.*

NUNTIUS, *a messenger of duke Fergus rising in arms.*

MARCELLA, *a lady of the queenes privie-chamber.*

CHORUS, *four auncient and sage men of Brittain.*

The Order of the Domme Shew before the first Act  
and the Signification therof.

*First, the musicke of violenze began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wilde men, clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on his necke a fagot of small stickes, which they all both severallye and together assayed with all their strengthes to breake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the sticks, and brake it : and the rest plucking out all the other stickes one after another, did easely breake the same being severed, which being enjoyned, they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the musick ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in unitie doth continue strong against all force, but being divided, is easily destroyed; as befel upon duke Gorboduc dividing his lande to his two sonnes, which he before held in monarchie, and upon the discention of the brethren to whom it was divided.*

## FERREX AND PORREX<sup>6</sup>.

### ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA.\*

#### VIDENA. FERREX.

*Videna.* THE silent night that brings the quiet pawse,  
From painefull travailes of the wearie day,  
Prolonges my carefull thoughtes, and makes me blame  
The slowe Aurora, that so for love or shame  
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face;

<sup>6</sup> This play we are told by the printer of the second Edition was first acted at the Inner-Temple, and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth. Its first appearance was at a grand Christmas celebrated with unusual magnificence, as may be seen by the description of it in Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, p. 150. It is here printed from the second Edition; the third, of 1590, from which it was published in 1736, by Mr. Spence and by Mr. Dodsley, in this collection before, appearing to be only a republication of the first imperfect copy complained of by the Authors as published in their absence without their knowledge or consent. The testimony of Sir Philip Sidney concerning this play is as follows: "Gorboduc is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality: which it doth most delightfully teach, and thereby obtain the very end of poetry." And Mr. Pope was of opinion, "That the writers of the succeeding age might have improved as much in other respects by copying from him a propriety in the sentiments, an unaffected perspicuity of style, and in an easy flow in the numbers; in a word, that chastity, correctness, and gravity of style, which are so essential to tragedy, and which all the tragic poets who followed, not excepting Shakespeare himself, either little understood, or perpetually neglected."

\* The edition of this tragedy of 1590, is said to be a reprint of the spurious copy first published. As the variations, verbal and otherwise, are generally curious and sometimes useful, they are noted at the bottom of the page, and for this purpose a careful comparison has been made. C.



And now the day renewes my griefull plaint.

*Ferrex.* My gracious lady, and my mother deare,  
Pardon my grieve for your so grieved minde  
To aske what cause tormenteth so your hart.

*Videna.* So great a wrong and so unjust despite,  
Without all cause against all course of kinde—

*Ferrex.* Such causelesse wrong and so unjust despite,

May have redresse, or, at the least, revenge.

*Videna.* Neither my sonne: such is the froward will.  
The person such, such my mishappe and thine,

*Ferrex.* Mine! know I none, but grief for your distresse.

*Videna.* Yes, mine for thine, my sonne. A father?  
no:

In kinde a father, not in kindliness?

*Ferrex.* My father? why, I know nothing at all,  
Wherin I have misdona unto his grace.

*Videna.* Therefore, the more unkinde to thee and mee:

For knowing well (my sonne) the tender love  
That I have ever borne, and beare to thee,  
He greved thereat, is not content alone,  
To spoile thee of my sight, my chiefest joye,

<sup>7</sup> *In kinde a father, not in kindliness*] *Kind is nature.* Hamlet has almost the same sentiment,

A little more than *kin*, and less than *Kind*.

In several other places of this play the same word in the like sense occurs. Again, in *Julius Caesar*, A. 1. S. 3.

“ But if you would consider the true cause,

“ Why birds and beastes from quality and *kind*,

“ Why all these things change from their ordinance,

“ Their natures, and presumed faculties

“ To monstrous quality ———”

*Titus Andronicus*, A. 2. S. 1.

“ The forest walks are wide and spacious,

“ And many unfrequented plots there are

“ Fitted by *kind* for rape and villainy.”

*Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 5. S. 2. “ You must think this, look  
“ you, that the worm will do his *kind*.”

For these instances I am indebted to a writer in the *Saint James's Chronicle*, Nov. 5, 1774. See also Mr. Steevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 2.

But thee, of thy birth-right and heritage,  
Causelesse, unkindly and in wrongfull wise,  
Against all lawe and right he will bereave :  
Halfe of his kingdome he will geve away.

*Ferrex.* To whom?

*Videna.* Even to Porrex his yonger sonne,  
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,  
That being raised to equall rule with thee,  
Mee thinkes I see his envious hart to swell,  
Filled with disdain and with ambitious hope.  
The end the goddes do know, whose altars I  
Full oft have made in vaine of cattel slaine  
To send the sacred smoke to heaven's throne,  
For thee my sonne, if thinges do so succede,  
As now my jelous minde misdemeth sore.

*Ferrex.* Madam, leave care and carefull plaint for  
me:

Just hath my father bene to every wight,  
His first injustice he will not extend  
To me, I trust, that geve no cause therof.  
My brother's pride shall hurt himselfe, not me.

*Videna.* So graunt the Goddes : but yet thy father so  
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved minde  
That plaintes and prayers can no whit availe,  
(For those have I assaid) but even this day  
He will endeavour to procure assent  
Of all his counsell to his fonde devise.

*Ferrex.* Their ancestors from race to race have borne  
True fayth to my forefathers ; and their seede,  
I trust they eke will beare the like to me.

*Videna.* There resteth all ; but if they faile thereof,  
And if the end bring forth an ill successe,  
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall.  
And so I pray the Goddes requite it them ;  
And so they will, for so is wont to be  
When lordes and trusted rulers under kinges,  
To please the present fancie of the prince,  
With wrong transpose the course of governance,  
Murders, mischief, or civill sword at length,  
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,

When right succeding line returnes again  
 By Jove's just judgement and deserved wrath,  
 Bringes them to cruell,\* and reprochfull death,  
 And rootes their names and kindredes from the earth.

*Ferrex.* Mother, content you, you shall see the end.

*Videna.* The end? thy end I feare: Jove end me  
 first!

### ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

GORBODUC. AROSTUS. PHILANDER. EUBULUS.

*Gorboduc.* My lords, whose grave advise and faithfull  
 aide

Have long upheld my honour and my realme,  
 And brought me to this age from tender yeres,  
 Guidyng so great estate with great renowne;  
 Nowe more importeth mee than erst<sup>s</sup> to use  
 Your fayth and wisdome whereby yet I reigne;  
 That when by death my life and rule shall cease,  
 The kingdome yet may with unbroken course  
 Have certayne prince, by whose undoubted right  
 Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay:  
 And eke that they whome nature hath preparde,  
 In time to take my place in princely seate,  
 While in their father's tyme their pliant youth  
 Yeldes to the frame of skilfull governaunce,  
 Maye so be taught, and trayned in noble artes,  
 As what their fathers which have reigned before  
 Have with great fame derived downe to them,  
 With honour they may leave unto their seede;  
 And not be thought† for their unworthy life,  
 And for their lawlesse swarvyng out of kinde,  
 Worthy to lose what lawe and kind them gave;  
 But that they may preserve the common peace,  
 (The cause that first began and still mainteines,  
 The lyneall course of kinges inheritance)

\* "Civil." Edit. 1590.

<sup>s</sup> *erst*] formerly, heretofore.

† "Taught." Edit. 1590.

For me, for myne, for you, and for the state  
 Whereof both I and you have charge and care.  
 Thus do I meane to use your wonted fayth  
 To me and myne, and to your native lande.  
 My lordes, be playne without all wrie respect,  
 Or poysonous craft to speake in pleasyng wise,  
 Lest, as the blame of yll succedyng thinges  
 Shall light on you, so light the harmes also.

*Arostus.* Your good acceptance so (most noble king)  
 Of suche our faithfulnesse, as heretofore  
 We have employed in dueties to your grace,  
 And to this realme whose worthy head you are,  
 Well proves that neyther you mistrust at all,  
 Nor we shall neede in boasting wise to shewe  
 Our trueth to you, nor yet our wakefull care  
 For you, for yours, and for our native lande.  
 Wherefore (O kyng) I speake as one for all,  
 Sithe all as one do beare you egall faith :  
 Doubt not to use our counsell and our aides  
 Whose honours, goods and lyves are whole avowed,  
 To serve, to ayde, and to defende your grace.

*Gorboduc.* My lordes, I thanke you all. This is the  
 case.

Ye know, the Gods, who have the soveraigne care,  
 For kings, for kingdomes, and for common weales,  
 Gave me two sonnes in my more lusty age,  
 Who nowe in my decayeng\* yeres are growen  
 Well towards ryper state of minde and strength,  
 To take in hande some greater princely charge.  
 As yet they lyve and spende their hopefull daies  
 With me and with their mother here in courte.  
 Their age nowe asketh other place and trade,  
 And myne also doth aske an other chaunge,  
 Theirs to more travaile, myne to greater ease.  
 Whan fatall death shall ende my mortall life,  
 My purpose is to leave unto them twaine,  
 The realme divided in two sondry partes :  
 The one, Ferrex myne elder sonne shall have,  
 The other, shall the yonger† Porrex rule.

\* "Deceiving." Edit. 1590.

† "Other." Edit. 1590.

That both my purpose may more firmly stande,  
 And eke that they may better rule their charge,  
 I meane forthwith to place them in the same;  
 That in my life they may both learne to rule,  
 And I may joy to see their ruling well.  
 This is, in summe, what I would have ye wey:  
 First whether ye allowe<sup>9</sup> my whole devise,  
 And thinke it good for me, for them, for you,  
 And for our countrey, mother of us all:  
 And if ye lyke it, and allowe it well,  
 Then for their guydinge and their governaunce,  
 Shew forth such meanes of circumstance,  
 As ye think meete to be both knowne and kept.  
 Loe, this is all; now tell me your advise.

*Arostus.* And this is much, and asketh great advise;  
 But for my part, my soveraigne lord and kyng,  
 This do I thinke. Your majestie doth know,  
 How under you, in justice and in peace,  
 Great wealth and honour longe we have enjoyed,  
 So as we cannot seeme with gredie mindes  
 To wishe for change of prince or governaunce;  
 But if we lyke your purpose and devise,  
 Our lyking must be deemed to proceede  
 Of rightfull reason, and of heedefull care,  
 Not for ourselves, but for our common state:  
 Sithe our owne state doth neede no better change.  
 I thinke in all, as erst your grace hath saide:  
 Firste when you shall unlode your aged mynde  
 Of hevye care and troubles manifolde,  
 And laye the same upon my lordes your sonnes,  
 Whose growing yeres may beare the burden long,  
 And long I pray the Goddes to graunt it so:  
 And in your life while you shall so beholde  
 Their rule, their vertues, and their noble deedes,  
 Suche as their kinde behighteth<sup>10</sup> to us all,

<sup>9</sup> *allowe*] i. e. approve. So, in *King Lear*, A. 2. S. 4.

"— if your sweet sway

"*Allow* obedience."

See Mr. Steevens's Note thereon.

<sup>10</sup> *behighteth*] i. e. promiseth. So Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*,  
 B. 4. C. 11. S. 6.

Great be the profites that shall growe thereof;  
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last,  
 Your lasting age shal be their longer stay.  
 For cares of kynges, that rule as you have ruled,  
 For publike wealth, and not for private joye,  
 Do waste mannes lyfe and hasten crooked age,  
 With furrowed face, and with enfeebled lymmes,  
 To draw on creepyng death a swifter pace.  
 They two yet yong shall beare the parted reigne  
 With greater ease than one, now olde, alone  
 Can welde the whole, for whom muche harder is  
 With lessened strength the doubled weight to beare.  
 Your eye, your counsell, and the grave regarde  
 Of father, yea, of such a father's name,  
 Now at beginning of their sondred reigne,  
 When is the hazarde of their whole successe,  
 Shall bridle so their force of youthfull heates,  
 And so restreine the rage of insolence,  
 Which most assailes the yong and noble mindes,  
 And so shall guide and traine in tempred stay  
 Their yet greene bending wittes with reverent awe,  
 As now inured with vertues at the first,  
 Custome (O king) shall bring delightfulnessse:  
 By use of vertue, vice shall growe in hate.  
 But if you so dispose it, that the daye  
 Which ends your life shall first begin their reigne,  
 Great is the perill, what will be the ende,  
 When such beginning of such liberties,  
 Voide of such staves \* as in your life do lye,  
 Shall leave them free to randon<sup>11</sup> of their will  
 An open prae to traiterous flatterie,  
 The greatest pestilence of noble youthe:  
 Whiche perill shall be past, if in your life  
 Their tempred youthe with aged father's awe  
 Be brought in ure<sup>12</sup> of skilfull stayednesse.

"And for his paines a whistle him *belight*,

"That of a fishe's shell was wrought with rare delight."

\* "States," edit. 1590.

<sup>11</sup> *randon*] To go without any restraint. *Randonner*, Fr.

<sup>12</sup> *in ure.*] *Ure* is an old word, signifying *habit*, *practise*. It is used by Spenser and others. So, in *Edward III.* A. 1. S. 1.

And in your life their lives disposed so  
 Shall length your noble life in joyfulness.  
 Thus thinke I that your grace hath wisely thought,  
 And that your tender care of common weale  
 Hath bred this thought, so to divide your lande,  
 And plant your sonnes to beare the present rule,  
 While you yet live to see their ruling well,  
 That you may longer lyve by joye therein.  
 What further meanes behovefull are and meete  
 At greater leisure may your grace devise,  
 When all have said, and when we be agreed  
 If this be best, to part the realme in twaine,  
 And place your sonnes in present government:  
 Whereof as I have plainely said my mynde,  
 So woulde I here the rest of all my lordes.

*Philander.* In part I thinke as hath been saide  
 before;

In part agayne my minde is otherwise.  
 As for dividing of this realme in twaine,  
 And lotting out the same in egall partes  
 To either of my lordes your graces sonnes,  
 That thinke I best for this your realmes behofe,  
 For profite and advauncement of your sonnes,  
 And for your comfort and your honour eke.  
 But so to place them while your life do last,  
 To yelde to them your royall governaunce,  
 To be above them onely in the name  
 Of father, not in kingly state also,  
 I thinke not good for you, for them, nor us.  
 This kingdome since the bloudie civill field  
<sup>13</sup> Where Morgan slaine did yeld his conquered part

“ — Ned, thou must begin

“ Now to forget thy study and thy books,

“ And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight.”

*Ascham's Toxophilus*, p. 87. Bennet's Edition :

“ What thing a man in tender age hath most in ure,

“ That same to death always to kepe he shall be sure.”

<sup>13</sup> *Where Morgan slaine did yeld his conquered part*

*Unto his cosins sworde in Camberland,*] See Geoffrey of Monmouth, b. ii. c. 15. He is there called Margan, and is said to have been killed by his brother Cunedagius, in a contest similar to the present between Ferrex and Porrex.

Unto his cosins sworde in Camberland \*,  
 Conteineth all that whilome did suffice  
 Three noble sonnes of your forefather Brute ;  
 So your two sonnes it may suffice also,  
 The moe <sup>14</sup> the stronger, if they gree in one :  
 The smaller compasse that the realme doth holde.  
 The easier is the swey thereof to welde,  
 The nearer justice to the wronged poore,  
 The smaller charge, and yet ynoughe for one.  
 And whan the region is divided so  
 That brethren be the lordes of either parte,  
 Such strength doth nature knit betwene them both  
 In sondrie bodies by conjoynd love,  
 That not as two, but one of doubled force,  
 Eche is to other as a sure defence :  
 The noblenesse and glory of the one  
 Doth sharpe the courage of the others mynde  
 With vertuous envie to contende for praise.  
 And such an eagalnesse <sup>15</sup> hath nature made  
 Betweene the brethren of one father's seede,  
 As an unkindly wrong it seemes to be,  
 To throwe the brother-subject under fete  
 Of him whose peere he is by course of kinde :  
 And nature that did make this egalnesse  
 Ofte so repineth \* at so great a wrong,  
 That ofte she rayseth up a grudginge griefe  
 In yonger brethren at the elders state :  
 Wherby both townes and kingdomes have been rased,  
 And famous flockes of royall blood destroyed ;  
 The brother that shoulde be the brothers aide,

\* "Cumberland," edit. 1590.

<sup>14</sup> moe] i. e. more. The ancient way of spelling and pronouncing this word.

<sup>15</sup> egalnesse] i. e. equality. So, in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. D: "And friendship is never properly knitte, but betweene men of *egall* estate and condition."

Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry IV. p. 24: "—affirmyng farther, that no kyng anointed of very dutie was either bound or obliged to answer any challenge but to his pere of *egall* estate and equivalent dignitie."

† "Sore pineth." edit. 1590.



And have a wakefull care for his defence,  
Gapes for his death, and blames the lyngering yeres,  
That draw \* not forth his ende with faster course;  
And, oft impacient of so longe delays.  
With hatefull slaughter he prevents the fates,  
And heapes a just rewarde for brothers bloode,  
With endlesse vengeance on his stocke for aye.  
Such mischiefes here are wisely mette withall,  
If egall state may nourishe egall love,  
Where none hath cause to grudge at others good.  
But nowe the head to stoupe beneth them both,  
Ne kinde, ne reason, ne good ordre beares.  
And oft it hath ben seene, where nature's course  
Hath ben perverted in disordered wise,  
When fathers cease to know that they should rule,  
And children cease to know they should obey,  
That often over kindly † tendernesse  
Is mother of unkindly stubbornesse,  
I speake not this in envie or reproche,  
As if I grudged the glorie of your sonnes,  
Whose honour I besech the Goddes encrease:  
Nor yet as if I thought there did remaine,  
So filthie cankers in their noble brestes,  
Whom I esteeme (which is their greatest praise,  
Undoubted children of so good a kyng;  
Onelie I meane to shewe by certaine rules,  
Which kinde hath graft within the mind of man,  
That nature hath her ordre and her course,  
Which (being broken) doth corrupt the state  
Of myndes and thinges even in the best of all.  
My lordes, your sonnes, may learne to rule of you,  
Your owne example in your noble course  
Is fittest guyder of their youthful yeares.  
If you desire to see some present joye  
By sight of their well-rulynge in your lyfe,  
See them obey, so shall you see them rule  
Who so obeyeth not with humblenesse  
Will rule with outrage and with insolence.

\* "Brings." edit. 1590.

† "Our unkindly." edit. 1590.

Longe may they rule, I do beseeche the Goddes,  
But longe may they learne, ere they begyn to rule.  
If kinde and fates would suffre I would wishe  
Them aged princes and immortal kinges :  
Wherefore, most noble kynge, I will assent,  
Betwene your sonnes that you divide your realme,  
And as in kinde, so match them in degree :  
But while the Goddes prolong your royall life,  
Prolong your reigne, for therto lyve you here,  
And therefore have the Goddes so long forborne  
To joyne you to themselves, that still you might  
Be prince and father of our common weale.  
They when they see your children ripe to rule,  
Will make them rouse, and will remove you hence,  
That yours in right ensuyng of your life  
May rightly honour your immortall name.

*Eubulus.* Your wonted true regarde of faithfull hartes  
Makes me (O kinge) the bolder to presume  
To speake what I conceive within my brest,  
Although the same do not agree at all  
With that which other here my lordes have said,  
Nor which yourselfe have seemed best to lyke.  
Pardon I crave, and that my wordes be demed  
To flowe from hartie zeale unto your grace,  
And to the safetie of your common weale.  
To parte your realme unto my lordes your sonnes  
I thinke not good for you, ne yet for them,  
But worste of all for this our native lande :  
Within \* one land, one single rule is best :  
Divided reignes † do make divided hartes,  
But peace preserves the countrey and the prince.  
Suche is in man the greedy minde to reigne,  
So great is his desire to climbe alofte,  
In worldly stage the stateliest partes to beare,  
That faith and justice and all kindly love  
Do yelde unto desire of soveraigntie,  
Where egall state doth raise an egall hope  
To winne the thing that either wold attaine.

\* "For with." Edit. 1590.

† Regions. Edit. 1590.

Your grace remembreth how in passed yeres,  
The mightie Brute, first prince of all this land<sup>16</sup>,  
Possessed the same, and ruled it well in one;  
He thinking that the compasse did suffice  
For his three sonnes, three kingdoms eke to make,  
Cut it in three, as you would now in twaine;  
But how much British blood hath since bene spilt,  
To joyne againe the sondred unitie!  
What princes slaine before their timely houre!  
What waste of townes and people in the lande!  
What treasons heaped on murders and on spoiles!  
Whose just revenge even yet is scarcely ceased,  
Ruthfull remembraunce is yet rawe in minde.  
The Gods forbyd the like to chaunce againe!  
And you (O king) geve not the cause thereof.  
My lord Ferrex your elder sonne, perhappes  
Whome kinde and custome geves a rightfull hope  
To be your heire and to succede your reigne,  
Shall thinke that he doth suffer greater wronge  
Then he perchaunce will beare, if power serve;  
Porrex, the younger, so upraised\* in state,  
Perhappes in courage will be raysed also;  
If flatterie then, which fayles not to assaile  
The tendre mindes of yet unskilfull youth,  
In one shall kindle and encrease disdaine,  
And envie in the others harte enflame;  
This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,  
And ruthfull ruine shall destroy them both.  
I wish not thys (O kyng) so to befall,  
But feare the thing, that I do most abhorre.  
Geve no beginning to so dreadfull ende,  
Kepe them in order and obedience,  
And let them both by now obeying you,  
Learne such behaviour as beseemes their state;  
The elder myldenesse in his governaunce,  
The yonger, a yelding contentednesse:  
And kepe them neare unto your presence still,

<sup>16</sup> *The mightie Brute, first prince of all this land.*] See Geoffry of Monmouth, book i.

\* "Unpaied." Edit. 1590.

That they, restreyned by the awe of you,  
 May live in compasse of well-tempred staye,  
 And passe the perrilles of their youthfull yeares.  
 Your aged life drawes on to febler tyme,  
 Wherin you shall lesse able be to beare  
 The travailes that in youth you have susteyned,  
 Both in your person's and your realme's defence.  
 If planting now your sonnes in further partes,  
 You sende them further from your present reach,  
 Lesse shall you know how they themselves demeane :  
 Traiterous corrupters of their plyant youth  
 Shall have unspied a muche more free accesse :  
 And if ambition, and inflamed disdaine  
 Shall arme the one, the other, or them both,  
 To civill warre, or to usurping pride,  
 Late shall you rue that you ne recked<sup>17</sup> before.  
 Good is I graunt of all to hope the best,  
 But not to live still dreadlesse of the worst.  
 So truste the one, that th'other be forsene,  
 Arme not unskilfulnesse with princely power.  
 But you that long have wisely ruled the reynes.  
 Of royaltie within your noble realme,  
 So holde them, while the Gods for our avayles  
 Shall stretch the thred of your prolonged daies.  
 To soone he clambe into the flaming carre  
 Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire :  
 Time and example of your noble grace,  
 Shall teache your sonnes both to obey and rule :  
 When time hath taught them, time shall make them  
 place,  
 The place that now is full ; and so I pray  
 Long it remaine, to comforte of us all.

*Gorboduc.* I take your faithful harts in thankfull part ;  
 But sithe I see no cause to draw my minde,  
 To feare the nature of my loving sonnes,  
 Or to misdeme that envie or disdaine  
 Can there worke hate, where nature planteth love,

\* "Demaund." Edit. 1590.

<sup>17</sup> *recked*] See Note 33 to *Tancred and Uismunda*, vol. II.

In one selfe purpose do I still abide.  
My love extendeth egally to both,  
My lande suffiseth for them both also :  
Humber shall parte the marches of theyr realmes :  
The sotherne parte the elder shall possesse,  
The northerne shall Porrex the yonger rule :  
In quiet I will passe mine aged dayes,  
Free from the travaile and the painefull cares  
That hasten age upon the worthiest kinges.  
But lest the fraude that ye do seeme to feare,  
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth  
And wrythe them to the wayes of youthfull lust,  
To climyng pride or to revenging hate,  
Or to neglecting of their carefull charge  
Lewdely to live in wanton recklesnesse,  
Or to oppressing of the rightfull cause,  
Or not to wreke the wronges done to the poore,  
To treade downe truth, or favour false deceit,  
I meane to joyne to either of my sonnes,  
Some one of those whose long approved faith  
And wisdom tried may well assure my harte,  
That mynyng fraude shall finde no way to crepe  
Into their fensed eares with grave advise.  
This is the ende, and so I pray you all  
To bear my sonnes the love and loyaltie  
That I have founde within your faithfull brestes.

*Arostus.* You, nor your sonnes, our sovereign lord,  
shall want

Our faith and service while our lives do last.

*Chorus.* When settled stay doth holde the royall  
throne,

In stedfast place by knowen and doubtles right;  
And chiefly when discent on one alone  
Makes single and unparted reigne to light ;  
Ech change of course unjoins the whole estate  
And yeldes it thrall to ruine by debate.

The strength that knit by faste accorde in one,  
Against all forrein power of mightie foes,  
Could of itselfe defend itselfe alone,  
Disjoyned once, the former force doth lose.

The stickes, that sondred brake so soone in twaine,  
In faggot bounde attempted were in vaine.

Oft tender minde that leades the parciall eye  
Of erring parents in their childrens love,  
Destroyes the wrongly \* loved childe therby :  
This doth the proud sonne of Apollo prove,  
Who, rashely set in chariot of his sire,  
Inflamed the parched earth with heavens fire.

And this great king that doth deuide his lande,  
And chaunge the course of his descending crowne,  
And yeldes the reigne into his childrens hande,  
From blisful state of joy and great renowne,  
A myrrour shall become to princes all,  
To learne to shunne the cause of such a fall.

The Order and Signification of the Domme Shew  
before the second Acte.

*First the musicke of cornettes began to playe, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a nombre of his nobilitie and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chaire of estate prepared for him, there came and kneled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offred up a cuppe unto him of wyne in a glasse, which the king refused. After him commes a brave and lustie yong gentleman, and presentes the king with a cup of golde filled with poyson, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell downe dead upon the stage, and so was carryed thence away by his lordes and gentlemen, and then the musicke ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glasse by nature holdeth no poyson, but is clere and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any arte ; so a faythfull counsellour holdeth no treason, but is playne and open, ne yeldeth to anie indiscrete affection, but geveth holesome counsell, which the yll advised prince refuseth. The delightfull golde filled with poyson betokeneth Flattery, which under faire seeming of pleasaunt wordes beareth deadly poyson, which destroyed*

\* " Wrongfull," edit. 1590.

*the prince that receyveth it. As befell in the two brethren Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the holesome advise of grave counsellours, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction therby.*

# ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA.

FERREX, HERMON, DORDAN.

*Ferrex.* I mervaille much what reason ledde the king

My father thus without all my desert  
To reve me halfe the kingdome, which by course  
Of lawe and nature should remayne to me.

*Hermon.* If you with stubborne and untamed pryde  
Had stood against him in rebelling \* wise,  
Or if with grudging minde you had envied  
So slow a sliding of his aged yeres,  
Or sought before your time to haste the course  
Of fatall death upon his royall head,  
Or stained your stocke with murder of your kyn,  
Some face of reason might perhaps have seemed,  
To yelde some likely cause to spoyle ye thus.

*Ferrex.* The wrekeful gods powre on my cursed  
head

Eternall plagues and never dying woes :  
The hellish prince adjudge my dampned ghost  
To Tantaless thirste, or proude Ixions wheele,  
Or cruell gripe <sup>18</sup> to gnaw my growing † harte,  
To during tormentes and unquenched flames ;  
If ever I conceyved so foule a thought,  
To wishe his ende of life, or yet of reigne.

*Dordan.* Ne yet your father (O most noble prince)  
Did ever thinke so fowle a thing of you ;  
For he with more than fathers tender love  
While yet the fates do lende him life to rule,

\* "Rebellious," edit 1590.

<sup>18</sup> gripe.] A gripe is a griffin, perhaps used here for a vulture.  
See Cotgrave. S.

† "Groaning," edit, 1590.

(Who long might lyve to see your ruling well)  
To you my lorde, and to his other sonne,  
Lo he resignes his realme and royaltie;  
Which never would so wise a prince have done,  
If he had once misdemed that in your harte  
There ever lodged so unkinde a thought.  
But tendre love (my lorde) and settled truste  
Of your good nature, and your noble minde,  
Made him to place you thus in royall throne,  
And now to geve you half his realme to guide,  
Yea and that halfe which in \* abounding store  
Of things that serve to make a welthy realme,  
In stately cities and in fruteful soyle,  
In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,  
In things of nedefull use, which frendly sea  
Transportes by traffike from the forreine partes,  
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,  
Doth passe the double value of the parte  
That Porrex hath allotted to his reigne.  
Such is your case, such is your father's love.

*Ferrex.* Ah love, my friends? love wrongs not whom  
he loves.

*Dordan.* Ne yet he wrongeth you that geveth you  
So large a reigne ere that the course of time  
Bring you to kingdome by discended right,  
Which time perhaps might end your time before,

*Ferrex.* Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me  
My native right of halfe so great a realme,  
And thus to match his yonger sonne with me  
In egall power, and in as great degree?  
Yea and what sonne? the sonne whose swelling pride  
Woulde never yelde one point of reverence,  
When I the elder and appraunt heire  
Stoode in the likelihode to possesse the whole;  
Yea and that sonne which from his childish age  
Envieth myne honour, and doth hate my life,  
What will he now do? when his pride, his rage,  
The mindfull malice or his grudging harte



Is armed with force, with wealth and kingly state?

*Hermon.* Was this not wrong? yea yll advised  
wrong,

To give so mad a man so sharpe a sworde,  
To so great perill of so great missehappe,  
Wide open thus to set so large a waye?

*Dordan.* Alas, my lord, what griefull thing is this  
That of your brother you can thinke so ill?

I never saw him utter likelie signe

Whereby a man might see or once misdeme

Such hate of you, ne such unyielding pride:

Ill is their counsell, shamefull be their ende,

That raysing such mistrustful feare in you,

Sowing the seede of such unkindly hate,

Travaile by treason to destroy you both.

Wise is your brother and of noble hope,

Worthie to welde a large and mighty realme;

So much a stronger frende have you therby,

Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

*Hermon.* If nature and the goddes had pinched so  
Their flowing bountie and their noble giftes

Of princelie qualities from you, my lorde,

And powrde them all at ones in wastfull wise

Upon your fathers yonger sonne alone,

Perhappes there be that iu your prejudice

Would say that birth should yeld to worthinesse:

But sithe in eche good gift and princelie arte \*

Ye are his matche, and in the chiefe of all

In mildnesse and in sobre governaunce,

Ye farre surmount; and sith there is in you

Sufficing skill and hopefull towardnesse,

To weld the whole and match your elders prayse;

I see no cause why ye should loose the halfe,

Ne would I wishe you yelde to such a losse,

Lest your milde sufferance of so great a wronge

Be deemed cowardishe and simple dreade;

Which shall geve courage to the fiery head

Of your yonge brother to invade the whole.

While yet therfore stickes in the peoples minde  
 The lothed wrong of your disheritaunce,  
 And ere your brother have by settled power,  
 By guilefull cloke of an alluring showe,  
 Got him some force and favour in the realme:  
 And while the noble queene your mother lyves,  
 To worke and practise all for your availe,  
 Attempt redresse by arms, and wreake yourself<sup>19</sup>  
 Upon his life that gayneth by your losse,  
 Who nowe to shame of you, and grieve of us,  
 In your owne kingdome triumphes over you.  
 Shew now your courage meete for kingly state,  
 That they which have avowed to spend their goods,  
 Their landes, their lives and honours in your cause,  
 May be the bolder to mainteyne your parte  
 When they do see that cowarde feare in you  
 Shall not betray, ne faile their faithfull hartes.  
 If once the death of Porrex ende the strife,  
 And pay the price of his usurped reigne,  
 Your mother shall perswade the angry kyng,  
 The lords your frends eke shall appease his rage  
 For they be wise and well they can forsee,  
 That ere long time your aged fathers death  
 Will bryng a time when you shall well requite  
 Their friendlie favour, or their hateful spite,  
 Yea, or their slacknesse to avaunce your cause.  
 "Wise men do not so hang on passing state  
 "Of present princes, chiefly in their age,  
 "But they will further cast their reaching eye  
 "To viewe and weye the times and reignes to come."  
 Ne is it likely though the king be wrothe,  
 That he yet will, or that the realme will beare  
 Extreme revenge upon his onely sonne;  
 Or if he woulde, what one is he that dare  
 Be minister to such an enterprise?  
 And here you be now placed in your owne,  
 Amyd your frendes, your vassalles and your strength  
 We shall defende and kepe your person safe,  
 Till either counsell turne his tender minde,

<sup>19</sup> wreake yourself] i. e. revenge yourself.

Or age or sorrow ende his werie dayes.  
 But if the feare of goddes, and secret grudge  
 Of natures law, repining at the fact,  
 Witholde your courage from so great attempt;  
 Know ye that lust of kingdomes hath no law,  
 The goddes do beare and well allow in kinges  
 The thinges that they abhorre in rascall routes.  
 " When kinges on slender quarrels runne to warres,  
 " And then in cruell and unkindely wise  
 " Commaund theftes, rapes, murder of innocents,  
 " To spoile of townes, ruines of mighty realms,  
 " Thinke you such princes do suppose themselves  
 " Subject to lawes of kinde and feare of gods?"  
 Murders and violent theftes in private men  
 Are hainous crimes and full of foule reproch;  
 Yet none offence, but deckt with glorious name  
 Of noble conquestes in the handes of kinges.\*  
 But if you like not yet so hote devise,  
 Ne list to take such vauntage of the time,  
 But, though with perill of your owne estate,  
 You will not be the first that shall invade,  
 Assemble yet your force for your defence,  
 And for your safetie stand upon your garde.

*Dordan.* O heaven! was there ever heard or knowne,  
 So wicked counsell to a noble prince?  
 Let me (my lord) disclose unto your grace  
 This hainous tale, what mischief it contanes;  
 Your fathers death, your brothers, and your owne,  
 Your present murder and eternall shame.  
 Heare me (O king) and suffer not to sinke  
 So high a treason in your princely brest.

*Ferrex.* The mighty goddes forbid that ever I  
 Should once conceive such mischief in my hart!  
 Although my brother hath bereft my realme,  
 And beare perhappes to me an hatefull minde,  
 Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?  
 Or shall I so destroy my father's life  
 That gave me life? The gods forbid, I say;

\* In the copy of 1590, this and the three preceding lines are transposed so as to make nonsense of the passage. C.

Cease you to speake so any more to me,  
Ne you my frend with answere once repeate  
So foule a tale. In silence let it dye :  
What lord or subject shall have hope at all,  
That under me they safely shall enjoye  
Their goods, their honours, landes and liberties,  
With whom, neither one onely brother deare,  
Ne father dearer, could enjoye their lives ?  
But sith, I feare my yonger brother's rage,  
And sith perhapes some other man may geve  
Some like advise, to move his grudging head  
At mine estate, which counsell may perchaunce  
Take greater force with him, then this with me,  
I will in secrete so prepare myselfe,  
As if his malice or his lust to reigne,  
Breake forth in armes or sodeine violence  
I may withstand his rage and keepe mine owne.

*Dordan.* I feare the fatal time now draweth on,  
When civill hate shall end the noble line  
Of famous Brute and of his royall seede ;  
Great Jove defend the mischiefes now at hand !  
O, that the secretaries wise advise  
Had erst bene heard, when he besought the king  
Not to divide his land, nor send his sonnes  
To further partes from presence of his court,  
Ne yet to yelde to them his governaunce.  
Lo such are they now in the royall throne  
As was rashe Phaeton in Phœbus carre ;  
Ne then the fiery stedes did draw the flame  
With wilder randon through the kindled skies,  
Than traitorous counsell now will whirle about  
The youthfull heades of these unskilfull kinges.  
But I hereof their father will enforme ;  
The reverence of him perhappes shall stay  
The growing mischiefes, while they yet are greene :  
If this helpe not, then woe unto themselves,  
The prince, the people, the divided land.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

PORREX. TYNDAR. PHILANDER.

*Porrex.* And is it thus? and doth he so prepare  
Against his brother as his mortall foe?  
And now while yet his aged father lives?  
Neither regards he him, nor feares he me?  
Warre would he have? and he shall have it so.

*Tyndar.* I saw myselfe the great prepared store  
Of horse, of armour, and of weapons there,  
Ne bring I to my lord reported tales,  
Without the ground of seen and searched trouth.  
Loe secrete quarrells runne about his court,  
To bring the name of you my lorde in hate;  
Ech man almost can now debate the cause,  
And aske a reason of so great a wrong,  
Why he so noble, and so wise a prince,  
Is as unworthy reft his heritage.  
And why the king, misseledde by craftie meanes,  
Divided thus his land from course of right?  
The wiser sort holde downe their griefull heades,  
Eche man withdrawes from talke and company  
Of those that have bene knowne to favour you  
To hide the mischief of their meaning there.  
Rumours are spread of your preparing here:  
The rascall numbers of unskilfull sort  
Are filled with monstrous tales of you and yours.  
In secrete I was counselled by my frendes  
To hast me thence, and brought you as you know  
Letters from those that both can truely tell,  
And would not write unlesse they knew it well.

*Philander.* My lord, yet ere you move unkindly warre,  
Send to your brother to demaund the cause:  
Perhappes some traiterous tales have filled his eares  
With false reportes against your noble grace,  
Which once disclosed shall end the growing strife,  
That els not stayed with wise foresight in time  
Shall hazarde both your kingdomes and your lives.  
Send to your father eke, he shall appease

Your kindled mindes, and rid you of this feare.

*Porrex.* Ridde me of feare? I feare him not at all,  
Ne will to him, ne to my father send :  
If danger were for one to tary there,  
Thinke ye it safetie to returne againe?  
In mischiefes such as Ferrex now intendes,  
The wonted courteous lawes to messengers  
Are not observed, which in just warre they use.  
Shall I so hazard any one of mine?  
Shall I betray my trusty frendes to him  
That hath disclosed his treason unto me?  
Let him entreate that feares, I feare him not :  
Or shall I to the king my father send?  
Yea and send now while such a mother lives,  
That loves my brother and that hateth me?  
Shall I geve leasure by my fonde delayes  
To Ferrex to oppresse me all unware?  
I will not, but I will invade his realme  
And seeke the traitour prince within his court :  
Mischiefe for mischiefe is a due reward.  
His wretched head shall pay the worthy price  
Of this his treason and his hate to me.  
Shall I abide, and treat, and send and pray,  
And holde my yelden throate to traitours knife;  
While I with valiant minde and conquering force  
Might rid myselfe of foes and winne a realme?  
Yet rather when I have the wretches head,  
Then to the king my father will I send,  
The bootelesse case may yet appease his wrath;  
If not, I will defend me as I may.

*Philander.* Lo here the end of these two youthful  
kings,

The fathers death, the ruine of their realmes.

“ O most unhappy state of counsellors,

“ That light on so unhappy lordes and times,

“ That neither can their good advise be heard,

“ Yet must they beare the blames of ill successe !”

But I will to the king their father haste,

• Ere this mischiefe come to the likely end,

That if the mindfull wrath of wrekefull gods,

Since mightie Ilions fall not yet appeased  
 With these poore remnautes of the Trojan name  
 Have not determin'd by unmoved fate  
 Out of this realme to raise the Brittishe \* line,  
 By good advise, by awe of father's name,  
 By force of wiser lordes, this kindled hate  
 May yet be quenched ere it consume us all.

*Chorus.* When youth not bridled with a guiding stay  
 Is left to randon of their own delight.  
 And welds whole realmes by force of sovereign sway,  
 Great is the daunger of unmaistred might,  
 Lest skillesse rage throwes downe with headlong fall  
 Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling brest,  
 And gredy lust doth rayse the climbing minde,  
 Oh hardlie maye the perill be repress,  
 Ne feare of angrie goddes, ne lawes kinde,  
 Ne countries care can fired hartes restrayne  
 Whan force hath armed envie and disdaine :

When kinges of foresette <sup>20</sup> will neglect the rede <sup>21</sup>  
 Of best advise, and yelde to pleasing tales,  
 That do their fansies noysome humour feede,  
 Ne reason, nor regarde of right availles;  
 Succeding heapes of plagues shall teach to late  
 To learne the mischiefes of misguided state.

Fowle fall the traitour false that undermines  
 The love of brethren to destroye them both.  
 Wo to the prince, that pliant care enclynes  
 And yeldes his minde to poysonous tale that floweth  
 From flattering mouth ; and woe to wretched land  
 That wastes itselfe with civill sworde in hande.

Loe, thus it is, poyson in golde to take,  
 And holsome drinke in homely cuppe forsake.

\* " Brutishe" Edit. 1590.

<sup>20</sup> *foresette*] i. e. foresight.

Mr. Reed's opinion that *foresette* is to be understood *foresight* seems very questionable : the meaning of the line seems rather to be " when kings of *fore-set purpose* will neglect to listen to the best advice." There is no instance in any other author where foresight is spelt *foresette*. C.

<sup>21</sup> *rede*]. i. e. advice. See Note 42 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

The Order and 'Signification of the Domme Shewe  
before the thirde Act.

*First, the musicke of flutes began to playe, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners all clad in blacke, betokening death and sorrowe to ensue upon the ill advised misgovernement and discention of brethrene, as befell upon the murder of Ferrex, by his yonger brother. After the mourners had passed thryse about the stage, they departed, and then the musicke ceased.*

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

GORBODUC. EUBULUS. AROSIOUS. PHILANDER.  
NUNTIUS.

Gorboduc, O cruell fates, O mindful wrath of goddes,  
Whose vengeance neither Simois stayned streames  
Flowing with bloud of Trojan princes slaine;  
Nor Phrygian fieldes made ranck with corpses dead  
Of Asian kinges and lordes can yet appease,  
Ne slaughter of unhappie Pryam's race,  
Nor Ilions fall made leuell with the soile,  
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage  
Pursues our lyves, and from the farthest seas  
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troye.  
Oh no man happie till his ende be seene?  
If any flowing wealth and seemyng-joye  
In present yeres might make a happy wight,  
Happie was Hecuba, the wonderfullest wretch  
That ever lyved to make a myrrour of,  
And happie Pryam with his noble sonnes,  
And happie I till now. Alas, I see  
And feele my most unhappie wretchednesse!  
Beholde, my lordes, read ye this letter here,  
Loe it contains the ruine of our realme,  
If timelie spede provide not hastie helpe.  
Yet, (O ye goddes,) if ever wofull kyng



Might move ye, kings of kinges, wreke it on me  
 And on my sonnes, not on this gilltesse realme.  
 Send downe your wasting flames from wrathfull skies,  
 To reve me and my sonnes the hateful breath.  
 Read, read my lordes : this is the matter why  
 I called ye nowe, to have your good advyse.

*The letter from Dordan the counsellour of the elder prince.*

[*Eubulus readeth the letter.*

My soveraigne lord, what I am loth to write  
 But lothest am to see, that I am forced  
 By letters nowe to make you understande.  
 My lord Ferrex, your eldest sonne, misledde  
 By traitorous fraude of yong untempred wittes,  
 Assembleth force agaynst your yonger sonne,  
 Ne can my counsell yet withdrawe the heate  
 And furious panges of his enflamed head :  
 Disdaine (saith he) of his disheritance,  
 Armes him to wreke the great pretended wrong \*  
 With civyll sword upon his brother's life.  
 If present helpe do not restraine this rage,  
 This flame will wast your sonnes, your land and you.

*Your majesty's faithfull, and most humble subject,*

*Dordan.*

*Arostus.* O king, appease your grieve and stay your  
 plaint.

Great is the matter and a wofull case ;  
 But timely knowledge may bring timely helpe.  
 Send for them both unto your presence here :  
 The reverence of your honour, age, and state,  
 Your grave advice, the awe of father's name  
 Shall quicklie knit agayne this broken peace :  
 And if in either of my lordes your sonnes  
 Be suche untamed and unyielding pride  
 As will not bende unto your noble hestes<sup>22</sup> ;

\* i. e. *intended* wrong. See note 48 to *the Jew of Malta*, vol. VIII. where various instances of the use of *pretend* for *intend* are given, C.

<sup>22</sup> *hestes*.] Commands. See note 5 to *Tancred and Gismunda* vol. II.

If Ferrex th' elder sonne can bear no peere,  
Or Porrex not content, aspire to more  
Than you him gave above his native right,  
Joyne with the juster side ; so shall you force  
Them to agree, and holde the lande in stay.

*Eubulus.* What meaneth this ? loe yonder comes in  
hast

Philander from my lord your yonger sonne.

*Gorboduc.* The goddes sende joyful newes !

*Philander.* The mightie Jove

Preserve your majestie, O noble king.

*Gorboduc.* Philander, welcome : but how doth my  
sonne ?

*Philander.* Your sonne, sir, lyves and healthie I him  
left :

But yet (O king) this want of lustfull health  
Could not be halfe so griefefull to your grace,  
As these most wretched tidynges that I bryng.

*Gorboduc.* O heavens, yet more ? no ende of woes to  
me ?

*Philander.* Tyndar, O king, came lately from the  
court

Of Ferrex, to my lord your yonger sonne,  
And made reporte of great prepared store  
For warre, and sayth that it is wholly ment  
Agaynst Porrex, for high disdayne that he  
Lyves now a king and egall in degree  
With him, that claime to succede the whole,  
As by due title of discending right.  
Porrex is nowe so set on flaming fire,  
Partely with kindled rage of cruell wrath,  
Partely with hope to gaine a realme thereby,  
That he in hast prepareth to invade  
His brother's land, and with unkindely warre  
Threatens the murder of your eider sonne :  
Ne could I him perswade that first he should  
Send to his brother to demaunde the cause :  
Nor yet to you to staie this hateful strife.  
Wherefore sith there no more I can be hearde,  
I come myselfe now to enforme your grace,

And to beseche you, as you love the life  
 And safetie of your children and your realme,  
 Now to employ your wisdome and your force  
 To staye this mischiefe ere it be too late.

*Gorboduc.* Are they in armes? would he not sende  
 to me?

Is this the honour of a father's name?  
 In vain we travaile to asswage their mindes,  
 As if their hartes, whom neither brother's love,  
 Nor father's awe, nor kingdomes care can move,  
 Our counsell could withdrawe from raging heat.  
 Jove'slay them both, and end the cursed line!  
 For though perhappes feare of such mightie force  
 As I, my lordes, joyned with your noble aides,  
 Maye yet raise, shall repress their present heate,  
 The secret grudge and malice will remayne:  
 The fire not quenched, but kept in close restraint  
 Fedde still within, breakes forth with double flame.  
 Their death and myne must peaze<sup>23</sup> the angrie gods.

*Philander.* Yelde, not, O king, so much to weake  
 dispeire;

Your sonnes yet lyve, and long I trust they shall.  
 If fates had taken you from earthly life,  
 Before beginning of this civyll strife,  
 Perhaps your sonnes, in their unmaistered youth,  
 Loose from regarde of any lyvyng wight,  
 Would runne on headlong, with unbridled race  
 To their owne death, and ruine of this realme:  
 But sith the gods that have the care for kinges,  
 Of thinges and times dispose the order so  
 That in your life this kindled flame breakes forth,  
 While yet your lyfe, your wisdome and your power  
 May stay the growing mischiefe, and repress  
 The fierie blaze of their inkindled heate,  
 It seemes, and so ye ought to deeme thereof,  
 That lovyng Jove hath tempred so the time

<sup>23</sup> *peaze.*] i. e. appease. S.

It is used in the same way in the first scene of the next act. The printer of the copy of 1590, perhaps, not thinking that it would be understood, printed it *appease*. C.

Of this debate to happen in your dayes,  
 That you yet lyving may the same appeaze,  
 And adde it to the glory of your age<sup>24</sup>,  
 And they your sonnes may learne to live in peace.  
 Beware (O king) the greatest harme of all,  
 Lest by your waylefull plaints your hastened death  
 Yelde large rounge unto their growing rage : \*  
 Preserve your life, the onely hope of stay :  
 And if your highnes herein list to use  
 Wisdome or force, counsell or knightly aide,  
 Loe we, our persons, powers, and lyves are yours ;  
 Use us tyll death, O king, we are your owne.

*Eubulus.* Loe here the perill that was erst foresene,  
 When you (O king) did first devide your lande,  
 And yelde your present reigne unto your sonnes.  
 But now (O noble prince) now is no time  
 To waile and plaine, and wast your wofull life,  
 Now is the time for present good advise,  
 Sorow doth darke the judgement of the wytte ;  
 " The hart unbroken and the courage free  
 " .From feble faintnesse of bootelesse despeire  
 " Doth either ryse to safetie or renowne,  
 " By noble valure of unvanquisht minde,  
 " Or yet doth perishe in more happy sort."  
 Your grace may send to either of your sonnes  
 Some one both wise and noble personage,  
 Which with good counsell and with weightie name  
 Of father shall present before their eyes  
 Your hest, your life, your safetie, and their owne ;  
 The present mischief of their deadly strife :  
 And in the while assemble you the force  
 Which your commaundement and the speddy hast  
 Of all my lordes here present can prepare :  
 The terrour of your mightie power shall staye  
 The rage of both, or yet of one at lest.

<sup>24</sup> *your age.*] The second and third editions read, *your latter age.*  
 The alteration by Mr. Spence.

\* The edit. of 1590 has this line thus :

" Yelde *larger* rounge unto this growing rage ;"  
 which is an improvement of the metre ; and so Mr. Hawkins re-  
 printed it in his *Origin of the English Drama.* C.

*Nuntius.* O king, the greatest grieve that ever prince  
 dyd heare,  
 That ever wofull messenger did tell,  
 That ever wretched land hath sene before  
 I bryng to you. Porrex your yonger sonne  
 With soden force invaded hath the lande  
 That you to Ferrex did allotte to rule :  
 And with his owne most bloudy hand he hath  
 His brother slaine, and doth possesse his realme.

*Gorboduc.* O heavens send down the flames of your  
 revenge !

Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakefull fier  
 The traitour sonne, and then the wretched sire.  
 But let us go, that yet perhappes I may  
 Die with revenge, and peaze the hatefull gods.

*Chorus.* The lust of kingdome knowes no sacred  
 faith,

No rule of reason, no regarde of right,  
 No kindly love, no feare of heaven's wrath,  
 But with contempt of goddes, and man's despite.  
 Through blodie slaughter doth prepare the waies,  
 To fatall scepter and accursed reigne.  
 The sonne so lothes the father's lingering daies,  
 Ne dreads his hand in brother's blode to staine.  
 O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet recorde  
 The yet fresh murthers done within the lande  
 Of thy forefathers, when the cruell sworde  
 Bereft Morgan his life with cosyn's hand ?  
 Thus fatall plagues pursue the gilty race,  
 Whose murderous hand, imbrued with giltyesse blood,  
 Askes vengeance still before the heavens face,  
 With endlesse mischiefes on the cursed broode.  
 The wicked childe thus bringes to wofull sire  
 The mournefull plaintes to wast his very life :  
 Thus do the cruell flames of civyll fier  
 Destroy the parted reigne with hatefull strife.  
 And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow,  
 The dead black streames of mourning, plaints and  
 woe.

<sup>24</sup> *Bereft Morgan his life, &c.*] See Act 2. Sc. 2.

The Order and Signification of the Domme Shew  
before the fourth Act.

*First the musick of howeboies began to playe, during which there came from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Alecto, Megera, and Ctisiphone, clad in blacke garmentes sprinkled with bloud and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heds spred with serpentes in stead of heire, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand; ech driving before them a king and a queene, which moved by furies unnaturally had slaine their owne children. The names of the kings and queenes were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambises, Althea; after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrise, they departed, and than the musick ceased: hereby was signified the unnaturall murders to follow, that is to say, Porrex, slaine by his owne mother; and of king Gorboduc, and queen Videna, killed by their owne subjects.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

VIDENA *sola.*

Why should I lyve and linger forth my time  
In longer life to double my distresse?  
O me most wofull wight! whome no mishappe  
Long ere this day could have bereved hence.  
Mought not these handes by fortune or by fate  
Have perst this brest, and life with iron reft?  
Or in this palace here where I so long  
Have spent my daies, could not that happie houre  
Once, once have hapt in which these hugie frames  
With death by fall might have oppressed me?  
Or should not this most hard and cruell soile,  
So oft where I have prest my wretched steps,  
Some time had ruthe of myne accursed life,  
To rende in twayne and swallow me therein?  
So had my bones possessed now in peace  
Their happie grave within the closed ground,

And greedie wormes had gnawen this pyned hart  
 Without my feeling payne: so should not now  
 This lyving brest remayne the ruthfull tombe  
 Wherin my hart, yelden to death, is graved;  
 Nor driery thoughts with panges of pining grieve  
 My dolefull minde had not afflicted thus.  
 O my beloved sonne, O my swete childe,  
 My deare Ferrex, my joye, my lyves delight,  
 Is my beloved sonne, is my sweete childe,  
 My deare Ferrex, my joye, my lyves delight  
 Murdred with cruell death? O hatefull wretch,  
 O heynous traitour both to heaven and earth,  
 Thou Porrex, thou this damned dede hast wrought,  
 Thou Porrex, thou shalt dearly bye<sup>25</sup> the same!  
 Traitour to kinne and kinde, to sire and me,  
 To thine owne fleshe, and traitour to thyself.  
 The Gods on thee in hell shall wreke the wrath,  
 And here in earth this hand shall take revenge  
 On thee Porrex, thou false and caitife wight.  
 If after bloud so eigre were thy thirst,  
 And murderous minde had so possessed thee,  
 If such hard hart of rocke and stonie flint  
 Lived in thy brest, that nothing els could like  
 Thy cruel tyrantes thought but death and bloud,  
 Wilde savage beasts mought not their slaughter serve,  
 To fede thy greedie will, and in the midst  
 Of their entrailes to staine thy deadly handes  
 With blood deserved, and drinke thereof thy fill?  
 Or if nought els but death and bloud of man  
 Mought please thy lust, could none in Brittain land,  
 Whose hart betorne out of his panting brest  
 With thine owne hand, or worke what death thou  
 wouldst,

Suffice to make a sacrifice to peaze \*  
 That deadly minde and murderous thought in thee,  
 But he who in the selfe same wombe was wrapped,  
 Where thou in dismall hower receivedst life?  
 Or if nedes, nedes thy hand must slaughter make,  
 Moughtest thou not have reached a mortall wound,

<sup>25</sup> bye] aby. See Note 11 to *George a Green*, vol. III.

\* "Appease," edit. 1590.

And with thy sword have pearsed this cursed wombe  
 That the, accursed Porrex, brought to light,  
 And geven me a just reward therefore?  
 So, Ferrex, yet sweet life mought have enjoyed  
 And to his aged father comfort brought,  
 With some yong sonne in whom they both might live.  
 But whereunto waste I this ruthfull speche  
 To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?  
 Shall I still thinke that from this wombe thou sprong?  
 That I thee bare, or take thee for my sonne?  
 No traitour, no: I thee refuse for mine:  
 Murderer, I thee renounce, thou art not mine.  
 Never, O wretch, this wombe conceived thee,  
<sup>26</sup> Nor never bode I painfull throwes for thee;  
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my childe,  
 Nor to no wight that spark of pitie knew,  
 Ruthelesse unkinde, monster of natures worke,  
<sup>27</sup> Thou never suckt the milke of woman's brest,  
 But from thy birth the cruell tigers teates  
 Have nursed thee, nor yet of fleshe and blood  
 Formde is thy hart, but of hard iron wrought;  
 And wilde and desert woods bredde thee to life.  
 But canst thou hope to scape my just revenge,  
 Or that these hands will not be wrooke<sup>28</sup> on thee?  
 Doest thou not know that Ferrex mother lives  
 That loved him more dearly than herselfe?  
 And doth she live, and is not venged on thee?

### ACTUS QUARTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

GORBODUC, AROSTUS. EUBULUS. PORREX.

MARCELLA.

*Gorboduc.* We marvell much wherto this lingring stay  
 Falles out so long: Porrex unto our court  
 By order of our letters is returned;

<sup>26</sup> *Nor never bode I, &c.*] *bode*, from the verb to *bide*. S.

<sup>27</sup> *Thou never suckt the milke of woman's brest, &c.*]

Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,

Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens

Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigris. VIRGIL.

<sup>28</sup> *wrooke*] *Revenged*, from the verb to *wreak*. S.



And Eubulus receaved from us byhest,  
At his arrivall heere to geve him charge  
Before our presence straight to make repaire,  
And yet we have no worde whereof he staves.

*Arostus.* Lo where he commes, and Eubulus with him.

*Eubulus.* According to your highnesse hest to me  
Here have I Porrex brought, even in such sort  
As from his weried horse he did alight,  
For that your grace did will such hast therein.

*Gorboduc.* We like and praise this speddy will in you  
To worke the thing that to your charge we gave.  
Porrex, if we so farre should swarve from kinde,  
And from those boundes which lawes of nature sets,  
As thou hast done by vile and wretched deede  
In cruell murder of thy brother's life,  
Our present hand could stay no longer time,  
But straight should bathe this blade in bloud of thee,  
As just revenge of thy detested crime.

No, we should not offend the lawe of kinde  
If now this sword of ours did slay thee here :  
For thou hast murdered him, whose henious death  
Even nature's force doth move us to revenge  
By bloud againe : and justice forceth us  
To measure death for death, thy due desert.  
Yet sithens thou art our childe, and sith as yet,  
In this hard case what worde thou canst alledge  
For thy defence by us hath not bene heard,  
We are content to stave our will for that  
Which justice biddes us presently to worke,  
And geve thee leave to use thy speche at full,  
If ought thou have to lay for thine excuse.

*Porrex.* Neither, O king, I can or will denie  
But that this hand from Ferrex life hath rest :  
Which fact how much my dolefull hart doth waile,  
Oh woulde it mought as full appeare to sight  
As inward grieve would poure it forth to me :  
So yet perhappes if ever ruthfull hart  
Melting in teares within a manly brest,  
Through depe repentance of his bloody fact,  
If ever grieve, if ever wofull man

Might move regreite with sorrowe of his faulte,  
I thinke the torment of my mournefull case  
Knownen to your grace, as I do feele the same,  
Would force even wrath herselfe to pitie me.  
But as the water troubled with the mudde  
Shewes not the face which els the eye should see,  
Even so your irefull minde with stirred thought,  
Cannot so perfectly discerne my cause.  
But this unhappe, amongst so many heapes  
I must content me with, most wretched man,  
That to myselfe I must reserve my woe  
In pining thoughtes of mine accursed fact:  
Since I may not shewe my smallest griefe \*  
Suche as it is, and as my brest endures.  
Which I esteeme the greatest miserie  
Of all mishehappes that fortune now can send.  
Not that I restin hope with plaint and teares  
To purchase life: for to the Gods I clepe <sup>20</sup>  
For true recorde of this my faithful speche,  
Never this hart shall have the thoughtfull dread  
To dye the death that by your graces dome  
By just desert shall be pronounced to me;  
Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speche,  
Pardon to crave, or seeke by sute to live.  
I meane not this as though I were not touchde  
With care of dreadfull death, or that I helde  
Life in contempt; but that I know, the minde  
Stoupes to no dread, although the flesh be fraile:  
And for my gilt, I yelde the same so great  
As in myselfe I find a fear to sue  
For graunt of life.

*Gorboduc.* In vaine, O wretch thou shewest  
A wofull hart? Ferrex now lyes in grave,  
Slaine by thy hand.

\* The edit. of 1590 has this line more perfectly

“ Since I may not shewe *heere* my smallest griefe.”

Mr. Hawkins also adopted this improvement. C.

<sup>20</sup> I clepe] I call. See Note 5 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. XI.

*Porrex.* Yet this, O father, heare,  
And then I end : Your majestie well knows,  
That when my brother Ferrex and my selfe  
By your owne hest were joyned in governaunce  
Of this your grace's realme of Brittain land,  
I never sought, nor travailled for the same ;  
Nor by my selfe, nor by no frend I wrought,  
But from your highnesse will alone it sprong,  
Of your most gracious goodnesse bent to me :  
But how my brother's hart even then repined,  
With swollen disdaine against mine egall rule,  
Seeing that realme, which by discent should grow  
Wholly to him, allotted halfe to me ;  
Even in your highnesse court he now remaines,  
And with my brother then in nearest place  
Who can recorde what prooffe therof was shewde  
And how my brother's envious hart appearde :  
Yet I that judged it my parte to seeke  
His favour and good will, and loth to make  
Your highnesse know the thing which should have  
brought  
Grief to your grace, and your offence to him,  
Hoping my earnest sute should soone have wonne  
A loving hart within a brother's brest,  
Wrought in that sort, that, for a pledge of love  
And faithfull hart, he gave to me his hand.  
This made me thinke, that he had banisht quite  
All rancour from his thought, and bare to me  
Such hartie love, as I did owe to him.  
But after once we left your graces court  
And from your highnesse presence lived apart,  
This egall rule still, still did grudge him so,  
That now those envious sparkes which erst lay rakte  
In living cinders of dissembling brest,  
Kindled so farre within his hart disdaine,  
That longer could he not refraine from prooffe  
Of secrete practise to deprive me life  
By poyson's force ; and had bereft me so,  
If mine owne servant hired to this fact,

And moved by trouth with to work the same,\*  
 In time had not bewrayed it unto me.  
 Whan thus I sawe the knot of love unknitte,  
 All honest league and faithfull promise broke,  
 The law of kinde and trouth thus rent in twaine,  
 His hart on mischiefe set, and in his brest  
 Black treason hid; then, then did I despeire  
 That ever time could winne him frend to me,  
<sup>30</sup> Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife  
 Wrapped under cloke, then saw I depe deceite  
 Lurke in his face and death prepared for me:  
 Even nature moved me then to holde my life  
 More deare to me then his, and bad this hand,  
 Since by his life my death must nedes ensue  
 And by his death my life mote be preserved,  
 To shed his bloud, and seeke my safetie so,  
 And wisdomme willed me without protract<sup>31</sup>  
 In speedie wise to put the same in ure<sup>32</sup>.  
 Thus have I tolde the cause that moved me  
 To worke my brother's death, and so I yeld  
 My life, my death, to judgement of your grace.  
*Gorboduc.* Oh cruell wight, should any cause pre-  
 vaile  
 To make thee staine thy hands with brother's bloud?  
 But what of thee we will resolve to doe,  
 Shall yet remaine unknowen. Thou in the meane  
 Shalt from our royall presence banisht be,  
 Untill our princely pleasure further shall  
 To thee be shewed. Depart therefore our sight,  
 Accursed childe. What cruel destenie,

\* *Hate* seems omitted in this line: it is furnished by the copy of 1590.

"And moved by troth with *hate* to worke the same."  
 The passage is not intelligible without some addition of the kind. C.

<sup>30</sup> *Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife*  
*Wrapped under cloke.* This image is from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*.  
 v. 2000. Tyrwhitt's Edition:

"The smiler with the knif under the cloke." S.

<sup>31</sup> *protract*] i. e. delay. S.

<sup>32</sup> *ure*] See note 12 to this play.

What froward fate hath sorted us this chaunce<sup>33</sup>;  
 That even in those, where we should comfort find,  
 Where our delight now in our aged dayes  
 Should rest and be even there our only grieve  
 And depest sorrowes to abridge our life,  
 Most pyning cares and deadly thoughts do grow?

*Arostus.* Your grace should now in these grave yeres  
 of yours

Have found ere this the price of mortall joyes;  
 How short they be, how fading here in earth,  
 How full of change, how brittle our estate,  
 Of nothing sure, save onely of the death,  
 To whom both man and all the world doth owe  
 Their end at last: neither should nature's power  
 In other sorte against your hart prevaile,  
 Then as the naked hand whose stroke assayes  
 The armed brest where force doth light in vaine.

*Gorboduc.* Many can yelde right sage and grave  
 advice

Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,  
 And can in speche both rule and conquere kinde,  
 Who, if by prooffe they might feele nature's force,  
 Would shew themselves men as they are indede,  
 Which now wil needes be gods. But what doth meane  
 The sory chere of her that here doth come?

*Marcella.* Oh where is ruth, or where is pitie now?  
 Whether is gentle hart and mercy fled?  
 Are they exiled out of our stony brestes,  
 Never to make returne? is all the world  
 Drowned in bloud, and soncke in crueltie?  
 If not in women mercy may be found,  
 If not (alas) within the mother's brest  
 To her owne childe, to her owne flesh and bloud;  
 If ruthe be banished thence, if pitie there  
 May have no place, if there no gentle hart  
 Do live and dwell, where should we seeke it then?

*Gorboduc.* Madame (alas), what meanes your wofull  
 tale?

<sup>33</sup> sorted us this chaunce;] i. e. chosen out for us. S.

*Marcella.* O silly woman I! why to this houre  
 Have kinde and fortune thus deferred my breath,  
 That I should live to see this dolefull day?  
 Will ever wight beleve that such hard hart  
 Could rest within the cruell mother's brest,  
 With her owne hand to slaye her onely sonne?  
 But out (alas) these eyes behelde the same,  
 They saw the driery sight, and are become  
 Most ruthfull recordes of the bloody fact.  
 Porrex (alas) is by his mother slaine,  
 And with her hand a wofull thing to tell;  
 While slumbring on his carefull bed he restes,  
 His hart stabde in with knife is reft of life.

*Gorboduc.* O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,  
 And pearce this hart with speed! O hatefull light,  
 O loathsome life, O sweete and welcome death,  
 Deare Eubulus, worke this we thee besech!

*Eubulus.* Patient your grace<sup>34</sup>, perhappes he liveth  
 yet,  
 With wound receaved but not of certaine death.

*Gorboduc.* O let us then repayre unto the place,  
 And see if Porrex live, or thus be slaine.

*Marcella.* Alas, he liveth not, it is to true,  
 That with these eyes, of him a perelesse prince,  
 Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,  
 Even with a twinkle<sup>35</sup> a senselesse stocke I saw.

*Arostus.* O damned deede!

*Marcella.* But heare hys ruthfull end.  
 The noble prince, pearst with the sodeine wound,  
 Out of his wretched slumber hastely start,  
 Whose strength now fayling straight he overthrew,  
 When in the fall his eyes even now unclosed  
 Behelde the queene, and cryed to her for helpe;  
 We then, alas, the ladies which that time

<sup>34</sup> *Patient your grace.*] *Compose yourself.* This verb is used in *Titus Andronicus*, A. 1. S. 2.

*Patient yourself*, madam, and pardon me.

See other instances in Mr. Steevens's Note on this passage.

<sup>35</sup> *Even with a twinkle.*] i. e. the twinkling of an eye. See *The Taming of the Shrew*. S.

Did there attend, seeing that heynous deede,  
 And hearing him oft call the wretched name  
 Of mother, and to crye to her for aide,  
 Whose direfull hand gave him the mortall wound,  
 Pitying, alas, (for nought els could we do)  
 His ruthefull end, ranne to the wofull bedde,  
 Dispoyled straight his brest, and all we might  
 Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand,  
 The sodeine streames of bloud that flushed fast  
 Out of the gaping wound : O what a looke,  
 O what a ruthefull stedfast eye me thought  
 He fixt upon my face, which to my death  
 Will never part from me, when with a braide <sup>36</sup>  
 A deepe fet sigh <sup>37</sup> he gave, and therewithall  
 Clasping his handes, to heaven he cast his sight,  
 And straight pale death pressing within his face  
 The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsooke.

*Arostus.* Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.

*Marcella.* O hard and cruell happe, that thus  
 assigned

Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end ;  
 But most hard cruell hart that could consent  
 To lend the hatefull destinies that hand,  
 By which, alas, so heynous crime was wrought.  
 O queen of adamant, O marble brest,  
 If not the favour of his comely face,  
 If not his princely chere and countenance,  
 His valiant active armes, his manly brest,  
 If not his faire and seemely personage,  
 His noble limmes in such proportion cast

<sup>36</sup> *when with a braide.*] *A braide* was a start or a motion of the head, occasioned by pain, uneasiness, or affright. It is a word used by Chaucer, in *The Legend of Dido*, ver. 239 :

“ This noble quene unto her rest ywent,

“ She sighed sore, and gon herself to tourment,

“ She walketh, waloweth, and made many *braied*

“ As doen these lovers, as I have herd saied.”

Scogin's *Jests*, p. 10. “ The woman, being afraid, gave a *braid* “ with her head, and ran her away.”

<sup>37</sup> *a deepe fet sigh.*] i. e. a deep *fetch*ed sigh. See Note 73 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

As would have wrapt a sillie woman's thought;  
If this mought not have moved thy bloodie hart,  
And that most cruell hand the wretched weapon  
Even to let fall, and kiste him in the face,  
With teares for ruthe to reave such one by death;  
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne?  
O mother, thou to murder thus thy childe!  
Even Jove with justice must with lightning flames  
From heaven send downe some strange revenge on  
thee.

Ah, noble prince, how oft have I behelde  
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling stede,  
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,  
<sup>38</sup> And with thy mistresse sleve tied on thy helme,  
And charge thy staffe, to please thy ladies eye,  
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe!  
How oft in armes on horse to bend the mace,  
How oft in armes on foot to breake the sworde,  
Which never now these eyes may see againe!

*Arostus.* Madame, alas, in vaine these plaints are  
shed;

Rather with me depart, and helpe to swage  
The thoughtfull griefes that in the aged king  
Must needes by nature growe by death of this  
His onely sonne, whome he did holde so deare.

*Marcella.* What wight is that which sawe that, I did  
see,

And could refraine to waile with plaint and teares?  
Not I, alas, that hart is not in me:  
But let us go, for I am greved anewe,  
To call to minde the wretched father's woe.

*Chorus.* When gredy lust in royall seate to reigne  
Hath rest all care of goddes and eke of men,  
And cruell hart, wrath, treason, and disdaine,  
Within ambitious brest are lodged; then

<sup>38</sup> *And with thy mistresse sleve tied on thy helme.*] See Extract  
from Hall's *Chronicle*, quoted in Note 33 to *Alexander and Campaspe*,  
vol. II.



Beholde how mischief wide her selfe displayes,  
And with the brother's hand the brother slayes.

When blood thus shed doth staine the heavens face,  
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deede,  
The mightie God even moveth from his place  
With wrath to wreke, then sendes he forth with spede  
The dreadfull furies, daughters of the night,  
With serpent's girt, carying the whip of ire,  
With heere of stinging snakes, and shining bright  
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire:  
These for revenge of wretched murder done,  
Do make the mother kill her onely sonne.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite:  
Jove by his just and everlasting dome  
Justly hath ever so requited it.  
This times before recorde, and times to come  
Shall finde it true, and so doth present prooffe  
Present before our eyes for our behoofe.

O happy wight that suffres not the snare  
Of murderous minde to tangle him in blood!  
And happy he that can in time beware  
By others harmes, and turne it to his good:  
But wo to him that, fearing not to offend,  
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

The Order and Signification of the Domme Shew  
before the fifth Act.

*First the drommes and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of hargabusiers and of armed men all in order of battaile. These, after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drommes and fluits did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, armes, and civil warres to follow, as fell in the realme of Great Brittain, which by the space of fiftie yeares and more continued in civill warre betwene the nobilitie after the*

*death of king Gorboduc, and of his issues, for want of certayne limitacion in succession of the crowne, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius\*, who reduced the land to monarchie.*

### ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA PRIMA.

CLOTYN. MANDUD. GWENARD. FERGUS. EUBULUS.

*Clotyn.* Did ever age bring forth such tyrant harts?  
The brother hath bereft the brother's life;  
The mother she hath died her cruell handes  
In bloud of her owne sonne; and now at last  
The people, loe, forgetting trouth and love,  
Contemning quite both law and loyall hart,  
Even they have slaine their soveraigne lord and  
queene.

*Mandud.* Shall this their traitorous crime unpunished  
rest?

Even yet they cease not, caryed on with rage  
In their rebellious routes, to threaten still  
A new bloud shed unto the prince's kinne  
To slay them all, and to uproote the race  
Both of the king and queene; so are they moved  
With Porrex death, wherein they falsely charge  
The giltlesse king without desert all,  
And traitorously have murdered him therfore,  
And eke the queene.

*Gwenard.* Shall subjectes dare with force  
To worke revenge upon their princes fact?  
Admit the worst that may; as sure in this  
The deede was fowle, the queene to slaye her sonne,  
Shall yet the subject seeke to take the sworde,  
Arise agaynst his lord, and slays his king?  
O wretched state where those rebellious hartes  
Are not rent out even from their living breastes,  
And with the body throwen unto the foules,

\* According to Henslowe's MS. William Rankin, who afterwards attacked plays and players so furiously, in his *Mirror of Monsters*, wrote a historical play called *Mulmutius Donwallow*. C.

As carrion foode, for terrour of the rest !

*Fergus.* There can no punishment be thought to  
great

For this so grevous cryme ; let spede therefore  
Be used therein, for it behoveth so.

*Eubulus.* Ye all my lordes, I see, consent in one,  
And I as one consent with ye in all :

I holde it more then neede, with sharpest law  
To punish their tumultuous bloody rage ;

For nothing more may shake the common state,  
Than sufferance of uproares without redresse,

Wherby how some kingdomes of mightie power,  
After great conquestes made, and flourishing

In fame and wealth, have ben to ruine brought :

I pray to Jove that we may rather wayle

'Such happe in them, then witnesse in ourselves.

Eke fully with the duke my minde agrees

"<sup>30</sup> That no cause serves, wherby the subject may

" Call to account the dooinges of his prince ;

" Much lesse in blood by swoorde to worrke revenge ;

" No more then may the hand cut of the head.

" In acte nor speech, no not in secret thought

" The subject may rebell against his lord,

" Or judge of him that sits in Cæsar's seate,

" With grudging minde to damne those he mislikes."

Though kinges forget to governe as they ought,

Yet subjectes must obey as they are bounde.

But now, my lordes, before ye farder wade

Or spend your speach, what sharpe revenge shall fall

By justice plague on these rebellious wightes ?

Me thinkes ye rather should first search the way

By which in time the rage of this uproare

Mought be repressed, and these great tumults ceased.

Even yet the life of Brittain land doth hang,

In traitours balauce of unegall weight,

Thinke not, my lordes, the death of Gorboduc,

Nor yet Videnæ's bloud will cease their rage :

<sup>30</sup> That no cause serves, &c.] This and the lines following marked  
with commas are only to be found in the spurious edition of this play.

And in the reprint of that spurious edition in 1590. C.

Even our owne lyves, our wives, and children deare,  
Our countrey, dearest of all, in daunger standes,  
Now to be spoiled, now, now made desolate,  
And by ourselves a conquest to ensue :  
For geve once swey unto the people's lustes,  
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,  
And as the streame that rowleth downe the hyll,  
So will they headlong ronne with raging thoughtes  
From bloud to bloud, from mischief unto moe,  
To ruine of the realme, themselves and all ;  
So giddy are the common people's mindes,  
So glad of chaunge, more wavering than the sea.  
Ye see (my lordes) what strength these rebelles have,  
What hugie nombre is assembled still,  
For though the traiterous fact for which they rose  
Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field ;  
So that how farre their furies yet will stretch  
Great cause we have to dreade : that we may seeke  
By present battaile to repress their power,  
Speede must we use to levie force therfore,  
For either they forthwith will mischief work,  
Or their rebellious roares forthwith will \* cease :  
These violent thinges may have no lasting long.  
Let us therfore use this for present helpe :  
Perswade by gentle speach, and offre grace  
With gift of pardon save unto the chiefe ;  
And that upon condicion that forthwith  
They yelde the captaines of their enterprise,  
To beare such guerdon <sup>40</sup> of their traiterous fact  
As may be both due vengeance to themselves,  
And holsoime terrour to posteritie.  
This shall, I thinke, scatter \* the greatest parte,  
That now are holden with desire of home.  
Weried in field with cold of winter's nightes,  
And some (no doubt) stricken with dread of law.

\* The edit. of 1590 reads,

" " Or their rebellious roares forthwith must cease,"  
which is perhaps an improvement to the sense of the passage. C.  
<sup>40</sup> *gerudon*] reward. See Note 46 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. III.

\* " Flatter," edit. 1590.

When this is once proclaimed, it shall make  
 The captaines to mistrust the multitude,  
 Whose safety biddes them to betray their heads,  
 And so much more bycause the rascall routes,  
 In thinges of great and perillous attemptes,  
 Are never trustie to the noble race.  
 And while we treate and stand on termes of grace,  
 We shall both stay their furies rage the while,  
 And eke gaine time, whose onely helpe sufficeth  
 Withouten warre to vanquish rebelles power.  
 In the meane while, make you in redynes  
 Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare.  
 Horsemen (you know) are not the commons strength,  
 But are the force and store of noble men.  
 Wherby the unchosen and unarmed sort <sup>41</sup>  
 Of skillesse rebelles, whome none other power,  
 But nombre makes to be of dreadfull force,  
 With sodeyne brunt may quickly be opprest.  
 And if this gentle meane of proffered grace  
 With stubborne heartes cannot so farre avayle  
 As to asswage their desperate courages,  
 Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,  
 As present age and eke posteritie  
 May be adrad <sup>42</sup> with horreur of revenge,  
 That justly then shall on these rebelles fall;  
 This is, my lords, the summe of mine advise.

*Clotyn.* Neither this case admittes debate at large;  
 And though it did, this speach that hath ben sayd  
 Hath well abridged the tale I would have tolde.  
 Fully with Eubulus do I consent  
 In all that he hath sayde; and if the same  
 To you my lordes may seeme for best advise,  
 I wish that it should streight be put in ure.

<sup>41</sup> *unchosen and unarmed sort*] *multitude*. See Note 4 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

<sup>42</sup> *may be adrad.*] *Adrad* is the participle passive of *adrade*: afraid. S.

So in Erasmus's *Praise of Folie*, 1549, Sign. R' 4: "— lyke as  
 " great princes have wysemen in jelousie and suspicion, as Julius  
 " Cæsar had Brutus and also Cassius, whereas he nothinge helde  
 " hymselfe *adradde* of drunken Mark Anthony."

*Mandud.* My lordes, then let us presently depart  
And follow this that liketh<sup>43</sup> us so well.

*Fergus.* If ever time to gaine a kingdome here  
Were offred man, now it is offred me!  
The realme is reft both of their king and queene,  
The offspring of the prince is slaine and dead,  
No issue now remaines, the heire unknowen,  
The people are in armes and mutynies,  
The nobles they are busied how to cease  
These great rebellious tumultes and uproares:  
And Brittain land now desert left alone  
Amyd these broyles uncertayn where to rest,  
Offers herselfe unto that noble hart  
That will or dare pursue to beare her crowne.  
Shall I that am the duke of Albanye  
Discended from that line of noble blood,  
Which hath so long florished in worthy fame  
Of valiaunt hartes, such as in noble brestes  
Of right should rest above the baser sort,  
Refuse to adventure life to winne a crowne?  
Whom shall I finde enemies that will withstand  
My fact herein, if I attempt by armes  
To seeke the same now in these times of broyle?  
These dukes power can hardly well appease  
The people that already are in armes:  
But if perhappes my force be once in field,  
Is not my strength in power above the best  
Of all these lordes now left in Brittain land.  
And though they should match me with power of men,  
Yet doubtfull is the chaunce of battailes joyned.  
If victors of the field we may depart,  
Ours is the scepter then of great Brittain!  
If slayne amid the playne this body lye,  
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,  
But that I dyed geving the noble charge  
To hazarde life for conquest of a crowne.  
Forthwith therefore will I in post depart  
To Albanye, and raise in armour there  
All power I can: and here my secret frendes

<sup>43</sup> *liketh*] pleaseth. See Note 8 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

By secret practise shall sollicite still  
To seeke to wyne to me the people's hartes,

ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA SECUNDA.

EUBULUS. CLOTYN. MANDUD. GWENARD. AROSTUS.  
NUNTIUS.

*Eubulus.* O Jove, how are these people's harts abuse!  
What blind fury thus headlong caries them?  
That though so many bookes, so many rolles  
Of auncient time recorde what grevous plagues  
Light on these rebelles aye, and though so oft  
Their eares have heard their aged fathers tell  
What juste reward these traitours still receyve;  
Yea though themselves have sene depe death and bloud  
By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword  
To such assigned, yet can they not beware;  
Yet can not stay their lewde rebellious handes,\*  
But suffring, loe, fowle treason to distaine  
Their wretched myndes, forget their loyall hart,  
Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.  
A ruthefull case, that those whom duties bond,  
Whom grafted law, by nature, truth, and faith  
Bound to preserve their country and their king,  
Borne to defend their common wealth and prince,  
Even they should geve consent thus to subvert  
Thee Brittain land, and from thy wombe should bring  
(O native soile) those, that will needs destroy  
And ruyne thee and eke themselves in fine.  
For lo, when once the duke had offred grace  
Of pardon sweete (the multitude misledde  
By traiterous fraude of their ungracious heades)  
One sort that saw the dangerous successe  
Of stubborne standing in rebellious warre,  
And knew the difference of princes power,  
From headlesse nombre of tumultuous routes,  
Whom common countreies care and private feare  
Taught to repent the errour of their rage,  
Layde hands upon the captaines of their band,

\* " Yet can they not stay their rebellious hands." edit. 1590.

And brought them bound unto the mightie dukes.  
 And other sort, not trusting yet so well  
 The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more  
 Their owne offence than that they could conceive  
 Sure hope of pardon for so foule misdede,  
 Or for that they their captaines could not yeld,  
 Who fearing to be yelded fled before,  
 Stale home by silence of the secret night.  
 The thirde unhappy and enraged sort  
 Of desperate hartes, who stained in princes bloud,  
 From trayterous furour could not be withdrawen  
 By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by feare,  
 By proffered life, ne yet by threatned death,  
 With mindes hopelesse of life, dreadlesse of death,  
 Carelesse of countrey, and awelesse of God.  
 Stood bent to fight, as furies did them move  
 With violent death to close their traiterous life.  
 These all by power of horsemen were opprest,  
 And with revenging sworde slayne in the field,  
 Or with the strangling cord hangd on the tree,  
 Where yet the caryen carcasses do preach \*  
 The fruites that rebelles reape of their uproares,  
 And of the murder of their sacred prince.  
 But loe, where do approche the noble dukes,  
 By whom these tumults have ben thus appeasde.  
*Clotyn.* I thinke the world will now at length beware,  
 And feare to put on armes agaynst their prince.

*Mandud.* If not, those trayterous hartes that dare  
 rebell,

Let them beholde the wide and hugie fieldes  
 With bloud and bodies spread of rebelles slayne ;  
 The lofty † trees clothed with corpses dead  
 That strangled with the cord do hang thereon.

*Arostus.* A just rewarde, such as all times before  
 Have ever lotted to those wretched folkes.

\* So Marlow, in *Edward II.* vol. II. p. 318.

“ Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads

“ Preach upon poles for trespass of their tongues.” C.

† “ lusty trees,” edit. 1590.



*Gwenard.* But what meanes he that commeth here  
so fast?

*Nuntius.* My lordes, as dutie and my trouth doth  
move,

And of my countrey worke a care in me,  
That if the spending of my breath auailed  
To do the service that my hart desires,  
I would not shunne to imbrace a present death;  
So have I now in that wherein I thought  
My travayle mought performe some good effect  
Ventred my life to bring these tydings here.  
Fergus, the mightie duke of Albanye,  
Is nowe in armes, and lodgeth in the felde:  
With twentie thousand men hether he bendes  
His spedy march, and mindes to invade the crowne.  
Dayly he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad,  
That to this realme no certaine heire remaines,  
That Brittain land is left without a guide,  
That he the scepter seekes, for nothing els  
But to preserve the people and the land  
Which now remaine as shippe without a sterne<sup>44</sup>:  
Loe this is that which I have here to say.

*Clotyn.* Is this his fayth? and shall he falsely thus  
Abuse the vauntage of unhappie times?  
O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,  
His cruell and untamped wilfulnesse,  
His deepe dissembling shewes of false pretence,  
Should once attaine the crowne of Brittain land.  
Let us, my lordes, with timely force resist  
The new attempt of this our common foe.  
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

*Mandud.* Though we remaine without a certain prince  
To weld the realm, or guide the wandring rule,  
Yet now the common mother of us all,  
Our native land, our countrey that containes  
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all  
That ever is or may be deare to man,  
Cries unto us to helpe ourselves and her:

<sup>44</sup> without a sterne] A sterne was the antient term for the rudder.  
See *King Henry V.* S.

Let us advaunce our powers to repress  
This growing foe of all our liberties.

*Gwenard.* Yea let us so, my lordes, with hasty speede.  
And ye (O goddes) send us the welcome death,  
To shed our bloud in field, and leave us not  
In lothesome life to lenger out our dayes,\*  
To see the hugie heapes of these unhappes,  
That now roll downe upon the wretched land,  
Where emptie place of princely governaunce,  
No certaine stay now left of doubtlesse heire,  
Thus leave this guidelesse realme an open pray  
To endlesse stormes and waste of civill warre.

*Arostus.* That ye (my lordes) do so agree in one  
To save your countrey from the violent reigne  
And wrongfully usurped tyrannie  
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,  
To save your realme, and in this realme yourselves  
From forreine thraldome of so proud a prince,  
Much do I prayse; and I besech the goddes  
With happy honour to requite it you.  
But (O my lords) sith now the heavens wrath  
Hath reft this lande the issue of their prince;  
Sith of the body of our late soveraigne lorde  
Remaines no moe; since the yong kinges be slaine,  
And of the title of discended crowne,  
Uncertainly the diverse mindes do thinke  
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly  
Will parciall fancie and affection deeme;  
But most uncertainly will climbing pride  
And hope of reigne withdraw to sundrie partes  
The doubtfull right and hopefull lust to reigne;  
When once this noble service is atchieved,  
For Brittain land the mother of ye all,  
When once ye have with armed force repress,  
The proude attemptes of this Albanian prince,  
That threatens thraldome to your native land,  
When ye shall vanquishers returne from field  
And find the princely state an open pray,  
To greedie lust and to usurping power;

\* "To lenger out our lives." Edit. 1590.

Then, then (my lordes) if ever kindly care  
 Of auncient honour of your auncesters,  
 Of present wealth and noblesse of your stockes,  
 Yea of the lives and safetie yet to come  
 Of your deare wives, your children, and yourselves,  
 Might move your noble hartes with gentle ruth,  
 Then, then have pitie on the torne estate,  
 Then helpe to salve the wel neare hopelesse sore!  
 Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withholde  
 The slaying knife from your owne mother's throate,  
 Her shall you save, and you and yours in her,  
 If ye shall all with one assent forbear  
 Once to lay hand, or take unto yourselves,  
 The crowne by colour of pretended right;  
 Or by what other meanes so ever it be,  
 Till first by common counsell of you all  
 In parliament, the regall diademe  
 Be set in certaine place of governaunce,  
 In which your parliament and in your choise  
 Preferre the right (my lordes) without <sup>45</sup> respect  
 Of strength or frendes, or whatsoever cause  
 That may set forward any others part:  
 For right will last, and wrong can not endure.  
 Right meane I his or hers, upon whose name  
 The people rest by meane of native line,  
 Or by the vertue of some former lawe,  
 Already made their title to advaunce:  
 Such one (my lordes) let be your chosen king,  
 Such one so borne within your native land,  
 Such one preferre, and in no wise admitte,  
 The heavie yoke of forreine governance.  
 Let forreine titles yelde to publike wealth,  
 And with that hart wherewith ye now prepare  
 Thus to withstand the proude invading foe,  
 With that same hart (my lordes) keepe out also  
 Unnaturall thraldome of strangers reigne,  
 Ne suffer you against the rules of kinde,  
 Your mother land to serve a forreine prince.

*Eubulus.* Loe here the end of Brutus royall line,

<sup>45</sup> *without*] with, edit. 1590.

And loe the entry to the wofull wracke  
And utter ruine of this noble realme.  
The royall king, and eke his sonnes are slaine ;  
No ruler restes within the regall seate :  
The heire to whom the scepter longes, unknownen ;  
That to eche force of forreine princes power,  
Whom vantage of your wretched state may move,\*  
By sodeine armes to gaine so riche a realme,  
And to the proud and gredie minde at home  
Whom blinded lust to reigne leades to aspire,  
Loe Brittain realme is left an open pray,  
A present spoyle by conquest to ensue.  
Who seeth not now how many rising mindes  
Do feede their thoughts, with hope to reach a realme ?  
And who will not by force attempt to winne  
So great a gaine that hope perswades to have ?  
A simple colour shall for title serve :  
Who winnes the royall crowne will want no right,  
Nor such as shall display by long discent  
A lineall race to prove him lawfull king.†  
In the meane while these civil armes shall rage,  
And thus a thousand mischiefes shall unfold  
And farre and neare spread thee (O Brittain land).  
All right and lawe shall cease, and he that had  
Nothing to-day, to-morrowe shall enjoye  
Great heapes of golde, and he that flowed in wealth,  
Loe he shall be bereft of life and all ;  
And happiest he that then possesseth least.  
The wives shall suffer rape, the maides defloured,  
And children fatherlesse shall weepe and waile :  
With fire and sworde thy native folke shall perishe,  
One kinsman shall bereave an others life,  
The father shall unwitting slay the sonne,  
The sonne shall slay the sire and know it not.  
Women and maides the cruel souldiers sword  
Shall perse to death, and sillie children loe  
That playing <sup>46</sup> in the streetes and fieldes are found,

\* " May move," omitted in Edit. of 1590.

† " To prove himself a king." Edit. 1590.

<sup>46</sup> playing] play, edit. 1590.

By violent hand shall close their latter day.  
Whom shall the fierce and bloody souldier  
Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?  
Even thou (O wretched mother) halfe alive,  
Thou shalt beholde thy deare and onely childe  
Slaine with the sworde while he yet suckes thy brest.  
Loe, giltlesse blood shall thus eche where be shed:  
Thus shall the wasted soyle yelde forth no fruite  
But dearth and famine shall possesse the land.  
The townes shall be consumed, and burnt with fire;  
The peopled cities shall waxe desolate,  
And thou O Brittain, whilome in renowne,  
Whilome in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torne:  
Dismembred thus, and thus be rent in twaine,  
Thus wasted and defaced, spoyled and destroyed.  
These be the fruites your civill warres will bring.  
Hereto it commes when kinges will not consent  
To grave advise, but follow wilfull will:  
This is the end, when in fonde prince's hartes  
Flattery prevailes, and sage rede hath no place:  
These are the plagues when murder is the meane  
To make new heires unto the royall crowne:  
Thus wreke the Gods when that the mother's wrath  
Nought but the blood of her own childe may swage:  
These mischiefes spring, when rebells will arise,  
To worke revenge and judge their prince's fact:  
This, this ensues when noble men do faile  
In loyall trouth, and subjectes will be kinges:  
And this doth growe, when loe unto the prince,  
Whome death or sodeine happe of life bereaves,  
No certaine heire remaines; such certein heire,  
As not all onely is the rightfull heire,  
But to the realme is so made knowen \* to be,  
And trouth therby vested in subjectes hartes,  
To owe fayth there, where right is knowen to rest.  
Alas, in parliament what hope can be,  
When is of parliament no hope at all,  
Which though it be assembled by consent,  
Yet is not likely with consent to end:

\* "Unknowne." Edit. 1590.

While eche one for himselfe, or for his frend,  
Against his foe, shall travaile what he may :  
While now the state left open to the man,  
That shall with greatest force invade the same.  
Shall fill ambitious mindes with gaping hope  
When will they once with yelding hartes agree ?  
Or in the while how shall the realme be used ?  
No, no ; then parliament should have bene holden,  
And certaine heires appointed to the crowne  
To staye the title on established right,  
And in the people plant obedience,  
While yet the prince did live, whose name and power  
By lawfull sommons and authoritie,  
Might make a parliament to be of force,  
And might have set the state \* in quiet stay.  
But now, O happie man, whom spedie death  
Deprives of life, ne is enforced to see  
These hugie mischiefes and these miseries,  
These civill warres, these murders, and these wronges.  
Of justice yet must God † in fine restore,  
This noble crowne unto the lawfull heire :  
For right will alwayes live, and rise at length,  
But wrong can never take deepe roote to last.

\* " Realm," edit. 1590.

† " Jove," edit. 1590.

## EDITIONS.

(1.) "The Tragedie of Gorboduc; whereof three "Actes were written by Thomas Nortone, and the two "laste by Thomas Sackvyle. Settforthe as the same "was shewed before the Queenes most excellent "Majestie, in her hignes court of Whitehall, the 18 "Jan. 1561. By the Gentlemen of Thynner Temple, "in London, Sept. 22." 4to. Printed for William Griffith. (See Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 316.)

This Edition I have not seen. It appears to be the first spurious one complained of by the Authors.

(2.) "The Tragedie of Ferrèx and Porrex. Set- "forth without addition or alteration; but altogether "as the same was shewed on stage before the Queenes "Majestie about nine yeares past, viz. the xviii day of "Januarie, 1561, by the Gentlemen of the Inner "Temple. Seen and allowed, &c. Imprinted at "London by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate." B. L. 8vo.

In the Bodleian Library, and in the possession of Thomas Pearson, Esq.

(3.) "The Tragedie of Gorboduc; whereof three "Actes were written by Thomas Norton, and the two "last by Thomas Sackvyle. Set forth as the same "was shewed before the Queenes most excellent "Majesty, in her hignes Court of Whitehall, by the "Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. At London, "printed by Edward Allde for John Perrin, and are to "be sold in Paule's Churchyard, at the signe of the "Angell, 1590." B. L. 4to.

In the Collection of Thomas Pearson Esq. and also

in that of Mr. Garrick. In the last-mentioned copy is a discourse entitled, *The Serpent of Devision* \*.

\* At the end of the address "To the Gentlemen Readers," prefixed to *The Serpent of Division*, the printer says---"Heere  
" shalt thou see also, if with content thou peruse it, the woful  
" Tragedie of Gorboduc, and Ferrex and Porrex his two sonnes, as  
" it was presented before the Queenes Majestie, by the Gentlemen  
" of the Inner Temple." *The Serpent of Division* appears to be a translation. C.





# **DAMON AND PITHIAS.**



**RICHARD EDWARDS**, a Somersetshire man, was born in the year 1523, admitted a scholar of Corpus Christi College on the 11th of May, 1540, and probationer fellow on the 11th of August, 1544. At the foundation of Christ Church, by King Henry the Eighth, in the year 1547, he was chosen a student of the upper-table, and in the same year took the degree of Master of Arts. From the University, he removed to Lincoln's-Inn; and in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign was appointed one of the gentlemen of her chapel, and master of the children there\*. He died, according to Sir John Hawkins<sup>1</sup>, on the 31st of October, 1566.

He was the author of

(1.) *Damon and Pithias*: a Comedy. Acted before the Queen by the children of her chapel, and published in 4to. 1571. 4to. 1582 †.

(2.) *Palæmon and Arcyte*: A Comedy. In two parts. Acted in Christ-Church-Hall, 1566. This piece was represented on the 2d and 3d of September. The first evening, it was scarcely begun to be performed before it became a Tragedy, for by the weight of the multitudes the scaffold fell down. Five men were greatly hurt and wounded, and three killed by

\* It has been conjectured that he came early to Court, for there exist in MS. some Poems with his name, addressed to the beauties of the Court of Queen Mary. See the new edition of *Nugæ Antiquæ*, by Mr. Park, vol. 2. p. 392. The third Poem in the *Paradise of Dayntie Devises*, is by Edwards upon this subject, and the first stanza shews that he was a young man when he sought to "become one of the courtly trayne:" it begins,

"In youthfull yeeres when fyrst my young desyres began  
"To picke me forth to serve in Court, a sclender tall young man," &c. C.

<sup>1</sup> History of Music, vol. 2. p. 541.

† By the words "newly imprinted" on the title-page of the edition of 1571, it is perhaps to be understood, that it had been published before; or it may only mean that the Play was then "newly imprinted" from the MS. Some biographers have noticed a supposed edition of *Damon and Pithias*, in 1570, but this is a mistake for the year following. C.

the fall of a wall<sup>2</sup>. On the second evening, the Queen is said to have been much entertained. After the play was ended, she called the author to her, commended his work, promised what she would do for him, and talked to him in the most familiar way. One of the performers, supposed to be young Carew, pleased her so much, that she made him a present of eight guineas. See Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, vol. 1. p. 151.; and Peshall's *History of the University of Oxford*, 227, 228. Chetwood says, both parts of this play were printed, with the Author's Songs and Poems, in 1585. Wood assures us, that there were several other dramatic pieces by him, which he did not live to finish; and that it was the opinion of many, he would have run mad had he continued to exercise his talents as a writer for the stage.

He was also the Author of

Some Poems printed in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 4to. 1575, and a Poem called *Edward's Soul-knill*; or *The Soule's knell*: written in his last illness.

He appears to have obtained a considerable reputation as a dramatic writer, which will appear from the following testimony in Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*: "I think that for Tragedy the Lord Buckhurst and Maister Edward Ferrys, for such doings as I have seen of theirs, do deserve the highest price; the Earl of Oxford, and Mr. Edwards of her Majesty's Chapel, for Comedy and Interlude." An Epitaph on him is said to be printed among the Poems of George Turberville\*.

<sup>2</sup> Peshall's *History of the University of Oxford*, 227.

\* This production, which Mr. Reed had not seen, does exist; and is to be found in Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songes, and Sonets*, printed in 1570. It opens as follows:

"Epitaph on Maister Edwards, sometime Maister of the Children of the Chapell, and Gentleman of Lyncolnes Inne Court.

"Ye learned Muses nine, and Sacred Sisters all,

"Now lay your cheerfull cithrons downe, and to lamenting fall.

- " Rent off those garlandes greene, doe laurel leaves away,  
 " Remove the myrtill from your browes, and stint on strings to  
     play ;  
 " For he that led the daunce, the cheefest of your traine,  
 " I mean the man that Edwards hight, by cruell death is slaine.  
 " Ye courtiers chaunge your cheere, lament in wailefull wise,  
 " For now your Orpheus has resign'd, in clay his carcas lies.  
 " O ruth ! he is bereft, that whilst he lived here,  
 " For poet's pen and passinge witte, could have no Englishe  
     peere.  
 " His veine in verse was such, so stately eke his style,  
 " His fate in forging sugred songes, with cleane and curious file ;  
 " As all the learned Greekes and Romaines would repine,  
 " If they did live againe, to viewe his verse with scornfull eine."

The rest of this production is in the same strain, and the above will be a sufficient specimen. C.

## THE PROLOGUE.

*On everie syde, wheras I glaunce my rovyng eye,  
Silence in all eares bent I playnly doe espie :  
But if your egre lookes doo longe such toyes to see,  
As heretofore, in commycall wise, were wont abroad to  
bee,*

*Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you sought,  
Is frustrate quite of toying playes. A soden change is  
wrought :*

*For loe, our aucthor's muse, that masked in delight,  
Hath forst his penne against his kinde<sup>a</sup>, no more such  
sportes to write.*

*Muse he that lust, (right worshipfull) for chaunce hath  
made this change,*

*For that to some he seemed too much in yonge desires to  
range :*

*In whiche, right glad to please, seyng that he did offende,  
Of all he humblie pardon craves : his pen that shall  
amende.*

*And yet (worshipfull audience) thus much I dare advouche,  
In commedies the greatest skyll is this, rightly to touche  
All thynges to the quicke ; and eke to frame eche person so,  
That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly  
know :*

*A royster ought not preache, that were to straunge to  
heare,*

*But as from vertue he doth swerve, so ought his wordes  
appeare :*

*The olde man is sober, the yonge man rashe, the lover  
triumphyng in joyes.*

*The matron grave, the harlot wilde, and full of wanton  
toyes.*

<sup>a</sup> kinde]. See note 7 to Ferrex and Porrex in this vol.

*Whiche all in one course, they no wise doo agree ;  
 So correspondent to their kinde their speeches ought to be.  
 Which speeches well pronounste, with action lively framed,  
 If this offende the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,  
 Which hath our author taught at schole, from whom he  
 doth not swarve,*

*In all suche kinde of exercise decorum to observe.*

*Thus much for his defence (he sayth) as poetes earst have  
 donne,*

*Which heretofore in commodies the self same rase did  
 ronne.*

*But now for to be briefe, the matter to expresse.*

*Which here wee shall present, is this : Damon and Pithias.  
 A rare ensample of frendship true, it is no legend lie,  
 But a thyng once donne indeede, as hystories doe discrie.  
 Whiche doone of yore in longe time past, yet present  
 shall be here,*

*Even as it were in dooyng now, so lively it shall appeare.*

*Lo here in Siracusæ th' auncient towne, which once the  
 Romaines wonne,*

*Here Dionisius pallace, within whose courte this thing  
 most strange was donne.*

*Which matter mixt with myrth and care, a just name to  
 applie,*

*As seemes most fit, wee have it termed, a tragicall com-  
 medie.*

*Wherein ~~talkyng~~ of courtly toyes, we doe protest this flut,  
 Wee talke of Dionisius courte, wee meane no court but  
 that :*

*And that we doo so meane, who wysely calleth to minde  
 The time, the place, the author<sup>3</sup>, here most plainly shall  
 it finde.*

*Loe this I speake<sup>4</sup> for our defence, lest of others we should  
 be shent<sup>5</sup> :*

*But worthy audience, wee you pray, take thinges as they  
 be ment ;*

<sup>3</sup> author] authours, 1st. edit.

<sup>4</sup> speake] spake, 2d. edit.

<sup>5</sup> be shent: To shend, says Mr. Steevens, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. Note to *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2.

Again, in *Ascham's Report and Discourse*. Bennet's Edition,



*Whose upright judgement we doo crave, with heedfull  
eare and eye*

*To here the cause, and see th' effect of this newe tragicall  
commedie. [Exit.*

p. 38: " A wonderfull follie in a great man himselfe, and some  
" piece of miserie in a whole commonwealth, where fooles chiefly  
" and flatterers may speake freely what they will, and wise men  
" and good men shal commonly *be shent*, if they speake what they  
" should."

THE SPEAKERS NAMES.

ARISTIPPUS, *a pleasant gentilman.*

CARISOPHUS, *a parasite.*

DAMON, } *two gentlemen of Greece.*  
PITHIAS, }

STEPHANO, *servant to Damon and Pithias.*

WILL, *Aristippus lackey.*

JACKE, *Carisophus lackey.*

SNAP, *the porter.*

DIONISIUS, *the kynge.*

EUBULUS, *the kynge's counselour.*

GRONNO, *the hangman.*

GRIMME, *the colyer.*



## DAMON AND PITHIAS.\*

---

*Here entreth* ARISTIPPUS.

*Aristippus.* Tho' strange (perhaps) it seemes to some,  
That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become :  
A philosopher of late, not of the meanist name,  
But now, to the courtly behaviour, my lyfe I frame:  
Muse he that lyst, to you of good skill,  
I say that I am a-philosopher styll.  
Lovers of wisdom, are termed philosophers<sup>6</sup>,  
Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I ?  
For in lovyng of wisdom, prooffe doth this trie,  
That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi*.  
I am wyse for myselfe, then tell me of troth,  
Is not that great wisdom, as the world goth ?

\* Although it is obvious that great pains were taken by Mr. Reed and others, (to say nothing of Dodsley,) in the collation of this dramatic piece, yet they left it in a very imperfect state. In the course of it not less than fifty important variations and errors have been detected, consisting of words omitted, and words accidentally inserted independently of errors of the press for which of course an Editor was not responsible. It is hoped that it will be now found more uniformly correct, although the Editor can scarcely flatter himself that the reprint may not be still found defective. C.

<sup>6</sup> *philosophers,*] Philosophie, both Editions. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

And both the editions are perhaps right, as far as this word is concerned the error lies elsewhere ; for it will be remarked that the rhyme requires *philosophy* and not *philosophers*, which Mr. Dodsley substituted. The following is suggested as the correct and original reading.

“ *Lovynge of wisdom is termed philosophie,*

“ *Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I ?* ”

In the next line the author expressly speaks of *lovynge of wisdom*, as if intending to employ the words he had used before. At the same time the Editor was not so well assured of the accuracy of his emendation as to warrant the insertion of it in the text in opposition to previous authorities. C.

Some philosophers in the streete go ragged and torne,  
 And feede on vyle rootes, whom boyes laugh to scorne:  
 But I in fine sikkes haunt Dionisius pallace,  
 Wherin with dayntie fare myselfe I do solace.  
 I can talke of philosophie as well as the best,  
 But the strayte kynde of lyfe I leave to the rest.  
 And I professe now the courtly philosophie,  
 To crouche, to speake fayre, myselfe I applie,  
 To feede the kinges humour with pleasant devises,  
 For which, I am called *Regius canis*.  
 But wot ye who named me first the kinges dogge?  
 It was the roage Diogenes, that vile grunting hogge.  
 Let him rolle in his tubbe, to winne a vaine praise,  
 In the courte pleasantly I wyll spende all my dayes;  
 Wherin, what to doo, I am not to learne,  
 What wyll serve myne owne turne, I can quickly dis-  
 cearne.

All my tyme at schoole I have not spent vaynly,  
 I can helpe one, is not that a good point of philosophy?  
*Here entreth CARISOPHUS.*

*Carisophus.* I beshrew your fine eares, since you  
 came from schoole,  
 In the court you have made many a wiseman a foole:  
 And though you paint out your fayned phylosophie,  
 So God helpe me, it is but a playne kinde of flattery,  
 Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sorte,  
 That none but Aristippus now makes the kinge sporte.  
 Ere you came hyther, poore I was somebody,  
 The king delighted in mee, now I am but a noddie.

*Aristippus.* In faith, Carisophus, you know yourselfe  
 best,  
 But I will not call you noddie, but only in jest,  
 And thus I assure you, though I came from schoole  
 To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the kinges  
 foole;

Or to fill his eares with servile squirilitie:  
 That office is yours, you know it right perfectlie.  
 Of parasites and sicophants you are a grave<sup>7</sup> bencher,  
 The king feedes you often from his owne trencher.

<sup>7</sup> grave] great, 2d edit.

I envye not your state, nor yet your great favour,  
 Then grudge not at all, if in my behaviour  
 I make the kinge mery with pleasant urbanitie,  
 Whom I never abused to any man's injurie.

*Carisophus.* Be cocke sir, yet in the courte you doo<sup>4</sup>  
 best thrive,  
 For you get more in one day then I doo in five.

*Aristippus.* Why man, in the court, doo you not see  
 Rewardes geven for vertue to every degree?  
 To rewarde the unworthy that worlde is done,  
 The court is changed, a good thread hath bin sponne  
 Of dogges woll heretofore, and why? because it was  
 liked,

And not for that it was best trimmed and picked:  
 But now men's eares are finer, such grosse toyes are  
 not set by,

Therefore to a trimmer kynde of myrth myselfe I applye:  
 Wherein though I please, it commeth not of my desert,  
 But of the kinge's favour.

*Carisophus.* It may so be; yet in your prosperitie,  
 Dispise not an olde courtier: Carisophus is he,  
 Which hath long time fed Dionisius' humor:  
 Diligently to please, styll at hand; there was never  
 rumour

Spread in this<sup>9</sup> towne of any smale thinge, but I  
 Brought it to the kinge in post by and by.  
 Yet now I crave your friendship, which if I may attayne,  
 Most sure and unfained frindship I promyse you againe:  
 So we two linckt in frindshippe, brother and brother,  
 Full well in the court may helpe one another.

*Aristippus.* Bir Lady, Carisophus, though you know  
 not philosophie,  
 Yet surely you are a better courtier then I:  
 And yet I not so evyll a courtier, that wyll seeme to  
 dispise

Such an olde courtier as you, so expert and so wyse.  
 But where as you crave myne, and offer your friendship  
 so willingly,  
 With hart I geve you thanks for this your great  
 curtesie:

<sup>4</sup> doo] omitted in 2d edit.

<sup>9</sup> thus] the, 2d edit.

Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nayle,  
Whiles life lasteth, never to fayle.

*Carisophus.* A thousand thanks I geve you, oh friend  
Aristippus.

*Aristippus.* O friend Carisophus.

*Carisophus.* How joyfull am I, sith I have to friend  
Aristippus now!

*Aristippus.* None so glad of Carisophus friendship as  
I, I make God a vowe,  
I speake as I thinke, beleve me.

*Carisophus.* Sith we are now so friendly joyned, it  
seemeth to mee,  
That one of us help eche other in every degree:  
Prefer you my cause when you are in presence,  
To further your matters to the kinge, let me alone in  
your absence.

*Aristippus.* Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as  
you would wish:  
But I pray you tell mee thus much by the way,  
Whither now from this place wyll you take your  
journey?

*Carisophus.* I wyll not dissemble, that were against  
friendship,  
I goe into the citie some knaves to nip.  
For talke with their goodes, to encrease the kynges  
treasure,

In such kinde of service I set my cheefe pleasure:  
Farewel, friend<sup>10</sup> Aristippus, now for a time. [*Exit.*

*Aristippus.* Adewe, friend Carisophus—In good faith  
now,

Of force I must laugh at this solempne vow.  
Is Aristippus linkt in friendship with Carisophus?

*Quid cum tanto asino, talis philosophus?*

They say, *Morum similitudo consultat amicitias*\*;

Then how can this friendship betwene us two come to  
passe?

<sup>10</sup> friend] omitted in 2d edit.

\* —*Morum similitudo consultat amicitias.*] I think we should read  
*conciliat.* *Conciliat et conjungit inter se homines.* Cic. Off. i. 16.  
S.

" We are as like in condicions as Jacke Fletcher and his bowlt;

I brought up in learnyng, but he is a very dolt,  
As touching good letters; but otherwise such a craftie knave,

Yf you seeke a whole region his lyke you can not have :  
A villaine for his life, a varlet died in graine,  
You lose money by him <sup>12</sup> if you sell him for one knave,  
for hee serves for twaine :

A flatteryng parasite, a sicophant also,  
A common accuser of men, to the good an open foe.

Of halfe a worde, he can make a legend of lies,  
Which he wyll advouch with such tragicall cryes,  
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth.

Were he indede to be hanged by and by,\*

He cannot tell one tale, but twyse he must lie.

He spareth no man's life to get the kinge's favour,  
In which kind of servis he hath got such a savour,†

That he wyll never leave. Methinke then that I  
Have done verie wisely to joyne in friendship with him,  
lest perhaps I

Comming in his way might be nipt; for such knaves  
in presence,

We see oft times put honest men to silence :

<sup>11</sup> *We are as like in condicions, as Jacke Fletcher and his bowlt]* A Fletcher is a maker of arrows, from *fleche* an arrow, Fr. The *Fletchers Company* had several charters granted to them, though at present, I believe, they have only a nominal existence. *Aristippus* means to say, that he differs as much in disposition from *Cari-sophus*, as Jack the *arrowsmith* varies in quality from a bolt or arrow of his own making. S.

<sup>12</sup> — *if you sell him for one knave, for hee serves for twaine]* So, in *Leke to Leke*, quoth the Devil to the Collier, 1589 :

" There thou mayst be called a knave in grane,

" And where knaves be scant thou mayst go for twayne."

See a Note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. 1. edit. 1778, p. 176. S.

\* Both the old editions give this line as follows :

" Where in dede to be hanged by and by."

The change was necessary to the sense. C.

† This whole line is omitted in the latest of the two old copies, and as Mr. Reed and his friend remarked in their notes, sometimes even the variation of letters, it is singular that they should have passed over this circumstance without observation. C.



Yet I have played with his beard in knitting this knot,  
I promist friendship, but you love few wordes; I spake  
it, but I meant<sup>13</sup> it not.

Who markes this friendship betwene us two  
Shal judge of the worldely friendship without any more  
a doo.

It may be a ryght patron thereof; but true friendship  
in deede

Of nought but of vertue doth truly proseeede.

But why do I now enter into philosophie,  
Which doo professe the fine kind of curtesie?

I wyll hence to the court with all haste I may;

I thinke the king be stirring, it is now bright day.

To wait at a pinche, still in sight I meane,

For wot ye what? a new broome sweepes cleane<sup>14</sup>.

As to hie honor I mynde not to clime,

So I meane in the court to lose no time:

Wherein, happy man be his dole<sup>15</sup>, I trust that I  
Shall not speede worst, and that very quickly. {Exit.

— Here entreth DAMON and PITHIAS lyke mariners.

Damon. O Neptune, immortall be thy prayse,  
For that so safe from Greece we have past the seas  
To this noble citie Siracusæ, where we  
The auncient raygne of the Romaines may see.  
Whose force Greece also here tofore hath knowne,  
Whose vertue the shrill trump of fame so farre hath blowne.

Pithias. My Damon, of right high prayse we ought to  
geve

To Neptune and all the gods, that we safely dyd arryve:

<sup>13</sup> meant] meane, 2d edit.

<sup>14</sup> a new broome sweepes cleane] This was proverbial. See Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*, p. 140.

<sup>15</sup> happy man be his dole] A proverbial expression often found in ancient writers. Dole, Mr. Steevens observes (Note to *The Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 1.), is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. It is generally written *be his dole*, though Ray, p. 116, gives it as in the 2d 4to. *by his dole*. Shakspeare also uses the phrase in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Again, in *Hudibras*, P. 1. C. 3. l. 637:

"Let us that are unhurt and whole

"Fall on, and happy man be's dole."

The seas, I thinke, with contrary winds never raged so ;  
 I am even yet so seasicke, that I faynt as I go ;  
 Therefore let us get some lodgyng quickly.  
 But where is Stephano ?

*Here entreth STEPHANO.*

*Stephano.* Not farre hence : a pockes take these  
 maryner knaves,  
 Not one would healepe mee to carry this stuffe, such  
 dronken slaves  
 I thinke be accursed of the goddes owne mouthes.

*Damon.* Stephano, leave thy ragyng, and let us enter  
 Siracusee,  
 We wil provide lodgyng, and thou shalt be eased of thy  
 burden by and by.

*Stephano.* Good mayster make haste, for I tell you  
 playne,  
 This heavy burden puts poore Stephano to much payne.

*Pithias.* Come on thy wayes, thou shalt be eased,  
 and that anon. [*Exeunt.*]

*Here entreth CARISOPHUS.*

*Carisophus.* It is a true saying, that oft hath bin  
 spoken,  
 The pitcher goeth so longe to the water, that it<sup>16</sup>  
 commeth home broken.

My owne prooffe this hath taught me, for truly sith I  
 In the citie have used to walke very slyly,  
 Not with one can I meete, that wyl in talke joyne with  
 mee,

And to creepe into men's bosomes<sup>17</sup> : some talke for to  
 snatche,

But whiche, into one trip or other, I might trimly them  
 catche,

And so accuse them : now, not with one can I meete,  
 That wyl joyne in talke with me, I am shun'd lyke a  
 devill in the streete.

My credite is crackte where I am knowne ; but, I heare  
 say,

Certaine straingers are arrived, they were a good pray,

<sup>16</sup> it] he, 1st edit.

<sup>17</sup> bosomes] bosome, 2d edit.

If happely I might meete with them, I fear not I,  
 But in talke I should trippe them, and that very finely.  
 Whiche thinge, I assure you, I doo for myne owne gayne,  
 Or els I woulde not plodde thus up and downe, I tell  
 you playne.

Well, I wyll for a whyle to the court, to see  
 What Aristippus doth; I would be loth in faver he  
 should overrun me;

He is a subtile chyld, he flattereth 'so fynely, that I  
 feare mee

He wyll licke the fatte from my lippes, and so outvery  
 mee:

Therefore I wyll not be longe absent, but at hand,  
 That all his fine driftes I may understande. [Exit.

*Here entreth WYLL and JACKE.*

*Wyll.* I wonder what my master Aristippus meanes  
 now adaies,

That he leaveth philosophie, and seekes <sup>18</sup> to please

Kyng Dionisius with such mery toyes:

In Dionisius' court now he only joyes,

As trim a courtier as the best,

Ready to aunswer, quicke in tauntes, pleasaunt to jeste;

A lusty companion to devise with fine dames,

Whose humour to feede, his wylie witte he frames.

*Jacke.* By cocke, as you say, your maister is a minion;

A foule coyle he keepes in this court; Aristippus alone

Now rules the roaste with his pleasant devises,

That I feare he wyll put out of conceit my maister

Carisophus.

*Wyll.* Feare not that, Jacke; for like brother and  
 brother,

They are knit in true friendship the one with the other;

They are fellowes you knowe and honest men both,

Therefore the one to hinder the other they will be lothe.

*Jacke.* Yea, but I have heard say there is falshod in  
 felowshippe,

In the court sometimes one geves another finely the  
 slippe:

<sup>18</sup> *seekes*] seeketh, 2d edit.

Which when it is spied, it is laught out with a scoffe<sup>19</sup>,  
 And with sporting and playing quietly<sup>20</sup> shaken of:  
 In which kinde of toying thy master hath such a grace,  
 That he wyll never blush, he hath a wodden face.  
 But, Wyll, my maister hath bees in his head,  
 If hee fynde mee heare pratinge, I am but dead:  
 He is still trotting in the cite, there is sumwhat in the  
 winde;

His lookes bewrayes his inwarde troubled mynde:  
 Therefore I wyll be packing to the courte by and by;  
 If he be once angry, Jacke shall cry wo the pye.

*Wyll.* Byr lady, if I tary longe here of the same  
 sauce shall I tast,

For my master sent mee on an errand, and bad mee  
 make haste,

Therefore we wyll departe together. [*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth STEPHANO.*

*Stephano.* Ofte times I have heard, before I came  
 hether,

That no man can serve two maisters together;  
 A sentence so true, as moste men doo take it,  
 At any time false that no man can make it:  
 And yet by their leave, that first have it spoken,  
 How that may prove false, even here I wyll open:  
 For I Stephano, loe, so named by my father,  
 At this time serve two masters together,  
 And love them a lyke the one and the other;  
 I duely obey, I can doo no other.  
 A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me,  
 One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me.  
 To him I stande bond, yet serve I another,  
 Whom Damon my master loves as his owne brother:  
 A gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,  
 Fraught with vertue, whom vice never defamed.  
 These twoo, since at schoole they fell acquainted,  
 In mutuall friendship at no time have fainted,  
 But loved so kindly and friendly eche other,  
 As thoughe they were brothers by father and mother.

<sup>19</sup> *scoffe*] grace, 2d edit.

<sup>20</sup> *quietly*] quickly, 2d edit.

Pythagoras learynge these two have embrased,  
 Which bothe are in vertue so narrowly laced,  
 That all their whole doings do fall to this issue,  
 To have no respect but onely to vertue :  
 All one in effecte, all one in their goynge,  
 All one in their study, all one in their doynge.  
 These gentlemen both, beyng of one condicion,  
 Both alike of my service have all the fruition :  
 Pithias is joyfull if Damon be pleased :  
 Yf Pithias be served, then Damon is eased.  
 Serve one, serve both, so neare, who would win them ?  
 I thinke they have but one hart betwene them.  
 In travelyng countreyes, we three have contrived <sup>21</sup>,  
 Full many a yeare, and this day arrived  
 At Siracusæ in Sicilia, that auncient towne,  
 Where my masters are lodged ; and I up and downe  
 Go seekyng to learne what news here are walkyng,  
 To harke of what thynges the people are talkyng.  
 I lyke not this soyle, for as I goe ploddyng,  
 I marke there two, there three, their heades alwayes  
     noddinge,  
 In close secret wise, styll whisperyng together.  
 If I aske any question, no man doth answer :  
 But shakyng their heads, they go their wayes speak-  
     inge,  
 I marke how with teares their wet eyes are leakyng :  
 Some strangnesse there is, that breedeth this musinge.  
 Well, I wyll to my masters, and tell of their using,  
 That they may learne, and walke wisely together :  
 I feare we shall curse the time we came hether. [*Exit.*]

<sup>21</sup> — we three have contrived,

*Full many a yeare :*] To contrive, in this place, signifies to wear away, to spend, from *contero*, Lat. So, in Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 2.

Please you we many *contrive* this afternoon ?

Totum hunc *contrivi* diem. S.

See also the Notes of Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson on the above line in Shakspeare. ;

*Here entreth ARISTIPPUS and WYLL.*

*Aristippus.* Wyll, didst thou heare the ladies so talke of mee?

What ayleth them? from their nippes <sup>21</sup>\* shall I never be free?

*Wyll.* Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the courte do plainly report,

That without mencion of them you can make no sporte:

They are your playne song to singe descant upon <sup>22</sup>;

If they weare not, your mirth were gone.

Therefore, master, jest no more with women in any wise,

If you doo, by cocke, you are lyke to know the price.

*Aristippus.* Byr lady, Wyll, this is good counsell: playnely to jest

Of women, prooffe hath taught mee it is not the best:

I wyll change my coppy, how be it I care not a quince<sup>23</sup>,

I know the galde horse will soonest winche:

But learne thou secretly what prively they talke

Of me in the courte: among them slyly walke,

And bring me true newes thereof.

*Wyll.* I wyll, sir, maister therof have no doubt, for I

Wheare they talke of you wyll enforme you perfectly.

*Aristippus.* Do so, my boy: if thou bringe it finely to passe,

For thy good service thou shalt go in thine olde coate at Christmas. [Exeunt.]

<sup>21</sup>\* nippes] taunts, or sarcasms. See Johnson. N.

<sup>22</sup> playne song, to singe descant upon.] Plain song, is *planus cantus*, uniform modulation. Descant, is musical paraphrase. See a Note on *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, vol. 3, p. 63.; and another on *King Richard III.* vol. 7. p. 6. edit. 1778. S.

<sup>23</sup> I care not a quince.] Spenser has this word, which, as Dr. Johnson observes, appears to be the same as *winch*. It should seem to be expressive of some slight degree of pain, and in this instance to mean the same as if the speaker had said, I care not a fillip. S.

*Enter DAMON, PITHIAS, STEPHANO.*

*Damon.* Stephano, is all this true that thou hast tolde me?

*Stephano.* Sir, for lies hetherto ye never controlde mee.

Oh that we had never set foote on this land,  
Where Dionisius raygues with so bloody a hande!  
Every day he sheweth some token of crueltie,  
With blood he hath filled all the streetes in the citie:  
I tremble to heare the people's murmuring,  
I lament to see his most cruell dealyng:  
I thinke there is no suche tyraunt under the sunne.  
O, my deare masters, this mornyng, what hath he done!

*Damon.* What is that? tell us quickly.

*Stephano.* As I this mornyng past in the streete.  
With a wofull man (going to his death) did I meete,  
Many people folowed, and I of one secretly  
Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die?  
Whispered in mine eare, nought hath he done but  
thus,  
<sup>24</sup> In his sleape he dreamed he had killed Dionisius:  
Which dreame tolde abroad, was brought to the kinge  
in poste,  
By whome, cōdemned for suspicion, his lyfe he hath  
lost.

Marcia was his name, as the people sayde.

*Pithias.* My deare friende Damon, I blame not  
Stephano

For wishyng we had not come hether, seeyinge it is so,

<sup>24</sup> *In his sleape he dreamed he killed Dionisius.*] A late writer observes, that "Dionysius the tyrant is said to have punished with death "one of his subjects, for dreaming he had killed him. This was "hardly more iniquitous than the execution of the gentleman, who "having a white deer in his park, which was killed by Edward the "Fourth, wished the deer, horns and all, in the belly of him that "counselled the king to kill it, whereas in truth no man counselled the "king to it: or than the attainder and execution of Algernon "Sydney, on the evidence of private and unpublished papers, "without any proof, or even a suggestion, of their intended publication." *Principles of Penal Law*, C. 11.

That for so small cause, suche cruell death doth insue.

*Damon.* My Pithias, where tirantes raigne suche cases are not new,

Which fearynge their owne state for great crueltie<sup>25</sup>,

To sit fast as they thinke, doo execute speedely

All suche as any light suspition have tainted.

*Stephano.* With such quicke karvers I lyst not be acquainted.

*Damon.* So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion styll,

When one is made away, they take occasion another to kyll :

Ever in feare, having no trustie friende, voyd of all people's love,

And in their owne conscience a continuall hell they proove.

*Pithias.* As thynges by their contraryes are always best proved,

How happie then are mercifull princes of their people beloved !

Havyng sure friends every wheare no feare doth touch them,

They may safely spend the daye pleasantly, at night

*Securè dormiunt in utramque aurem,*

O my Damon, if choyce were offred mee, I would choose to be Pithias

As I am (Damon's friende) rather then to be kyng

- Dionisius.

*Stephano.* And good cause why ; for you are entierly beloved of one,

And as farre as I heare, Dionisius is beloved of none.

*Damon.* That state is moste miserable : thrice happy are wee,

Whom true love hath joyned in perfect amytie :

Which amytie first sprong, without vaunting be it spoken, that is true,

Of likelines of maners, tooke roote by company, and now is conserved by vertue ;

<sup>25</sup> for great crueltie.] With crueltie, 2d edit.



Which vertue alwaies though <sup>26</sup> worldly things do not  
frame,

Yet doth she atchive to her followers immortall fame :  
Wherof if men were carefull, for vertues sake onely  
They would honour friendship, and not for commoditie.  
But such as for profite in friendship do lincke,  
When stormes come, they slide away sooner then a man  
wyll thinke.

My Pithias, the somme of my talke falles to this issue,  
To prove no friendship is sure, but that which is  
grounded on vertue.

*Pithias.* My Damon, of this thyng there needes no  
prooffe to mee,  
The gods forbyd, but that Pithyas with Damon in al  
things shuld agree.

For why is it said, *Amicus alter ipse*,  
But that true friendes should be two in body, but one  
in minde ?

As it were transformed into another, which against  
kynde

Though it seeme, yet in good faith, when I am alone,  
I forget I am Pithias, methinke I am Damon.

*Stephano.* That could I never doo, to forget myselfe ;  
full well I know,

Wheresoeuer I go, that I am *pauper* Stephano :  
But I pray you, sir, for all your phylosophie,  
See that in this courte you walke very wisely.  
You are but newly come hether ; beyng straungers ye  
know.

Many eyes are bent on you in the streetes as ye go :  
Many spies are abroad, you can not be too circum-  
spect.

*Damon.* Stephano, because thou art carefull of mee  
thy maister, I do thee praise ;  
Yet thinke this for a suertie, no state to displease  
By talke or otherwise : my friende and I entende, we  
wyll here  
As men that come to see the soyle and maners of al  
men of every degree.

<sup>26</sup> *though*] through, both editions. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

Pithagoras said, that this worlde was like a stage<sup>27</sup>,  
Wheron many play their partes : the lookers-on, the  
sage

Phylosophers are, saith he, whose parte is to learne  
The maners of all nations, and the good from the bad  
to discerne.

*Stephano.* Good faith, sir, concernynge the people  
they are not gay,  
And as farre as I see they be mummers; for nought  
they say,

For the moste parte, what so ever you aske them.  
The soyle is suche, that to live heare I can not lyke.

*Damon.* Thou speakest accordynge to thy learynge,  
but I say,

*Omne solum forti patriæ,\** a wise man may lyve every  
wheare;

Therefore, my deare friende Pithias,  
Let us view this towne in everie place,  
And then consider the peoples maners also.

*Pithias.* As you wyll, my Damon; but how say you  
Stephano?

Is it not best ere we go further to take some repast?

*Stephano.* In faith, I lyke well this question, sir: for  
all your haste,

To eate somewhat, I pray you, think it no folly;  
It is hie dinner time, I know by my belly.

*Damon.* Then let us to our lodging departe: when  
dinner is done,

We wyll view this citie as we have begonne. [*Exeunt.*  
*Here entreth CARISOPHUS.*

*Carisophus.* Once agayne in hope of good wynd, I  
hoyse up my sayle,  
I goe into the citie to finde som pray for myne avails:  
I hunger while I may see the straungers that lately  
Arrived, I were safe if once I might meete them happily.  
Let them barke that lust at this kinde of gaine,  
He is a foole that for his profit will not take payne:

<sup>27</sup> was like a stage] is lyke unto a stage, 2d edit.

\* This sentence stands in the old copies,

*Omnis solum fortis patriæ.* C.

Though it be joynd with other mens hurt, I care not  
at all,

For profit I wyll accuse any man, hap what shall.

But soft, syrs, I pray you huysh : what are they that  
comes here ?

By their apparell and countinuaunce some strangers  
they appeare.

I wyll shrowde my selfe secretly, even here for a while.  
To heare all their talke, that I may them beguyle.

*Here entreth DAMON and STEPHANO.*

*Stephano.* A shorte horse soone curried<sup>28</sup>; my belly  
waxeth thinner,

I am as hungry now, as when I went to dinner :

Your philosophicall diet is so fine and small,

That you may eate your dinner and supper at once, and  
not surfaite at all.

*Damon.* Stephano, much meat breedes heavynes;  
thinne diet makes thee light.

*Stephano.* I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never  
run the faster.

*Damon.* I have had sufficiently discourse of amitie  
Which I had at dinner with Pithias ; and his pleasaunt  
companie

Hath fully satisfied me : it doth mee good to feede  
myne eyes on him.

*Stephano.* Course or discourse, your course is very  
course ; for all your talke,

You had but one bare course, and that was pike, rise  
and walke :

And surely, for all your talke of philosophie,

I never heard that a man with wordes could fill his  
belly.

Feede your eyes (quoth you) the reason from my wis-  
dom swarveth,

I stared on you both, and yet my belly starveth.

*Damon.* Ah Stephano, small diet maketh a fine  
memorie.

*Stephano.* I care not for your craftie sophistrie,

<sup>28</sup> *A shorte horse soone curried ;]* See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 156.

You two are fine, let mee be fed like a grose knave styll  
I pray you licence mee for a while to have my will,  
At home to tary, whiles you take vew of this citie :  
To fynde some odde victualles in a corner I am verie  
wittie.

*Damon.* At your pleasure, sir, I wyll wayte on my  
selfe this daye ;  
Yet attende upon Pithias, whiche for a purpose tarieth  
at home :

So doying, you wayte upon mee also.

*Stephano.* With winges on my feete I go. [*Exit.*]

*Damon.* Not in vain the poet sayeth, *Naturam furca  
expellas, tamen usque recurrit ;*  
For trayne up a bondman never to so good a behaviour,  
Yet in some point of servilitie he wyll savour :  
As this Stephano, trustie to mee his master, lovyng and  
kinde,

Yet touchyng his belly a very bondman I him finde.  
He is to be borne withall, beyng so just and true,  
I assure you, I would not chaunge him for no new :  
But mee thinkes, this is a pleasant citie,  
The seate is good<sup>29</sup>, and yet not stronge, and that is  
great pittie.

*Carisophus.* I am safe, he is myne owne.

*Damon.* The ayre subtle and fine, the people should  
be wittie,  
That dwell under this climate in so pure a region :  
A trimmer plotte I have not seene in my peregrination.  
Nothing mislyketh mee in this countrey,  
But that I heare such mutterying of crueltie :  
Fame reporteth strange thynges of Dionisius,  
But kynges matters passyng our reache, pertayne not  
to us.

*Carisophus.* Dionisius (quoth you) since the worlde  
began,  
In Cicilia never raygned so cruell a man :

<sup>29</sup> *The seate is good,*] The *seate* means the *situation*. See, in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, instances of it, from Raleigh, Hayward, Bacon, and B. Jonson. N.

So Duncan, in *Macbeth*, says :

“ This castle hath a pleasant *seat*.

A despightfull tirant to all men, I marvayle I,  
That none makes him away, and that sodaynly.

*Damon.* My friende, the goddes forbyd so cruell a  
thyng,  
That any man should lift up his sworde against the  
kyng:

Or seeke other meanes by death him to prevent,  
Whom to rule on earth the mightie goddes have sent.  
But, my frende, leave off this talke of kyng Dionisius.

*Carisophus.* Why, sir? he cannot hear us.

*Damon.* What then? *An nescis longas regibus esse  
manus?*

It is no safe talkyng of them that strykes afarre off.  
But leavyng kynges matters, I pray you shew me this  
curtesie,

To describe in few wordes the state of this citie.

A travayler I am, desirous to know

The state of eche countrey, wher ever I go :

Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience  
therby.

It is not for nought, that the poet doth crye,  
*Dic mihi musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,  
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.\**

In whiche verses, as some writers do scan,

The poet describeth a perfect wise man :

Even so, I beyng a stranger, addicted to phylosophie,  
To see the state of countreyes my'selfe I applie.

*Carisophus.* Sir, I lyke this entent, but may I aske  
your name without scorne?

*Damon.* My name is Damon, well knownen in my  
countrey, a gentleman borne.

*Carisophus.* You do wisely, to serche the state of  
eche countrie

To beare intelligence therof, whether you lust. He  
is a spie,

\* This quotation is given as follows in both the old copies.

*Dic mihi musa virum captæ post tempora Trojæ,*

*Multorum homines mores qui vidit et urbes.*

Query—Was it meant by the Author that Damon should mis-  
quote. C.

Sir, I pray you, have pacience a while, for I have to do here by :

View this weak parte of this citie as you stand, and I very quickly

Wyll retourne to you agayne, and then wyll I show The state of all this countrie, and of the courte also.

[*Exit.*

*Damon.* I thanke you for your courtesie.—This chaunceth well that I

Met with this gentleman so happely,

Whiche, as it seemeth, misliketh some thyng,

Els he would not talke so boldly of the kyng,

And that to a stranger : but loe were he comes in haste.

*Here entreth CARISOPHUS and SNAP.*

*Carisophus.* <sup>30</sup> This is he, fellow : Snap snap him up : away with him.

*Snap.* Good fellow, thou must go with mee to the courte.

*Damon.* To the court, sir ? and why ?

*Carisophus.* Well, we wyll dispute that before the kyng. Away with hym quickly.

*Damon.* Is this the curtesie you promysed mee, and that very lately :

*Carisophus.* Away with hym, I say.

*Damon.* Use no violence, I wyll go with you quietly. [*Exeunt omnes.*

*Here entreth ARISTIPPUS.*

*Aristippus.* Ah, sira, byr lady, Aristippus lykes Dionius' court very well,

Whiche in passyng joyes, and plasures, doth excell.

Where he hath *Dapsilæ cænas gemalis lectes et auro*

*Fulgentii turgmani zonam.* \*

I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the yron was hotte ;

When I spied my time, I was not squemish to crave, God wotte.

<sup>30</sup> *This is he, &c.] This is the, &c. 2d edit.*

\* Instead of this corrupted nonsense, I suppose we should read,

But with some pleasant toye<sup>31</sup>, I crept into the kinges  
bosome,

For whiche Dionisius gave me *Auri talentum magnum* ;  
A large rewarde for so simple services.

What then? the kinges prayse standeth chiefly in  
bountifulnesse :

Which thyng, though I tolde the kyng very plea-  
santly,

Yet can I proove it by good writers of great anti-  
quitie :

But that shall not neede at this time, since that I have  
abundantly.

When I lack hereafter, I wyll use this point of phy-  
losophie :

But now, where as I have felt the kynges lyberalytie,  
As princely as it came, I wyll spende it as regallie :  
Money is current, men say, and currant comes of *Cur-  
rendo* :

Then wyll I make money runne, as his nature requir-  
eth, I trow.

For what becomes a philosopher best,

But to dispise mony above the rest?

And yet, not so despise it, but to have in store,

Enoughe to serve his owne tourne, and somewhat  
more.

With sondrie sportes and tauntes, yester night I de-  
lighted the kinge,

That with his lowde laughter the whole courte did  
ring,

And I thought he laught not merier then I, when I  
got this money.

But, mumbouget<sup>32</sup> for Carisophus I espie

———— *dapsiles canas, genioles lectos, et auro  
Fulgentem tyranne zonam.*

i. e. plentiful suppers, luxurious couches, and the king's purse  
full of gold at command.

Aristippus was not intended for a blunderer. S.

<sup>31</sup> *toyes*,] tyoe, 1st edit.

<sup>32</sup> *mumbouget*] A cant term for be silent ; *mum* and *budget* are  
the words made use of by Slender and Ann Page in *The Merry  
Wives of Windsor*.

In haste to come hether: I must handle the knave  
finely.

Oh, Carisophus, my dearest frinde, my trusty com-  
panyon!

What newes with you? where have you been solonge?

*Here entreth CARISOPHUS.*

*Carisophus.* My best beloved friend Aristippus, I  
am come at last,

I have not spent all my time in wast.

I have got a pray, and that a good one, I trow.

*Aristippus.* What pray is that? faine would I know.

*Carisophus.* Such a crafty spie I have caught, I dare  
say,

As never was in Cicilia before this day;

Suche a one as vewed every weake place in the citie,  
Survewed the haven, and each bulwarke, in talke very  
wittie:

And yet by some wordes him selfe he dyd bewray.

*Aristippus.* I thinke so in good faith, as you did  
handle him.

*Carisophus.* I handled him clarkly, I joyned in talke  
with himc ourteously:

But when we were entred, I let him speake his wyll,  
and I

Suckt out thus much of his words, that I made him  
say playnely,

He was come hether to know the state of the citie;  
And not onely this, but that he would understande  
The state of Dionisius' courte, and of the whole land.  
Which wordes when I heard, I desired him to staye,  
Till I had done a little businesse of the way.

Promising him to returne agayne quickly; and so did  
conveye

Myselfe to the court for Snap the tipstaffe, which  
came and upsnatched him,

Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge  
dispatched him,

After I ran to Dionisius, as fast as I could,

And bewrayed this matter to him, which I have you  
tolde;



Which thinge when hee heard, beinge very mery before,

He suddainly fell in dump, and fomyng like a bore,  
At last, he swore in great rage, that he should die  
By the sworde, or the wheele, and that very shortly.

I am too shamfast, for my travell and toyle

I crave nothings of Dionisus, but onely his spoyle :

Litle hath he about him, but a few motheaten crownes  
of golde,

Cha pought them up all ready, they are sure in  
hold :

And now I goe into the citie, to say sooth,

To see what he hath at his lodgings to make up my  
mouth.

*Aristippus.* My Carisophus, you have don good service. But what is the spie's name ?

*Carisophus.* He is called Damon, borne in Greece,  
from whence latly he came.

*Aristippus.* By my trouth, I will goe see him, and  
speak with him to if I may.

*Carisophus.* Doo so, I pray you ; but yet by the way,  
As occasion serveth, commende my service to the  
kinge.

*Aristippus.* *Dictum sapienti sat est :* friend Carisophus, shal I forget that thinge ?

No, I warrant you : though I say litle to your face,  
I wyll lay on with my mouth for you to Dionisius \*,  
when I am in place.

If I speake one worde for such a knave hang mee.

[*Exit.*

*Carisophus.* Our fine Phylosopher, our trinme learned  
elfe,

Is gone to see as false a spie as himselfe.

Damon smatters as well as he, of craftie pilosophie,  
And can tourne cat in the panne<sup>33</sup> very pretily :

\* The first edition reads ;

" I wyll lay *one mouth* for you to Dionisius," &c.  
which was altered in the 2d edition as it stands in the text. C.  
<sup>33</sup> *tourne cat in the panne*] A proverbial expression, of which it is  
difficult to give a satisfactory explanation, though the meaning of it  
is sufficiently obvious. A gentleman, who formerly wrote in *The*

But Carisophus hath given him such a mightie  
checke,

As I thinke in the ende will breake his necke  
What care I for that? why would<sup>34</sup> he then prie,  
And learn the secret estate of our countrey and citie?  
He is but a stranger, by his fall let others be wise,  
I care not who fall so that I may ryse.

As for fine Aristippus, I wyll keepe in with hym,  
He is a shrewde foole to deale withall, he can swym;  
And yet by my trowth,<sup>35</sup> to speake my conscience  
playnely,

I wyll use his friendship to myne owne commodytie:  
While Dionisius favoureth him, Aristippus shal be  
mine;

But if the kyng once frowne on him, then good night,  
Tomaline:

He shal be as straunge, as thoughe I never sawe hym  
before.

But I tarie too longe, I wyll prate no more.

Jacke come away.

*Jacke.* At hande, syr.

*Carisophus.* At Damon's lodgyng if that you see  
Any sturre to arise, be styll at hand by mee:

*Gentleman's Magazine* under a feigned name, supposes the word *cat* should be changed to *cate*; "an old word for a *cake*, or other *au-malette*, which being usually *fried*, and consequently *turn'd in the pan*, does therefore very aptly express the changing of sides "in politics or religion, or, as we otherwise say, *the turning one's coat*." *Gent. Mag.* 1754, p. 66. Another writer, however, gives the following explanation of it: "*Catipan*, to turn *catipan*, from a "people called *Catipani*, in *Calabria* and *Apulia*, who got an ill name "by reason of their perfidy; very falsely by us called *Cat in pan*." *Ibid.* p. 172.

<sup>34</sup> would] should, 2d edit.

<sup>35</sup> —to speake myn conscience playnely,

I wyll use his friendship to myne owne commodytie:] *Commodity* is interest. So, in the former part of this Play,"p. 198,

"They would honour friendship, and not for *commoditie*:"

*King John*, A. 2. S. 2.

*Commodity*, the bias of the world.

Rather than I wyll lose the spoyle, I wyll blade it out.  
[*Exeunt.*

*Here entereth PITHIAS and STEPHANO.*

*Pithias.* What straunge newes are these! ah, my Stephano,

Is my Damon in pryson, as the voyce doth go?

*Stephano.* It is true, oh cruell happe! he is taken for a spie,

And as they say, by Dionisius owne mouth condempned to die.

*Pithias.* To die! alas! for what cause?

*Stephano.* A sicophant falsely accused hym: other cause there is none.

But oh Jupiter, of all wronges the revenger,  
Seest thou this unjustice, and wilt thou staie any longer

From heaven to sende downe thy hot consuming fire,

To destroy the workers of wronge, whiche provoke thy just ire?

Alas! maister Pithias, what shall we do,  
Being in a strange countrey, voydé of friendes, and acquaintance too?

Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this daye,  
To see thy true mayster unjustly made away?

*Pithias.* Stephano, seeyng the matter is come to this extremytie,

Let us make vertue our friend, of meare necessytie.

Runne thou to the court, and understand secretly

As muche as thou canst of Damon's cause, and I

Will make some means to entreate Aristippus:

He can do much as I heare with king Dionisius.

*Stephano.* I am gone, sir—Ah, I would to God my travayle and payne.

Myght restore my mayster to his lybertie agayne!

*Pithias.* Ah wofull Pithias! sithe now I am alone,

What way shall I first beginne to make my mone?

What wordes shall I finde apt for my complaynte?

Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril, of force  
I must now faint.

But, oh musicke, as in joyfull tunes\* thy mery notes I  
 did borow,  
 So now lend mee thy yernfull tunes, to utter my sor-  
 row.

*Here PITHIAS singes, and the regalles<sup>36</sup> play.*

*Awake ye woful wightes,*

*That longe have wept in wo :*

*Resigne to mee your plaintes and teares,*

*My haplesse hap to sho.*

*My wo no tongue can tell,*

*Ne pen can well descrie :*

*O what a death is this to heare*

*Damon my friende must die !*

*The losse of worldly wealth,*

*Mannes wisdom may restore,*

*And physicke hath provided too*

*A salve for everie sore :*

*But my true frende once lost,*

*No arte can well supplie :*

*Then, what a death is this to heare,*

*Damon my friend must die !*

*My mouth refuse the foode,*

*That should my limmes sustayne :*

*Let sorrow sinke in to my brest,*

*And ransacke every wayne :*

\* Perhaps we ought to read "as in joyfull times" which seems more consistent with the context, and *tunes* is an ordinary error of the press. C.

<sup>36</sup> *regalles*] Regale sorta di strumento simile all' organo, minore. *Altieri Dizion. Ital. ed Ing.* Lord Bacon distinguishes between the *regal* and the organ in a manner which shews them to be instruments of the same class. "The sounds that produce tones "are ever from such bodies as have their parts and pores equal, as "are nightingale *pipes of regals* or organs." *Nat. Hist. Cent. 2. Sect. 102.* But, notwithstanding these authorities, the appellative *regal* has given great trouble to the lexicographer, whose sentiments with regard to its signification are collected and brought into one point of view by Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Musick*, Vol. II. p. 448, from whence this Note is extracted. See also a Note, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, to *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2. in the Edition of Shakspeare 1773, omitted in that of 1778.

*You Furies all at once  
 On me your torments trie :  
 Why should I live, since that <sup>38</sup> I heare  
 Damon my friend must <sup>39</sup> die !*

*Gripe me, you greedy greefs,  
 And present pangues of death,  
 You systers three, with cruell handes,  
 With speed come <sup>39</sup> stop my breath :  
 Shrine me in clay alive,  
 Some good man stop mine eye :  
 O death com now, seing I heare  
 Damon my friend must die.*

*He speaketh this after the songe.*

In vaine I call for death, which heareth not my  
 complaint :  
 But what wisdom is this, in such extremitie to faint?  
*Multum iuvat in re mala animus bonus.*  
 I wyll to the court my selfe, to make friendes, and that  
 presently.

I wyll never forsake my friende in time of miserie—  
 But do I see Stephano amazed hether to ronne?

*Here entreth STEPHANO.*

*Stephano.* O Pithias, Pithias, we are all undone !  
 Mine owne eares have sucked in mine owne sorow ;  
 I heard Dionisius sweare, that Damon should die to  
 morrow.

*Pithias.* How camest thou so neare the presence of  
 the kynge,  
 That thou mightest heare Dionisius speake this thyng ?

*Stephano.* By friendship I gate into the courte, where,  
 in great audience,  
 I heard Dionisius with his owne mouth geve this cruell  
 sentence,  
 By these expresse wordes : that Damon the Greeke,  
 that craftie spie,  
 Without farther judgement, to morow should die :

<sup>37</sup> since that] seeing, 2d edit.

<sup>38</sup> must] should, 1st edit.

<sup>39</sup> come] now, 1st edit.

Beleeve mee, Pithias, with these eares I heard it my-  
selfe.

*Pithias.* Then how neare is my death also. Ah, woe  
is mee !

Ah, my Damon, another myselfe, shall I forgo thee ?

*Stephano.* Syr, there is no tyme of lamentyng now :  
it behoveth us

To make meanes to them which can doo much with  
Dionisius,

That he be not made awaye, ere his cause be fully  
heard ; for we see,

By evyll reporte, thynges be made to princes farre  
worse then they bee.

But lo, yonder commeth Aristippus, in great favour  
with kyng Dionisius,

Entreate hym to speake a good worde to the kyng  
for us,

And in the meane season I wyll to your lodgyng to see  
all thynges safe there. [Exit.

*Pithias.* To that I agree : but let us slip aside his  
talke to heare.

*Here entreth ARISTIPPUS.*

Here is a sodayne chaunge indeede, a strange meta-  
morphosis,

This courte is cleane altered : who would have thought  
this ?

Dionisius of late so pleasant and mery

Is quite changed now into suche melancholy,

That nothyng can please hym : he walked up and  
downe,

Fretting and chafyng, on everie man he doth frowne ;

In so much, that when I in pleasant wordes began to  
play,

So sternly he frowned on mee, and knit me up so short,  
I perceyve it is no safe playing with lyons, but when it  
please them ;

If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease them,

And so perhaps get a clap ; myne owne prooffe taught  
mee this,

That it is very good to be mery and wise.

The onely cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that  
 wicked man,  
 Which lately tooke Damon for a spie, a poore gentle-  
 man,  
 And hath incenced the kynge against him so despight-  
 fully,  
 That Dionisius hath judged him to morow to die.  
 I have talkt with Damon, whom though in words I  
 found very wittie,  
 Yet was he more curious then wise in viewyng this  
 citie :  
 But truly, for aught I can learne, there is no cause  
 why  
 So sodenly and cruelly he should be condempned to  
 die :  
 How soever it be, this is the short and longe,  
 I dare not gainsay the kynge, be it right or wrong :  
 I am sory, and that is all I may or can doo in this case :  
 Nought awayleth perswasion where frowarde opinion  
 taketh place.

*Pithias.* Sir, if humble sutes you would not dispise,  
 Then bow on <sup>40</sup> mee your pitifull eyes.  
 My name is Pithias, in Greece well knowne,  
 A perfect friend to that wofull Damon,  
 Whiche now a poore captive in this courte doth lie,  
 By the kynges owne mouth, as I here, condemned to die ;  
 For whom I crave your masterships goodnesse,  
 To stand his friende in this his great distresse.  
 Nought hath he done worthy of death, but very fondly,  
 Being a straunger, he vewed this citie  
 For no evill practises, but to feede his eyes.  
 But seing Dionisius is informed otherwise,  
 My sute is to you, when you see time and place,  
 To asswage the kinges anger, and to purchase his  
 grace :  
 In which dooyng, you shall not doo good to one onely,  
 But you shall further too\*, and that fully.

<sup>40</sup> on] unto, 2d edit.

\* i. e. " But you shall further two," and so the 2d. edition prints  
 it. C.

*Aristippus.* My friend, in this case I can doo you no pleasure.

*Pithias.* Syr, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.

*Aristippus.* I am of the court, in deede, but none of the counsell.

*Pithias.* As I heare, none is in greater favour with the king, then you at this day.

*Aristippus.* The more in favour, the lesse I dare say.

*Pithias.* It is a courtiers prayse to helpe straingers in miserie.

*Aristippus.* To help an other, and hurte myselfe, it is an evyll point of courtesie.

*Pithias.* You shall not hurt yourselfe to speake for the innocent.

*Aristippus.* He is not innocent whom the kinge judgeth nocent.

*Pithias.* Why, sir, doo you thinke this matter paste all remedie?

*Aristippus.* So farr past, that Dionisius hath sworne, Damon to morow shall die.

*Pithias.* This word my trembling heart cutteth in two.

Ah, sir, in this wofull case what wist I best to doo?

*Aristippus.* Best to content yourselfe, when there is no remedie,

He is well relived that forknoweth his miserie;

Yet if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus,

The chiefest counsellour about kinge Dionisius:

Which pitieth Damons case in this great extremitie,  
Perswadyng the kyng from all kinde of crueltie.

*Pithias.* The mightie gods preserve you, for this worde of comforte.

Takyng my leave of your goodnesse, I wyll now resorte  
To Eubulus, that good counseller:

But harke! methinke I heare a trompet blow.

*Aristippus.* The kyng is at hande, stande close in the prease<sup>41</sup>: beware, if he know

You are friend to Damon, he wyll take you for a spie also.

<sup>41</sup> prease] crowd. See Note 29 to *Tancred and Gismunda*, vol. II.



Farewel, I dare not be seene with you.

*Here entreth Kyng DIONISIUS, EUBULUS the Counsellor, and GRONNO the Hangman.*

*Dionisius.* Gronno, doo my commaundement: strike of Damons irons by and by.

Then bryng hym foorth, I my selfe will see him executed presently.

*Gronno.* O mightie king, your commaundement wyll I doo speedely.

*Dionisius.* Eubulus, thou hast talked in vain, for sure he shall die.

Shall I suffer my lyfe to stand in peryll of every spie?

*Eubulus.* That he conspired against your person, his accuser cannot say.

He only viewed your citie, and wyll you for that make him away?

*Dionisius.* What he would have done the gesse is great: he minded mee to hurt,

That came so styly, to serch out the secret estate of my courte.

Shall I styll lye in feare? no, no: I wyll cut off such impes betime,

Least that to my farther daunger too hie they clime.

*Eubulus.* Yet have the mightie goddes immortall fame assigned

To all worldly princes, whiche in mercie be inclined.

*Dionisius.* Let fame talke what she lyst, so I may lyve in safetie.

*Eubulus.* The onely meane to that, is, to use mercie.

*Dionisius.* A milde prince the people despiseth.

*Eubulus.* A cruell kinge the people hateth.

*Dionisius.* Let them hate me, so they feare mee.

*Eubulus.* That is not the way to lyve in safetie.

*Dionisius.* My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.

*Eubulus.* That is sooner procured by mercy and gentlenesse.

*Dionisius.* Dionisius ought to be feared.

*Eubulus.* Better for him to be wel beloved.

*Dionisius.* Fortune maketh all thinges subject to my power.

*Eubulus.* Beleeve her not, she is a light goddess; she can laugh and lowre.

*Dionisus.* A kinges prayse standeth in the revenging of his enemie.

*Eubulus.* A greater prayse to winne him by clemencie,

*Dionisius.* To suffer the wicked to live it is no mercie.

*Eubulus.* To kill the innocent it is great crueltie.

*Dionisius.* Is Damon innocent which so craftely undermined Carisophus,

To understand what he could of kinge Dionisius?

Which survewed the haven, and eche bulwarcke in the citie,

Where battrie might be layde, what way best to approche? shall I

Suffer such a one to live that worketh mee such despite?

No, he shall die, then I am safe: a dead dogge cannot bite.

*Eubulus.* But yet, O mightie king \*, my dutie bindeth mee

To geve such counsell, as with your honour may best agree:

The strongest pillars of princely dignitie,

I finde is <sup>42</sup> justice with mercy and prudent liberalitie:

The one judgeth all thinges by upright equitie,

The other rewardeth the worthy, flying eche extremitie.

As to spare those which offend maliciously,

It may be called no justice, but extreame injurie:

So upon suspicion of eache thinge not well proved,

To put to death presently whom envious flattery accused,

\* "king" is omitted in the first edition, and supplied by the second. C.

<sup>42</sup> is] this, 1st edit.

It seemeth of tyranny ; and upon what fickle ground  
 al tirants doo stand,  
 Athenes and Lacedemon can teache you, yf it be rightly  
 scande.

And not only these citezens, but who curiously seekes  
 The whole histories of all the world, not only of Ro-  
 maines and Greekes,  
 Shall well perceyve of all tirauntes the ruinous fall,  
 Their state uncertaine, beloved of none, but hated of  
 all.

Of mercifull princes, to set out the passyng felycitie,  
 I neede not : ynough of that even these dayes do tes-  
 tifie.

They live devoid of feare, their sleapes are sound, they  
 dreed no enemie,

They are feared and loved : and why ? they rule with  
 justice and mercie,

Extendyng justice to such as wickedly from justice  
 have swarved,

Mercie unto those where opinion simplenesse have  
 mercie deserved.

Of lybertie nought I say, but only this thyng,

Lybertie upholdeth the state of a kynge :

Whose large bountifulnesse ought to fall to this issue,  
 To rewarde none but such as deserve it for vertue.

Whiche mercifull justice if you would folow, and pro-  
 vident liberalytie;

Neither the caterpillers of all courtes *Et fruges consu-  
 mere nati,*

Parasites with wealth puffed up, should not looke so  
 hie ;

Nor yet, for this simple fact, poore Damon should die.

*Dionisius.* With payne mine eares have heard this  
 vayne talke of mercie.

I tell thee, feare and terrour defendeth kynges only :

Tyll he be gone whome I suspect, how shall I lyve  
 quietly,

Whose memorie with chilling horror fills my beast day  
 and night violently ?

My dreadfull dreames of him bereves my rest ; on bed  
I lie

Shakyng and trembling, as one ready to yelde his  
throate to Damon's sword.

This quakyng dread nothyng but Damon's bloud can  
stay :

Better he die then I to be tormented with feare al-  
way.

He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto :  
It is lawfull for kinges, as they list, all thynges to  
doo.

*Here GRONNO bringeth in DAMON, and PITHIAS  
meeteth him by the way.*

*Pithias.* Oh, my Damon !

*Damon.* Oh, my Pithias ! seying death must parte  
us, farewell for ever.

*Pithias.* Oh, Damon, oh, my sweete friende !

*Snap.* Away from the prysoner ! what a prease have  
we here ?

*Gronno.* As you commaunded, O, mighty kinge, we  
have brought Damon.

*Dionisius.* Then go to : make ready. I will not  
stirre out of this place,

'Til I see his head stroken off before my face.

*Gronno.* It shall be done, sir. Because your eyes  
have made such a doo,

I wyl knock down this your lantern, and shut up your  
shop-window too.

*Damon.* O, mightie king, where as no trueth my in-  
nocent lyfe can save,

But that so greedily you thirst <sup>43</sup> my giltlesse bloud to  
have,

Albeit (even in thought) I had not <sup>44</sup> ought against  
your person :

Yet now I plead not for lyfe, ne wyll I crave your  
pardon.

<sup>43</sup> *thirst*] thrust, 1st edit.

<sup>44</sup> (*even in thought*) *I had not*] (even for thought) for I had not ,  
*Both Editions.* The alterations by Mr. Dodsley.

But seying in Greece, my countrey, where well I am  
 knowne,  
 I have worldly thinges fit for mine aliance, when I am  
 gone,  
 To dispose them or I die if I might obtaine lea-  
 sure,  
 I would account it (O kyng) for a passyng great plea-  
 sure :  
 Not to prolonge my lyfe therby, for which I reken not  
 this,  
 But to set my thynges in a stay : and surely I wyll not  
 misse,  
 Upon the faith which all gentylmen ought to embrace,  
 To returne agayne at your time to appoynte, to  
 yeeld my body here in this place.  
 Graunt me (O kinge) such time to dispatch this in-  
 jurie,  
 And I wyll not fayle when you appoint, even here my  
 lyfe to pay<sup>45</sup>.

*Dionisius.* A pleasant request! as though I could  
 trust him absent,  
 Whom in no wise I can not trust beinge present.  
 And yet though I sware the contrarie, doo that I re-  
 quire,  
 Geve mee a pledge for thy returne, and have thine  
 owne desire.  
 He is as nere now as he was before.

*Damon.* There is no surer nor greater pledge then  
 the faith of a gentleman.

*Dionisius.* It was wont to be, but otherwise now the  
 world doth stande ;  
 Therefore doo as I say, els presently yeeld thy necke  
 to the sword.

If I might with my honour I would recall my worde.

*Pithias.* Stand to your worde, O kinge, for kinges  
 ought nothing say,  
 But that they would performe in perfect deeds alway.

<sup>45</sup> pay] yeelde speedily, 2d edit.

A pledge you did require when Damon his sute did  
meeve,

For which with heart and stretched handes most hum-  
ble thanks I geve :

And that you may not say but Damon hath a frinde,  
That loves him better then his owne life, and will doo to  
his ende,

Take mee O mightie king my lyfe I pawne<sup>46</sup> for his :  
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day to misse.

*Dionisius.* What art thou, that chargest me with my  
worde so boldly here ?

*Pithias.* I am Pithias, a Greeke borne, which holde  
Damon my friend full deare.

*Dionisius.* To dere perhaps to hazard thy life for  
him : what<sup>47</sup> fondnes moveth thee ?

*Pithias.* No fondnesse at all, but perfect amitie.

*Dionisius.* A mad kind of amitie ! advise thyself well :  
if Damon fayle at his day,

Which shal be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him,  
to mee his lyfe to pay ?

*Pithias.* Most wyllingly, O mightie king : if Damon  
fayle let Pithias die.

*Dionisius.* Thou seemest to trust his wordes, that  
pawnest thy lyfe so franckly.

*Pithias.* What Damon saith, Pithias beleveth as-  
suredly.

*Dionisius.* Take heede : for life worldly men breake  
promise in many thinges.

*Pithias.* Though worldly men doo so, it never happes  
amongst frindes.

*Dionisius.* What callest thou friendes, are they not  
men ? is not this true ?

*Pithias.* Men they be, but such men as love one  
another onely for vertue.

*Dionisius.* For what vertue doste thou love this spie,  
this Damon ?

*Pithias.* For that vertue which yet to you is unknowne.

<sup>46</sup> I pawne] to pawne, 2d edit.

<sup>47</sup> fondnes] folly. Thus Spenser, in his Sonnets,

"Fondness it were for any, being free,

"To covet fetters, though they golden be."

*Dionisius.* Eubulus, what shall I doo? I would dispatch this Damon fayne,  
But this foolish fellow so chargeth mee, that I may not call back my worde againe.

*Eubulus.* The reverent majestie of a king stands chieffye in keeping his promise.  
What you have sayde this whole court beareth witnesse.

Save your honour what so ever you doo.

*Dionisius.* For saveing mine honour, I must forbear my wyll: go to.

*Pithias,* seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee:

For two monthes he is thine: unbinde him, I set him free;

Which time once expired, yf he appeare not the next day by noone,

Without further delay thou shalt lose thy lyfe, and that full soone.

Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in his bead,  
If he retourne not then, thou shalt either hange or lose thy head.

*Pithias.* For this, O mightie kinge, I yeld immortall thanks. O joyfull day!

*Dionisius.* Gronno, take him to thee: bind him, see him kept in safetie:

If he escape, assure thyselfe for him thou shalt die.

*Eubulus,* let us departe, to talke of this straunge thinge within.

*Eubulus.* I folowe. [*Exeunt.*

*Gronno.* Damon, thou servest the Gods well to day, be thou of comfort.

As for you, sir, I thinke you will be hanged in sporte.  
You heard what the king sayde; I must kepe you safely:

By cocke, so I wyll, you shall rather hange then I.  
Come on your way.

*Pithias.* My Damon, farewell; the Gods have thee in kepeing.

*Damon.* Oh, my *Pithias,* my pleadge, farewell; I parte from thee weeping.

But joyfull at my day appoynted I wyll retourne agayne,  
When I wyll deliver thee from all trouble and paine.

Stephano wyll I leave behinde me to wayte upon thee  
in prison alone,

And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this miserie, wyll  
walke home.

Ah, my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my friend, farewell.

*Pithias.* Farewel, my Damon.

*Damon.* Loth I am to departe. Sith sobbes my  
trembling tounge doth stay,

Oh, musicke, sound my dolefull playntes when I am  
gone my way. [*Exit Damon.*]

*Gronno.* I am glad he is gone, I had almost wept to.

Come, Pithias,

So God help me, I am sory for thy foolish case,

Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so fondly?

*Pithias.* It is no venter : my friende is just, for whom  
I desire to die.

*Gronno.* Here is a mad man ! I tell thee, I have a  
wyfe whom I love well,

And if iche would die for her, chould ich weare in hell.

Wylt thou doo more for a man then I woulde for a woman?

*Pithias.* Yea, that I wyll.

*Gronno.* Then come on your wayes, you must to  
prison haste.

I feare you wyll repent this folly at laste.

*Pithias.* That shalt thou never see. But oh, musick,  
as my Damon requested thee,

Sounde out thy dolefull tunes in this time of calamitie.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Here the regalles play a mourning songe, and DAMON  
commeth in in mariners apparel and STEPHANO with  
him.*

*Damon.* Weepe no more, Stephano, this is but  
destenie;

Had not this hapt, yet I know I am borne to die :

Where, or in what place, the Gods know alone,

To whose judgment my selfe I commit. Therefore leave  
of thy mone,

And wayte upon Pithias in pryson till I retourne agayne,  
In whom my joy, my care, and lyfe, doth only remayne.



*Stephano.* O, my deare master, let me go with you ;  
for my poore companie  
Shal be some small comfort in this time of miserie.

*Damon.* Oh, Stephano, hast thou ben so longe with  
me,  
And yet doest not know the force of true amitie ?  
I tel thee once agayne, my friend and I are but one,  
Waite upon Pithias, and thinke thou art with Damon.  
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth  
away ;

The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journey :  
Therefore farewell, Stephano, commend me to my friende  
Pithias,

Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this wofull case.

*Stephano.* Farewel, my deare master, since your  
pleasure is so.

Oh, cruell happe ! oh, poore Stephano !  
O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tragidie !—  
But what a noyes is this ? is all well within trow yee ?  
I feare all be not well within, I wyll go see.—  
Come out you wesell : are you seekinge eggs in Damon's  
cheste ?

Come out, I say, wylt thou be packing ? by cocke you  
weare best.

*Carisophus.* How durst thou, villaine, to lay handes  
on me ?

*Stephano.* Out, sir knave, or I wyll sende yee.  
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully,  
But wilt thou robbe him also, and that openly ?

*Carisophus.* The kinge gave mee the spoyle : to take  
myne owne wilt thou let me<sup>48</sup> ?

*Stephano.* Thine owne, villaine ! where is thine au-  
thority ?

*Carisophus.* I am authoritie of myselfe ; dost thou  
not know ?

*Stephano.* Byr ladie, that is somewhat ; but have you  
no more to show ?

*Carisophus.* What if I have not ?

*Stephano.* Then for an earnest penie take this blow.

<sup>48</sup> let me] hinder me.

I shall bumbast you, you mocking knave; schil put  
pro in my purse for this time.

*Carisophus* Jacke, give me my sword and targat.

*Jacke.* I cannot com to you, maister, this knave doth  
me let.—Hold, maister.

*Stephano.* Away, Jackenapes, els I wyll colpheg  
you <sup>49</sup> by and by:

Ye slave, I wyll have my penyworthes of thee therefore  
if I die.

Aboute, villayne.

*Carisophus.* O, citezens, helpe to defend me.

*Stephano.* Nay, they wyll rather helpe to hange thee.

*Carisophus.* Good felow, let us reason of the matter  
quietly: beat me no more.

*Stephano.* Of this condition I wyll stay, if thou swere  
as thou art an honest man,

Thou wylt say nothyng to the kinge of this when I am  
gonne.

*Carisophus.* I wyll say nothyng, here is my hand, as  
I am an honest man.

*Stephano.* Then say on thy minde: I have taken a  
wise othe on him, have I not trow ye?

To trust such a false knave upon his honestie?

As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray  
all to the kinge,

And breke his oth for this never a whit—But, my fra-  
nion <sup>50</sup>, I tell you this one thing:

If you disclose this, I wyll devise such a way,

That whilst thou livest thou shalt remember this day.

*Carisophus.* You neede not devise for that, for this  
day is printed in my memory,

I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I die:

<sup>49</sup> colpheg you] I believe we should read, *colaphize*, i. e. box or buffet. *Colaphiser* Fr. See Cotgrave's *Dict.* S.

<sup>50</sup> But my franion] i. e. loose companion. So Spenser:  
Might not be found a ranker *franion*.

Again,

A faire *franion* fit for such a pheere. S.

Again, in *The First Part of King Edward IV.* Sign. C. 5: "Hees  
" a *franke franion*, a merrie companion, and loves a wench well."

But seeing of courtesie you have granted that we should  
talke quietly,

Methinkes, in calling mee knave, you doo me muche  
injurie.

*Stephano.* Why so, I pray thee hartely?

*Carisophus.* Because I am the kinges man: keepes  
the kinge any knaves?

*Stephano.* He should not; but what he doth, it is  
evident by thec,

And as farre as I can learne or understand,

There is none better able to keepe knaves in all the  
land.

*Carisophus.* Oh, sir, I am a courtier: when courtiers  
shall heare tell,

How you have used me, they will not take it well.

*Stephano.* Nay, all right courtiers will kenne me  
thanke<sup>51</sup>; and wot you why?

Because I handled a counterfait courtier in his kinde so  
finely.

What, syr? all are not courtiers that have a counterfait  
show;

In a trope of honest men, some knaves may stand, ye  
know,

Such as by stelth creep in under the colour of honestie,  
Which sorte under that cloke doo all kinde of villanie:

A right courtier is vertuous, gentill, and full of urbanitie,  
Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of villanie:

But suche as thou art, fountaines of squirilitie, and  
vayne delightes;

Though you hange by the courtes, you are but flatring  
parasites;

As well deserving the right name of courtesie,

As the coward knight the true praise of chevalrie.

I could say more, but I wyll not, for that I am your  
well willer.

In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier, but a cater-  
pillar,

<sup>51</sup> kenne me thanke] See Note 34 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*,  
vol. II.

A sicophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave.  
Whether I wyll or no, these names you must have :  
How well you deserve this, by your deedes it is knowne,  
For that so unjustly thou hast accused poore Damon,  
Whose wofull case the gods helpe alone.

*Carisophus.* Syr, are you his servaunt, that you pitie  
his case so ?

*Stephano.* No bum troth, good man Grumbe, his  
name is Stephano :

I am called *Onaphets*, if needs you wyll know.  
The knave beginneth to sift mee, but I turne my name  
in and out,

*Cretiso cum Cretense* <sup>52</sup>, to make him a loute.

*Carisophus.* What mumble you with your selfe, mas-  
ter Onaphets ?

*Stephano.* I am reckening with my selfe how I may  
pay my debtes.

*Carisophus.* You have payde me more then you did  
owe me.

*Stephano.* Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I wyll pay  
you more, if I know

Either you talke of that is done, or by your sicophan-  
ticall envye,

You pricke forth Dionisius the sooner, that Damon may  
die :

I wyll so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattell in thy  
skinne.

Remember what I have sayde ; Onaphets is my name.

[*Exit.*

*Carisophus.* The sturdie knave is gone : the devyll  
him take,

He hath made my head, shoulders, armes, sides, and  
all to ake.

Thou horson villaine boy, why didst thou waite no  
better ?

As he payde mee, so wyll I not die thy debter.

<sup>52</sup> *Cretiso cum Cretense*] Read *Κρητιξω*. Vide Erasm. Chiliad.  
The *Cretans* were famous for double-dealing. *Cretizare*, however, is  
a word employ'd by lexicographers, instead of *mentiri*. S.

*Jacke.* Mayster, why doo you fight with me? I am not your match, you see :

Your durst not fight with him that is gone, and wyll you wreke your anger on mee?

*Carisophus.* Thou villaine, by thee I have lost mine honour,

Beaten with a codgell like a slave, a vacaboun, or a lasie lubber,

And not geven one blow agayne. Hast thou handled me well?

*Jacke.* Maister I handled you not, but who did handle you very handsomly you can tell.

*Carisophus.* Handsomly! thou crake rope.\*

*Jacke.* Yea, sir, very handsomly: I hold you a grote, He handled you so handsomly, that he left not one mote in your cote.

*Carisophus.* O I had firckt him trimly, thou villaine, if thou hadst geven mee my sword.

*Jacke.* It is better as it is, maister, beleve me at a worde.

If he had scene your weapon, he would have ben fierser, And so perhaps beate you worse, I speake it with my harte,

You were never at the dealing of fence blowes, but you had foure away for your part.

It is but your lucke, you are man good enough;

But the wealche Onaphets was a vengeance knave, and rough.

Maister, you were best goe home and rest in your bedde,

Meethinkes your cappe waxeth to little for your heade.

*Carisophus.* What! doth my head swell?

\* *Crack-rope* was a common term of contempt in old plays.

"You codshed, you *cracke-rope*, you chattering pye."

Apus and Virginia, 1575. Sign. B.

Again in that very rare play, *The Two Italian Gentlemen* :

"Then let him be led through every streete in the town,

"That every *crackrope* may fling rotten eggs at the clown."

C.

*Jacke.* Yea, as bigge as a codshed, and bleades too.  
*Carisophus.* I am ashamed to show my face with this hew.

*Jacke.* No shame at all; men have bin beaten farre better then you.

*Carisophus.* I muste go to the chirurgian's; what shal I say when I am a dressyng?

*Jacke.* You may say truly you met with a knave's blessing. [Exeunt.

*Here entreth ARISTIPPUS.*

*Aristippus.* By mine owne experience I prove true that many men tell,

To live in courte not beloved, better be in hell:

What cryng out, what cursyng is there within of Carisophus,

Because he accused Damon to kinge Dionisius:

Even now he came whining and crying into the courte for the nonce,

Shewingge that one Onaphets had broke his knave's sconce.

Which straunge name when they heard every man laught hartely,

And I by myselfe scan'd his name secretly;

For well I knewe it was some mad-heded chylde

That invented this name, that the log headed knave might be begilde.

In tossing it often with myselfe two and fro,

I found out that Onaphets backward, spelled Stephano.

I smiled in my sleve, how to see by tournyng his name he drest him,

And how for Damon his master's sake, with a wodden cougell he blest him.

None pittied the knave, no man nor woman, but al laught him to scorne.

To be thus hated of all, better unborne:

Farre better Aristippus hath provided, I trowe;

For in all the courte I am beloved both of hie and lowe.

I offende none, in so muche that wemen singe this to my great prayse,

*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.*

But in all this joylytie one thinge maseth me,  
 The straungest thinge that ever was hãrde or knowne,  
 Is now happened in this court, by that Damon  
 Whom Carisophus accused; Damon is now at libertie,  
 For whose return Pithias his friend lieth in prison, alas,  
 in great jeopardy.

To-morow is the day, which day by noone if Damon  
 returne not, earnestly

The kinge hath sworne that Pithias should die;  
 Wherof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,  
 Wishing that Damon may not returne tyll he have payde  
 His lyfe for his friend. Hath it ben heare to fore ever  
 sayde,

That any man for his friend would die so willyngly?

O, noble friendship! O perfect amitie!

Thy force is heare seene, and that very perfectlie.

The king himselve museth heare at, yet is he farie out  
 of square

That he trusteth none to come nere him, not his owne  
 doughters will he have

Unsercht to enter his chamber, which he hath made  
 barbars his beard to shave,

Not with knife or rasour, for all edge-tooles hee feares,  
 But with hote burning nutshales they senge of his  
 heares.

Was there ever man that lived in such miserye?

Well, I wyll go in with a heavye and pensive hart too,  
 To think how Pithias, this poore gentleman, to-morow  
 shall die. [Exit.

*Here entreth JACKE and WYLL.*

*Jacke.* Wyll, by mine honesty, I wyll marre your  
 moncke's face, if you so fondly prate.

*Wyll.* Jacke, by my troth, seeing you are without  
 the courte gate,

If you play Jacke napes, in mocking my master, and  
 dispising my face,

Even here with a pantacle<sup>53</sup> I wyll you disgrace;

<sup>53</sup> *Even here with a pantacle*] I suppose he means to say a *pantofle*, i. e. a slipper. Perhaps he begins his attack with a kick. S.  
 The 2d edition reads,

And though you have a farre better face then I,  
Yet who is better man of us two these fistes shall trie,  
Unlesse you leave your taunting.

*Jacke.* Thou began'st first; didst thou not say even  
nowe,  
That Carisophus, my master, was no man but a cowe,  
In takinge so many blowes, and geve<sup>54</sup> never a blow  
agayn?

*Wyll.* I sayde so in deede, he is but a tame ruffian,  
That can swere by his flaske and twiche-box<sup>55</sup>, and  
God's precious lady,

And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick.  
These barking whelpes were never good biters,  
Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters:  
But seeinge you eg mee so much, I wyll somewhat  
more resight;

I say, Carisophus thy master is a flattring parisite;  
Glening away the sweet from the worthy in al the  
courte.

What tragidie hath he moved of late? the devell take  
him, he doth much hurt.

*Jacke.* I pray you, what is Aristippus thy master, is  
not he a parisite to,  
That with scoffing and jesting in the court makes so  
much a doo?

*Wyll.* He is no parisite, but a pleasant gentleman  
full of curtesie.

Thy master is a churlish loute, the heyre of a dounge-  
fork; as voyde of honestie

As thou art of honour.

“ Even heere with a *faure* pantacle I will you disgrace.”  
an epithet not found in the oldest cory, and hardly consistent with  
the supposition that *pantacle* means *pantofle*. C.

<sup>54</sup> *geve*] gave, 1st edit.

<sup>55</sup> *his flaske and twiche-box*] More properly *touch-box*. While  
match-locks, instead of fire-locks, to guns were used; the *touch-box*,  
at which the match was lighted, was part of the accoutrement of a  
soldier.

“ When she his flask and touch-box set on fire.”  
line of an Author, whose name I cannot at this time recollect. S.



*Jacke.* Nay, yf you wyll needes be prating of my master styll,

In faith I must coole you my frinde, dapper Wyll:  
Take this at the beginning.

*Wyll.* Prayse well your winning, my pantacle is as readie as yours.

*Jacke.* By the masse I wyll boxe you.

*Wyll.* By cocke, I wyll foxe you.

*Jacke.* Wyll, was I with you?

*Wyll.* Jacke, did I flye?

*Jacke.* Alas, pretie cockerell, you are to weake;

*Wyll.* In faith, dutting Duttrell<sup>56</sup>, you wyll crye creake.

*Here entreth SNAP.*

*Snap.* Away, you cracke ropes, are you fighting at the courte-gate?

And I take you heare agayne, I will swindge you both: what! [*Exit.*

*Jacke.* I beshrew Snap the tipstaffe, that great knaves hart, that hether did come,

Had he not ben, you had cryed ere this, *Victus, victa, victum* :

But seing wee have breathed ourselves, if ye list,  
Let us agree like friends, and shake eche other by the fist.

*Wyll.* Content am I, for I am not malicious ; but on this condition,

That you talke no more so brode of my master 'as here you have done.

But who have wee heere ? is *Cobex epi*<sup>57</sup> comming yonder ?

*Jacke.* Wyll, let us slipp aside and vewe him well.

<sup>56</sup> *Duttrell*] A Dottrel is a silly kind of bird which imitates the actions of the fowler, till at last he is taken. So, in Butler's *Character of a Fantastic*. Remains, vol. II. p. 132. "He alters his gate with the times, and has not a motion of his body that (like a *Dottrel*) he does not borrow from somebody else."

See also Note 8 to *The Old Couple*, vol. X.

<sup>57</sup> *Cobex epi.*] These I suppose to be words corrupted by the ignorance of the transcriber. S.

*Here entreth GRIMME the Colier, whistling.*

*Grimme.* What devell! iche weene the porters are  
drunke, wil they not dup the gate to-day?  
Take in coles for the king's owne mouth: wyll no body  
stur, I say?

Ich might have layne tway howers longer in my bedde,  
Cha taried so longe here, that my teeth chatter in my  
heade,

*Jacke.* Wyll, after our fallinge out wilt thou laugh  
merily?

*Wyll.* I mary, Jacke, I pray thee hartely.

*Jacke.* Then folow me, and hemme in a worde now  
and then.

What braulynge knave is there at the courte-gate so  
early?

*Wyll.* It is some brainesicke villaine, I durst lay a  
pennie.

*Jacke.* Was it you <sup>58</sup>, sir, that cryed so lowde I trow,  
And bid us take in coles for the kinges mouth even  
now?

*Grimme.* 'Twas I, indeede.

*Jacke.* Why, sir, how dare you speake such petie  
treason?

Doth the king eate coles at any season?

*Grimme.* Heere is a gaye world! boyes now settes  
olde men to scoole.

I sayde wel enough: what, Jack sawce, thinkst cham  
a foole?

At bakehouse, buttrie hatch, kitchen, and seller,  
Doo <sup>59</sup> they not say for the kinges mouth?

*Wyll.* What then, goodman coliar?

*Grimme.* What then! seing without coles thei cannot  
finely dresse the kinges meat,  
May I not say take in coles for the kinges mouth,  
though coles he do not eate?

*Jacke.* James! Christe! came ever from a colier an  
aunswer so trimme?

You are learned, are you not, father Grimme?

<sup>58</sup> Was it you] It was you, 1st edit.

<sup>59</sup> Doo] Doth, 2d edit.

*Grimme.* Grimme is my name indeed, cham not learned, and yet the king's colier :

This vortie winter cha bin to the king a serviter,  
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte enough  
whole and some.

*Wyll.* So it seemes, you have so much mother wit,  
that you lacke you father's wisdom.

*Grimme.* Masse, cham well beset, here's a trimme  
cast of Murlons<sup>60</sup>.

What be you, my pretie cockerels, that aske me these  
questions?

*Jacke* Good faith, maister Grimme<sup>61</sup>, if such Mar-  
lines on your pouch may light,

Thei are so quick of winge, that quickly they can carie  
it out of your sight;

And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs  
one day,

And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon :

But to tell you the trouth, we are the porter's men,  
which early and late

Wayte on such gentlemen as you, to open the court gate.

*Grimme.* Are ye servants then?

*Wyll.* Yea, sir; are we not pretie men?

*Grimme.* Pretie men (quoth you)? nay, you are  
stronge men, els you could not beare these  
britches.

*Wyll.* Are these such \* great hose? in faith, good-  
man colier, you see with your nose :

<sup>60</sup> a trimme cast of Murlons] i. e. a cast of that species of hawks  
that were called *Merlins*. S.

He calls them *Murlons* on account of their size. *Merlins* were  
the smallest species of hawks. Turberville says, "These *merlins*  
"are very much like the haggart falcon in plume, in seare of the  
"foote, in beake and talons. So as there seemeth to be no oddes  
"or difference at al betwixt them save only in the *bigness*, for she  
"hath like demeanure, like plume, and very like conditions to the  
"falcon, and in hir kind is of like courage, and therefore must be  
"kept as choycely and as daintily as the falcon." The *merlin* was  
chiefly used to fly at small birds; and Latham says, it was particu-  
larly appropriated to the service of ladies.

<sup>61</sup> maister Grimme] father Grimme, 2d edit.

\* "Such," adopted into the original text from the 2d edit. C.

By myne honestie, I have but one lining in one hose,  
but seven els of roug.

*Grimmer.* This is but a little, yet it makes thee  
seeme a great bugge.

*Jacke.* How say you, goodman colier, can you finde  
any fault here <sup>62</sup>?

*Grimme.* Nay, you should finde faught, mary here's  
trim geare!

Alas, little knave, dost not sweat? thou goest with  
great payne,

These are no hose, but water bougets, I tell thee  
playne;

Good for none but suche as have no buttockes.

Dyd you ever see two suche little Robin ruddockes <sup>63</sup>

So laden with breeches? chill say no more leste I  
offende.

Who invented these monsters <sup>64</sup> first, did it to a gostly  
ende,

To have a male readie to put in other folkes stuffe,

Wee see this evident by dayly prooffe.

One preached of late not faire hence, in no pulpet, but  
in a wayne carte,

That spake enough of this; but for my parte,

Chil say no more: your owne necessitie

In the end wyll force you to finde some remedy.

*Jacke.* Wyl <sup>65</sup>, holde this railinge knave with a talke  
when I am gone:

I wyll fetch him his filling ale for his good sermone.

*Wyll.* Goe thy way, father Grimme, gayly well you  
doo say,

It is but young mens folly, that liste to playe,

<sup>62</sup> can you finde any fault here?] what fault can you see heere?  
2d edit.

<sup>63</sup> Robin ruddocks,] i. e. Robin red breasts. Shakspeare uses  
ruddock for red breast in *Cymbeline*. S.

Again, Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "— he eft soones defined  
"unto me, that the red herring was this old tickle cob, or magister  
"fac totum, that brought in the red ruddocks, and the grummel  
"seed as thick as oatmeal, and made Yarmouth for Argentine to put  
"down the city of Argentine."

<sup>64</sup> monsters] hose at, 2d edit.

<sup>65</sup> Wyl] Well, 1st edit.

And maske a whyle in the net of their owne devise ;  
When they come to your age they wyll be wyse.

*Grimme.* Bum troth, but few such roysters come to  
my yeares at this day;  
They be cut off betimes, or they have gone halfe their  
journey :

I wyll not tell why : let them gesse that can, I meane  
somewhat thereby.

*Enter* JACKE *with a pot of wyne, and a cup to drinke on.*

*Jacke.* Father Grimme, because you are sturring so  
early,  
I have brought you a bowle of wyne to make you mery.

*Grimme.* Wyne, mary ! this is welcome to colliers,  
chyl swapt off by and by :

Chwas sturring so early that my very soule is drye.

*Jacke.* This is stoutly done : wyll you have it  
warmed, father Grimme ?

*Grimme.* No, it is warme enough ; it is very lousious  
and trimme.

'Tis musselden<sup>66</sup> ich weene ; of fellowship let me have  
another spurt,

Ich can drink as easly now, as if I sate in my shurte.

*Jacke.* By cocke, and you shall have it ; but I wyll  
beginne, and that anone,

*Je bois a vous mon compagnon*<sup>67</sup>.

*Grimme.* *J'ai vous pleigé, petit Zawne*<sup>68</sup>.

*Jacke.* Can you speake French ? here is a trimme  
colier, by this day !

*Grimme.* What man ! ich learned this when ich was  
a souldier ;

<sup>66</sup> 'Tis musselden.] An intended mistake for muscadine. S.

<sup>67</sup> *Je bois a vous mon compagnon*] Jebit avow mon companion.  
Both 4tos. S.

<sup>68</sup> *J'ai vous pleigé petit Zawne*] Ihar vow pleadge, pety Zawne.  
Both 4tos. I know not what is meant by Zawne.

Perhaps these lines are a translation of some song or catch, dialogue wise, between Robin Hood and Little John.

L. J. I drink to you, my companion.

R. H. And I have pledged you, Little John.

*Zawne*, must then be received as a mispronunciation or corruption, as the reader pleases, of *John*. S.

When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yarke a whip  
trimly,  
Better then these boy coliers, that come to the cource  
daily :

When there were <sup>69</sup> not so many captious fellowes as  
now,  
That would toruppe men for every trifell, I wot not  
how :

As there was one Damon, not longe since taken for a  
spie ;

How justly I know not, but he was condemned to die.

*Wyll.* This wine hath warmed him, this comes well  
to passe,

We shall know all now, for in *Vino veritas*.

Father Grimme, who accused this Damon to kinge  
Dionisius ?

*Grimme.* A vengeaunce take him ! 'twas a gentleman,  
one maister Crowsphus.

*Wyll.* Crowsphus ! you clippe the kinge's language,  
you would have said Carisophus ;

But I perceive now, either the winde is at the south,  
Or els your tounge cleaveth to the rooffe of your  
mouth.

*Grimme.* A murian take thik wine, it so intoxicate  
my braine,  
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake plaine.

*Jacke.* You speake knavishly playne, seinge my mas-  
ter you doo mocke :

In faith ere you go, I will make you a lobbe cocke.  
Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abroad ?

*Grimme.* All men are sorie for him, so helpe me  
God.

The say a false knave cused him to the king wrong-  
fully ;

And he is gone, and should be here to morow to die,  
Or els his fellow which is in prison his rowme shall  
supplie.

<sup>69</sup> were] was, 2d edit.

Chil not be his halfe for vortie shillinges I tell you  
playne,

I thinke Damon be too wise to returne agayne.

*Wyll.* Wyll no man speake for them in this wofull  
case?

*Grimme.* No chill warrant you, one maister Stippus  
is in place,

Where he may doo good, but he frames himselfe so,  
Whatsoever Dionisius wyll, to that he wyll not say  
no :

'Tis a subtill vox, he will not tread on thornes for none,  
A mery harecoppe<sup>70</sup> 'tis, and a pleasant companion ;  
A right courtier, and can provide for one.

*Jacke.* Wyll, howe lyke you this geare ? your master  
Aristippus also,

At this colier's hande hath had a bloe.  
But in faith, father Grimme, cannot ye coliers  
Provide for your selves far better then courtiers?

*Grimme.* Yes, I trowe : blacke coliers go in threade-  
bare cotes,  
Yet so provide they, that they have the faire white  
groates.

Ich may say in counsell, though all day I moyle in  
dourte,

Chil not change lives with any in Dionisius' courte :

For though their apparell be never so fine,

Yet sure their credit is farre worse then mine.

And by cocke I may say, for all their hie lookes,

I knowe some stickes full deepe in marchants bookes :

And deeper will fall in, as fame me telles,

As long as insteede of money they take up haukes hoods  
and belles<sup>71</sup> :

<sup>70</sup> *harecoppe*] *Coppe*, in Chaucer, is used for the top of any thing,  
and here seems intended to signify the head, or, as the common  
phrase is, a *hare-brained* fellow.

*Hare coppe*, may be a corruption of *heark up*, a phrase in use among  
our ancient sportsmen. *Hare cup* is likewise one of the names of  
the spring-flower called the *hare bell*. S.

<sup>71</sup> *insteede of money they take up haukes hoods and belles*] See Note  
49 to *The White Devil*, vol. VI.

Wherby they fall into a swelling disease, which coliers  
do not know ;

Tath a mad name it is called, ich weene, *Centum pro  
cento*.

Some other in courtes make others laugh merily,  
When they wayle and lament their owne estate secretly.  
Friendship is dead in courte, hipocrisie doth raigne,  
Who is in favour now, to morow is out agayne :  
The state is so uncertaine, that I, by my wyll,  
Will never be courtier, but a colier styl.

*Wyll*. It seemeth that coliers have a very <sup>72</sup> trym life.

*Grimme*. Coliers get money styl : tell me of trouth,  
Is not that a trim life now, as the world goeth ?  
All day though I toyle with mayne and might,  
With mony in my pouche I come home mery at night,  
And sit downe, in my chayre by my wyfe faire Alison,  
And tourne a crabbe in the fire, as mery as pope  
John .

*Jacke*. That pope was a mery fellow, of whome  
folke talke so much.

*Grimme*. H'ad to be merry withal, h'ad goulde  
enough in his hutch.

*Jacke*. Can gould make men mery ? they say, who  
can singe so mery a note,  
As he that is not able to change a grote ?

*Grimme*. Who singes in that case, singes never in  
tune. I know for my parte,  
That a heavy pouch with goulde makes a light harte :  
Of which I have provided for a deare yeare good store,  
And these benters <sup>74</sup>, I trowe, shall anone get me more.

*Wyll*. By serving the courte with coles, you gaynde  
all this money.

*Grimme*. By the court onely, I assure yee.

<sup>72</sup> very] merie, 2nd edit.

<sup>73</sup> And tourne a crabbe in the fire, as mery as Pope John] See Note  
22 & Gammer Gurton's Needle vol. 11.

<sup>74</sup> And these benters] Benne is the French word for a sack to carry  
coals. See Cotgrave. He may, however mean debentures, i. e.  
notes by which a debt is claimed. Jack mentions debentures af-  
terwards. S.



*Jacke.* After what sorte, I pray thee tell mee?

*Grimme.* Nay, ther bate an ace (quod Boulton <sup>73</sup>) I  
can weare a horne and blow it not.

*Jacke.* Byr ladie, the wiser man.

*Grimme.* Shall I tell you by what slite I got all this  
money?

Then ich weare a noddie indeede; no, no, I warreant  
ye.

Yet in few words I tell you this one thinge,  
He is a very foole that cannot gayne by the kinge.

*Wyll.* Well sayde, father Grimme: you are a wilie  
colier, and a brave,

I see now there is no knave like to the olde knave.

*Grimme.* Suche knaves have mony, when courtiers  
have none.

But tell me, is it true that abroad is blowne?

*Jacke.* What is that?

*Grimme.* Hath the kinge made those fayre damsels  
his daughters.

To be come now fine and trimme barbers?

*Jacke.* Yea truly, to his owne person.

*Grimme.* Good fellowes beleve mee, as the case now  
standes,

I would geve one sacke of coles to be washt at their  
handes,

If ich came so neare them, for my wyt should not geve  
three chippes,

If ich could not steale one swap at their lippes.

<sup>73</sup> *Nay, ther bate an ace* (quoth Boulton)] Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton, is among the Proverbs published by Mr. Ray. That gentleman adds, "Who this Bolton was I know not, neither is it worth enquiring. One of this name might happen to say, *Bate me an ace*, and, for the coincidence of the first letters of the two words *Bate* and *Bolton*, it grew to be a proverb. We have many of the like original, as, *v. g.* Sup, Simon, &c. Stay, quoth Stringer, &c. There goes a story of Queen Elizabeth, that being presented with a Collection of English Proverbs, and told by the Author that it contained all the English Proverbs, nay, replied she, *Bate me an ace quoth Bolton*: which Proverb being instantly looked for, happened to be wanting in his Collection." Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 177.

*Jacke.* Wyll, this knave is drunke, let us dresse him ;  
Let us riffell him so, that he have not one pennie to  
blesse him,  
And steale away his debenters too.

*Wyll.* Content: invent the way, and I am readie.

*Jacke.* Faith, and I wyll make him a noddie.

*Father Grimme,* if you praie mee wel<sup>76</sup>, I wyll wash  
you and shave you too,  
Even after the same fashion as the kinges daughters doo :  
In all poyntes as they handle Dionisius, I wyll dresse  
you trim and fine,

*Grimme.* Chuld vaine learne that: come on then,  
chil geve thee a whol pint of wine  
At taverne for thy labour, when cha mony for my ben-  
ters heare.

*Here WYLL fetcheth a barber's bason, a pot with water,  
a raysour, and clothes, and a payre of spectacles.*

*Jacke.* Come, mine owne father Grimme, sit  
downe.

*Grimme.* Masse, to beginne withall, heare is a trimme  
chayre.

*Jacke.* What man, I wyll use you like a prince.—  
Sir boy, fetch me my geare.

*Wyll.* Here, syr.

*Jacke.* Holde up, father Grimme.

*Grimme.* Me seeme my head doth swimme.

*Jacke.* My costly perfumes make that.—Away with  
this, sir boy: be quicke.

*Aloyse, aloyse*<sup>77</sup>, how pretie it is! is not here a good  
face?

A fine oules eyes, a mouth lyke an oven.

Father, you have good butter teeth, full seene;

You weare weaned, els you would have ben a great  
calfe.

Ah trimme lippes to sweepe a manger! here is a chinne,  
As soft as the hoofe of an horse.

<sup>76</sup> *praie mee wel*] In the former Edition, Mr. Dodsley had altered  
this to *pay mee wel*.

<sup>77</sup> *Aloyse, aloyse*] *Aloue*, Fr. is to allow, to approve, to praise. I  
know of no other word that resembles that in the text. *Alosed*, in  
Chaucer, is *praised*. S.

*Grimme.* Doth the kinges daughters rubbe so harde ?

*Jacke.* Holde your head straite, man, els, all wyll be marde.

Byr ladie, you are of good complexion,

A right Croyden sanguine \*, beshrew mee.

Hould up, father Grimme.—Wyll, can you besturre ye ?

*Grimme.* Me thinks, after a marvelous fashion you do besmoure me.

*Jacke.* It is with unguentum of Daucus Maucus, that is very costly :

I geue not this washinge ball to every body.

After you have ben drest so finely at my hande,

You may kisse any ladies lippes within this lande.

A, you are trimly washt ! how say you, is not this trimm water ?

*Grimme.* It may be holsome, but it is vengeance sower.

*Jacke.* It scouris the better.—Syr boy, geve me my raysour.

*Wyll.* Here at hand, syr.

*Grimme.* Gods aymes ! 'tis a chopping knyfe, 'tis no raysour.

*Jacke.* It is a raysour, and that a very good one ;

It came lately from Palermo<sup>76</sup>, it cost mee twenty crownes alone.

Your eyes dassell after your washing, these spectacles put on :

Now vew this raysour, tell mee, is it not a good one ?

*Grimme.* They be gay barnikels, yet I see never the better.

*Jacke.* In deede they be a young sight, and that is the matter ;

\* From the manner in which this expression is used by Sir John Harrington, in *The Anatomie of the Metamorphosis of Ajax*, Sig. L. 7. it seems as though it was intended for a sallow hue. "Both of a complexion inclining to the oriental colour of a *Croyden sanguine*."

<sup>76</sup> It came lately from Palermo! The 4tos read *Pallarrime*. The razors of Palermo were anciently famous. They are mentioned in more than one of our old Plays, and particularly in *The Wounds of Civill War* by Thomas Lodge, 1594, vol. VIII. 83. "Neighbour sharpen "the edge tole of your wits upon the whetsone of indiscretion, that "your wordes may shave like the rasers of Palermo." S.

But I warrant you, this raysour is very easie.

*Grimme.* Go too then; since you begonne, doo as please ye.

*Jacke.* Holde up, father Grimme.

*Grimme.* O your raysour doth hurt my lippe.

*Jacke.* No, it scrapeth of a pimpell to ease you of the pippe.

I have done now, how say you? are you not well?

*Grimme.* Cham lighter then ich was, the truth to tell.

*Jacke.* Will you singe after your shavinge?

*Grimme.* Mas, content; but chill be polde first or I singe.

*Jacke.* Nay that shall not neede, you are pould neare enough for this time.

*Grimme.* Go too then lustyly, I will singe in my man's voyce:

Chave a troublinge base busse.

*Jacke.* You are lyke to beare the bobbe, for we wyll geve it:

Set out your bussyng base, and wee wyll quiddell upon it.

*GRIMME singeth Busse.*

*Jacke sings.* Too nidden, and too nidden.

*Wyll sings.* Too nidden, and toodle toodle doo nidden;

Is not Grimme the colier most finely shaven?

*Grimme.* Why, my fellowes, thinke iche am a cove, that you make such toying?

*Jacke.* Nay by'r ladie, you are no cow, by your singing;

Yet your wife told me you were an oxe.

*Grimme.* Did she so? 'tis a pestens quene<sup>79</sup>, she is full of such mockes.

But go to, let us singe out our songe merely.

*The songe at the shaving of the colier.*

*Jacke.* Suche barbers, God send you at all times of neede.

*Wyll.* That can dress eyou finely, and make such quicke speede.

<sup>79</sup> pestens quene] He means a pestilent quean. S.

Jacke. *Your face like an incorne now shineth so gay—*

Wyll. *That I with your nostrels of force must needes play,*

*With too nidden, and too nidden.*

Jacke. *With too nidden, and todle todle doo nidden.*

*Is not Grimme the colier most finely shaven?*

Wyll. *With shaving you shine lyke a pestle of porke<sup>80</sup>.*

Jacke. *Here is the trimmest hogges-flesh from London to Yorke.*

Wyll. *It would be trimme baken to hange up a while.*

Jacke. *To play with this hogline, of force I must smyle,*

*With too nidden, and too nidden.*

Wyll. *With too nidden, and todle, &c.*

Grimme. *Your shaving doth please me, I am now your debter.*

Wyll. *Your wife now will busse you, because you are sweater.*

Grimme. *Neare would I be poled, as neere as cham shaven.*

Wyll. *Then out of your jerkin needes must you be shaken.*

*With too nidden, and too nidden, &c.*

Grimme. *It is a trimme thing to be washt in the courte.*

Wyll. *Their handes are so fine, that they never doo hurte.*

Grimme. *Methinke ich am lighter then ever ich was.*

Wyll. *Our shaveinge in the courte hath brought this to passe.*

*With too nidden, and too nidden.*

Jacke *With too nidden, and todle todle doo nidden.*

*Is not Grimme the colier most finely<sup>81</sup> shaven?* [Finis.

Grimme. *This is trimly done: now chil pitche my coles not farre hence,*

*And then at the taverne chil bestowe whole tway pence.*

<sup>80</sup> a pestle of porke] i. e. gammon of bacon. Minshieu.

<sup>81</sup> finely] trimly, 2d edit.

*Jacke.* Farewel cocke. Before the colier againe doo  
us seeke,  
Let us into the courte to parte the spoyle, share and  
share like.

*Wyll.* Away then. [Exeunt.

*Here entreth GRIMME.*

*Grimme.* Out alas, where shall I make my mone?  
My pouche, my benters, and all is gone!  
Wher is that villayne that dyd me shave?  
Hath robbed me, alas! of all that I have.

*Here entreth SNAP.*

*Snap.* Who crieth so at the courte gate?

*Grimme.* I, the poore colier, that was robbed of late.

*Snap.* Who robbed thee?

*Grimme.* Twoo of the porters men that dyd shave me.

*Snap.* Why, the porters men are no barbers.

*Grimme.* A vengeance take them, they are quicke  
carvers.

*Snap.* What stature weare they of?

*Grimme.* As little dapper knaves, as they trimly  
could scoffe.

*Snap.* They were lackeyes, as neare as I can gesse  
them.

*Grimme.* Such lackies make mee lacke; an halter  
beswinge them:

*Cham* undon, they have my benters too.

*Snap.* Doest thou know them, if thou seest them?

*Grimme.* Yea, that I doo.

*Snap.* Then come with me, we wyll finde them out,  
and that quickly.

*Grimme.* I folow, mast tipstaffe; they be in the  
courte it is likely.

*Snap.* Then crie no more, come away. [Exeunt.

*Here entreth CARISOPHIUS and ARISTIPPUS.*

If ever you wyll shew your friendship, now is the time,  
Seing the king is displeased with me, of my parte  
without any crime.

*Aristippus.* It should appeare, it comes of some evell  
behaviour.

That you so sodenly are cast out of favour.

*Carisophus.* Nothing have I done but this; in talke  
 I overthwarted Eubulus,  
 When he lamented Pithias' case to kinge Dionisius.  
 Which to morrow shall die, but for that false knave  
 Damon,  
 He hath left his friend in the briers, and now is gone.  
 Wee grew so hot in talke, that Eubulus protested  
 playnely,  
 Dionisius<sup>62</sup> held his eare open to parasiticall flatterie.  
 And now in the kinges eare like a bell he ringes,  
 Crying, that flatterers have ben the destroyers of  
 kinges.  
 Which talke in Dionisius' harte hath made so deepe  
 impression,  
 That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no condition :  
 And some wordes brake from him, as though that hee  
 Began to suspect my trouth and honestie,  
 Which you of friendship I know wyll defend, how so  
 ever the world goeth :

My frind, for my honestie will you not take an othe ?

*Aristippus.* To sweare for your honestie, I should lose  
 mine owne.

*Carisophus.* Should you so indeede? I would that  
 were knowne.

Is your voyde friendship come thus to passe?

*Aristippus.* I folow the proverbe: *Amicus usque ad  
 auras.*

*Carisophus.* Where can you say I ever lost mine  
 honestie ?

<sup>62</sup> *Dionisius.*] Both the 4tos read *Whiche*. The alteration by  
 Mr. Dodsley.

Perhaps no alteration at all was necessary; for in our old writers,  
*which* and *who* are sometimes used indifferently: at all events, it  
 would have been doing less violence to the text (especially taking  
 the measure into consideration) if merely *who* had been substituted  
 for *which*, as it stands in the old copies, and not *Dionisius*, as Mr.  
 Dodsley conjectured, and Mr. Reed allowed it to remain. The  
 sense of the passage is clearly this, "that Eubulus protested plainly  
 "*who* it was that held his ear open to parasitical flattery," viz.  
 Dionisius whom Carisophus intends to be understood rather than  
 expressly named. C.

*Aristippus.* You never lost it, for you never had it, as farre as I know.

*Carisophus.* Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom I trust so well?

*Aristippus.* Because you trust me, to you the truth I tell.

*Carisophus.* Wyll you not stretche one poynt, to bring mee in favour agayne?

*Aristippus.* I love no stretching; so I may breede myne owne payne.

*Carisophus.* A friende ought to shonne no payne, to stand his friend in stead.

*Aristippus.* Where true friendship is, it is so in very deede.

*Carisophus.* Why, sir, hath not the chaine of true frindship linked us two together?

*Aristippus.* The chiefest linke, lacked therof, it must needs desever.

*Carisophus.* What linke is that? faine would I know.

*Aristippus.* Honestie.

*Carisophus.* Doth honestie knit the perfect knot in true friendship?

*Aristippus.* Yea, truely, and that knot so knit wyll never slippe.

*Carisophus.* Belike then, there is no frindship but betweene honest men.

*Aristippus.* Betwene the honest only; for, *Amicitia inter bonos*<sup>83</sup>, saith a learned man.

*Carisophus.* Yet evell men use frindship in things dishonest, wher fancy doth serve.

*Aristippus.* That is no frindship, but a lewde likeing; it lastes but a while.

*Carisophus.* What is the perfectst frindship among men that ever grew?

*Aristippus.* Where men love one another, not for profit, but for vertue.

<sup>83</sup> *bonos*] *bonus*. Both 4tos.



*Carisophus.* Are such frindes both alike in joy and also in smarte?

*Aristippus.* They must needs; for in two bodies they have but one harte.

*Carisophus.* Friend Aristippus, deceave me not with sophistrie:

Is there no perfect frindship, but where is vertue and honestie?

*Aristippus.* What a devell then ment Carisophus  
To joyne in frindship with fine Aristippus?

In whom is as much vertue, trueth and honestie,  
As there are true fethers in the three Craines of the  
Vintree<sup>84</sup>:

Yet their<sup>85</sup> fethers have the shadow of lively fethers,  
the truth to scan,

But Carisophus hath not the shadowe of an honest man.

To be playne, because I know thy villany,

In abusing Dionisius to many mens injury,

Under the cloke of frindship I playd with his head,

And sought meanes how thou with thine owne fancy  
might be lead.

My frindship thou soughtest for thine owne commoditie,

As worldly men doo, by profite measuring amitie:

Which I perceaving, to the lyke myselfe I framed,

Wherein, I know, of the wise I shall not be blamed:

If you ask me, *Quare*? I answer, *Quia prudentis est mul-  
tum dissimulare.*

To speake more playner, as the proverb doth go,

In faith Carisophus, *cum Cretense cretiso.*

Yet a perfect frinde I shew myselfe to thee in one thing,

I doo not dissemble, now I say I wyll not speake for  
thee to the king:

<sup>84</sup> the three Cranes of the Vintree] Sometimes called New Queen Street, where there seems to have been the sign of the three Cranes. Ben Jonson mentions this place in *The Devil is an Ass*, A. 1. S. 1.

"From thence shoot the bridge child, to the Cranes of the Vintry,  
"And see there the gimblets how they make their entry!"

Stow says it was a place of some account for the Costermongers who had ware-houses there; and it appears from Dekkar's *Belman of London*, Sign. E 2, that the beggars of his time called one of their places of rendezvous by this name.

<sup>85</sup> their] these, 1st edit.

Therefore sinke in thy sorrow, I doo not deceave thee,  
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee.  
[Exit.

*Carisophilus.* He is gone! is this frindship to leave  
his friend in the plaine field? Well, I see now I myselfe have beguyeld,  
In matching with that false fox in amitie,  
Which hath me used to his owne commoditie:  
Which seeing me in distresse, unfamedly goes his  
wayes.  
Loe this is the perfect frindship among men now a  
daies;  
Which kinde of frindship toward him I used secretly;  
And he with me the like hath requited me craftly.  
It is the Gods judgment, I see it playnely,  
For all the worlde may know, *Incidit in foveam quam  
feci.*  
Well, I must content my selfe, none other helpe I  
knowe,  
Until a merier gale of winde may happe to blowe.  
[Exit.

*Enter EUBULUS.*

*Eubulus.* Who deals with kinges in matters of great  
waight,  
When froward wyll doth beare the chefest sway,  
Must yeld of force; there ncede no subtile sleight,  
Ne paynted<sup>86</sup> speach the matter to convay.  
No prayer can move when kindled is the ire,  
The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.  
This thinge I prove in Pithias' woful case,  
Whose heavy hap with teares I doo lament:  
The day is come, when he in Damon's place,  
Must lose his life: the time is fully spent.  
Nought can my words now with the king prevaile,  
Against the wind and striving stream<sup>87</sup> I sayle:  
For die thou must, alas! thou sely Greeke.  
Ah, Phithas, now come is thy dolefull houre:  
A perfect friend, none such a world to seeke.

<sup>86</sup> *paynted*] *vaunted*, 2d edit.

<sup>87</sup> *streams*, 2d edit.

Though bitter death shall geve thee sauce full sower,  
 Yet for thy faith enrold shall be thy name,  
 Among the gods, within the booke of fame.  
 Who knoweth his case, and will not melt in teares?  
 His guiltless blood shall trickle downe anon.

THEN THE MUSES SINGE.

*Alas, what happe hast thou, poore Pithias, now to die !  
 Wo worth the man which for his death hath geven us  
 cause to grie.*

*Eubulus. Methinke I heare, with yelow rented heares,  
 The Muses frame their notes, thy\* state to mone :  
 Among which sorte, as one that morneth with harte,  
 In doleful tunes myself wyll beare a parte.*

*Muses. Wo worth the man which for his death, &c.*

*Eubulus. With yelow rented heares, come on you  
 Muses nine ;  
 Fyll now my breast with heavy tunes, to me your plaints  
 resigne :  
 For Pithias I bewayle, which presently must die,  
 Wo worth the man which for his death hath geven us  
 cause, &c.*

*Muses. Wo worth the man which for his, &c.*

*Eubulus. Was ever such a man, that would die for his  
 friend ?  
 I thinke even from the heavens above, the gods did him  
 downe sende  
 To shew true friendship's power, which forst thee now  
 to die.*

*Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

*Muses. Wo worth the man, &c.*

*Eubulus. What tigar's whelp was he, that Damon dyd  
 accuse ?  
 What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death doth  
 not refuse ?*

\* Both the old copies have it " my state to mone" which may be right, and the substitution should not have been made without notice. C.

*O heavy happe hadst thou to play this tragidie !  
Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

*Muses. Worth the man, &c.*

*Eubulus. Thou young and worthy Greeke, that  
showest such perfect love,  
The gods receave thy simple ghost into the heavens above ;  
Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye.  
Wo worth the man, which for his death, &c.*

*Muses. Wo worth the man, which for thy death hath  
given us cause to crie. [Finis.*

*Eubulus. Eternall be your fame, ye Muses, for that  
in miserie  
Ye did vouchsafe to strayne your notes to walke.  
My harte is rent in two with this miserable case,  
Yet am I charged by Dionisius' mouth, to se this place  
At all poynts ready for the execution of Pithias.  
Neede hath no law : wyll<sup>88</sup> I, or nil I, it must be done,  
But loe, the bloodie minister is even here at hande.  
Gronno, I came hether now to understand,  
If all thinges are well appoynted for the execution of  
Pithias.*

*The kinge him selfe wyll se it done here in this place.*

*Gronno. Sir, all thinges are ready, here is the place,  
here is the hand, here is the sword :  
Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a worde,  
If he were present, I coule finely strike of.  
You may reporte that all thinges are ready.*

*Eubulus. I go with an heavy harte to report it. Ah,  
woful Pithias !*

*Full neare now is thy misery. [Exit.*

*Gronno. I marvell very much, under what constilation  
All hangmen are borne, for they are hated of all,  
beloved of none :*

*Which hatred is showed by this poynt evidently :  
The hangman alwayes dwelles in the vilest place of the  
citie.*

<sup>88</sup> *wyll I, or nil I*] Whether I will or not. See Note 23 to *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. XI.

That such spight should be, I know no cause why,  
 Unlesse it be for their offices sake, which is cruel and  
 bloody.

Yet some men must do it, to execute lawes.

Me thinke they hate me without any just cause.

But I must looke to my toyle; Pithias must lose his  
 head at one blow,

Els the boyes wyll stone me to death in the streat as I  
 go.

But harke, the prisoner cometh, and the kinge also :

I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forgo.

*Here entreth DIONISIUS and EUBULUS.*

Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant companion,  
 Which tooke mee at my worde, and became pleadge  
 for Damon.

It pricketh<sup>69</sup> fast upon noone, I doo him no injurio,

If now he lose his head, for so he requested me,

If Damon returne not, which now in Greece is full  
 mery :

Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and by.

He thought belike, if Damon were out of the citie,

I would not put him to death for some foolishe pitie :

But seeing it was his request, I wyll not be mockt, he  
 shall die;

Bring him forth.

*Here entreth SNAP.\**

*Snap.* Geve place, let the prisoner come by; give  
 place.

*Dionisius.* How say you, sir; where is Damon, your  
 trustie friend?

You have playd a wise part, I make God a vow :

You know what time a day it is, make you ready.

*Pithias.* Most ready I am, mightie king, and most  
 ready also

For my true friend Damon this lyfe to forgo,

Even at your pleasure.

<sup>69</sup> pricketh] i. e. it *rudeth* fast upon noon. The word is used by Spenser and many of our ancient writers.

\* With Pithias in his custody, and Stephano, as is evident from the rest of the scene. C.

*Dionisius.* A true frend! a false traytor, that so  
breaketh his oth.

Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so loth.

*Pithias.* I am not loth to doo what so ever I sayde,  
Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismayde:  
The Gods now I know have heard my feivent prayer,  
That they have reserved me to this passyuge great  
honour,

To die for my frend, whose faith even now I doo not  
mistruste;

My frinde Damon is no false traytour, he is true and  
juste:

But sith he is no God, but a man, he must doo as he  
may,

The winde may be contrary, sicknes may let him <sup>90</sup>, or  
some misadventure by the way,

Which the eternall Gods tourne all to my glorie,  
That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon did die:  
He breaketh no oth which doth as much as he can,  
His minde is heare, he hath some let, he is but a man.  
That he might not retorne of all the Gods I did require,  
Which now to my joy do <sup>91</sup> graunt my desire.

But why doo I stay any longer, seing that one man's  
death

May suffice, O king, to pacifie thy wrath?

O thou minister of justice, doo thyne office by and by,  
Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die.

Stephano, the right patrone of true fidelitie,

Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon, and of  
him crave libertie

When I am dead, in my name; for thy trustie services  
Hath well deserved a gift farre better than this.

Oh my Damon, farewell now for ever, a true friend, to  
me most deare;

Whyles lyfe doth laste, my mouth shall styll talke of  
thee,

And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witnes of  
amitie,

Shall hoover about the place wheresoever thou bee.

<sup>90</sup> let him,] i. e. hinder him.

<sup>91</sup> do! doth. Both 4tos.

*Dionisius.* Eubulus, this geare is straunge; and yet because

Damon hath falst his faith, Pithias shall have the lawe.  
Gronno, dispoyle hym, and eke dispatch him quickly.

*Gronno.* It shal be done; since you came into this place,

I might have stroken off seven heades in this space.

Ber lady, here are good garments, these are myne by the roode!

It is an evyll winde that bloweth no man good.

Now Pithias kneele downe, aske me blessing like a pretie boy,

And with a trise, thy head from thy shoulders I wyll convey.

*Here entreth DAMON running, and stayes the sword.*

*Damon.* Stay, stay, stay! for the kinges advantage stay!

O mightie kyng, myne appointed time is not yet fully past;

Within the compasse of myne houre, loe here I come at last.

A life I owe, and a life I will you pay:

Oh! my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friend!

Ah! wo is me! for Damon's sake, how neare were thou to thy ende!

Geve place to me, this rowme is myne, on this stage must I play.

Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionisius his blood to pay.

*Gronno.* Are you come, sir? you might have taried if you had bene wyse:

For your hastie comming you are lyke to know the prise.

*Pithias.* O thou cruel minnister, why didst not thou thine office?

Did not I bidde thee make hast in any wyse?

Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twyse?

Not to die for my frend, is present death to me; and alas!

Shall I see my sweet Damon slaine before my face?

What double death is this? but, O mightie Dionisius,  
Doo true justice now: way this aright, thou noble  
Eubulus;

Let mee have no wronge as now standes the case,  
Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:  
By misadventure, not by his wyll, his howre is past;  
therefore I,

Because he came not at his just tyme, ought justly to  
die:

So was my promise, so was thy promise, O kynge,  
All this courte can beare witnesse of this thinge.

*Damon.* Not so, O mightie kynge: to justice it is  
contrarie,

That for another man's faulte the innocent should die:  
Ne yet is my time playnly expirde, it is not fully noone  
Of this my day appointed, by all the clockes in the  
towne.

*Pithias.* Beleeve no clocke, the houre is past by the  
sonne.

*Damon.* Ah, my Pithias, shall we now breake the  
bondes of amitie?

Will you now overthwart mee, which heretofore so well  
did agree?

*Pithias.* My Damon, the Goddes forbid but wee  
should agree;

Therefore agree to this, let mee perfourme the promise  
made for thee.

Let mee die for thee; doo mee not that injurie,  
Both to breake my promise, and to suffer me to see thee  
die,

Whome so dearly I love: this small request graunt mee,  
I shall never aske thee more, my desire is but frindly.

Doo me this honour, that fame may reporte trium-  
phantly,

That Pithias for his friende Damon was contented to die.

*Damon.* That you were contented for me to die fame  
cannot denie;

Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villanie,

To reporte that Damon did suffer his frind Pithias for  
him giltles to die;



Therefore content thyselfe, the Gods requite thy constant faith,  
 None but Damon's blood can appease Dionisius' wrath.  
 And now, O mightie kinge, to you my talke I conuay,  
 Because you gave me leave my worldly thinges to stay,  
 To requite that good tourne ere I die, for your behalfe  
     this I say,  
 Although your regall state dame Fortune decketh so,  
 That like a kinge in worldly wealth abundantly ye  
     floe,  
 Yet fickle is the grounde whereon all tirrants treade,  
 A thousand sundrie cares and feares doo haunt their  
     restlesse head :  
 No trustie band, no faithfull friendes doo garde thy  
     hatefull state,  
 And why ? whom men obey for deadly feare, sure them  
     they deadly hate.  
 That you may safely raigne, by love get friends, whose  
     constant faith  
 Wyll never fayle, this counsell geues poore Damon at  
     his death :  
 Friendes are the surest garde for kinges, gold in time  
     doos <sup>92</sup> wear away,  
 And other precious thinges doo fade, frindship wyll  
     never decay.  
 Have friendes in store therefore, so shall you safely  
     sleape;  
 Have friends at home, of forraine foes so neede you  
     take no keepe.  
 Abandon flatring tongues, whose clackes truth never  
     tels;  
 Abase the yll, advance the good, in whome dame ver-  
     tue dwels ;

<sup>92</sup> *doos*] *doo*, 1st edit.

The reading of both the old copies in this place is

——— "*golden time doos wear away*,"

If it were worth while to remark the difference between *doo* and *doos*, it might have been as well not to make the change in the text without notice, although it is probably right. C.

Let them your play felowes be : but O, you earthly  
kinges,

Your sure defence and strongest garde stands chifly in  
faithfull friendes :

Then get you friends by liberall deedes ; and here I  
make an ende :

Accept this counsell, mightie king, of Damon, Pithias  
friende.

Oh, my Pithias ! now farewell for ever, let me kisse  
thee or <sup>93</sup> I die,

My soule shall honour thee, thy constant faith above  
the heavens shall flie.

Come Gronno, doo thine office now ; why is thy colour  
so dead ?

My neck is so short, that thou wylt never have honestie  
in striking of this head <sup>94</sup>.

*Dionisius.* Eubulus, my spirites are sodenly ap-  
pauled, my limes waxe weake ;

This straunge friendship amaseth me so, that I can  
scarse speake.

*Pithias* O mightie kinge, let some pittie your noble  
harte meeve ;

You require but one man's death, take Pithias, let Da-  
mon live.

*Eubulus.* O unspeakable frindship !

*Damon.* Not so, he hath not offended, there is no  
cause why

My constant friend Pithias for Damon's sake should  
die.

<sup>93</sup> or] ere, 2d edit.

<sup>94</sup> *My neck is so shorte that thou wilt never have honestie in striking of this head.*] i. e. thou wilt derive no credit from striking off a head so disadvantageously placed for the purpose of decollation. *Honestete*, Fr. antiently signified *fame* or *reputation* in the dextrous execution of any undertaking, whether honourable or the contrary. *Honesty* seems here to be used with the French meaning. S.

In this instance the Author appears to have had before him the speech which Sir Thomas More made at his execution. Hall, in his Chronicle tempore Henry VIII. p. 226, says, "Also the hang-  
"man kneled down to him askyng him forgevenes of his death (as  
"the manner is), to whom he sayed I forgeve thee, but I promise  
"thee that thou shalt never have *honestie* of the strykyng of my  
"head, my necke is so short."

Alas, he is but young, he may do good to many.  
Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let mee  
die?

*Gronno.* My hand with soden feare quivereth.

*Pithias.* O noble kinge, shewe mercy upon Damon,  
let Pithias die.

*Dionisius.* Stay Gronno my flesh trembleth. Eubulus, what shall I doo?

Were there ever such frindes on earth as were these  
two?

What harte is so cruell that would deuide them asunder?

O noble friendship, I must yeld; at thy force I wonder.  
My hart this rare frindship, hath pearst to the roote,  
And quenched all my fury: this sight hath brought  
this about,

Which thy grave counsell, Eubulus, and learned perswasion could never doo.

O noble gentlemen, the immortal Gods above  
Hath made you play this tragidie, I think, for my behove:

Before this day I never knew what perfect friendship  
ment.

My cruell mind to bloody deedes was full and wholly bente:

My feareful life I thought with terrour to defende,  
But now I see there is no garde unto a faithfull friend,  
Which wyll not spare his lyfe at time of present neede:  
O happie kinges who in\* your courtes have two such  
frinds indeed!

I honour friendship now, which that you may playully  
see,

Damon, have thou thy lyfe, from death I pardon thee;  
For which good tourne, I crave this honour doe me  
lend,

Oh frindly hart, let me linke with you, to you<sup>95</sup> make  
me the thirde friende.

\* The two old copies have it

"O happie kinges *within* your courtes," &c. C.

<sup>95</sup> to you] two to, 2d edit.

My courte is yours ; dwell here with mee, by my com-  
mission large,  
Myself, my realme, my welth, my health, I commit to  
your charge :  
Make me a thirde friend, more shall I joye in that  
thing,  
Then to be called as I am, Dionisius the mightie kinge.

*Damon.* O mightie king, first for my lyfe most hum-  
ble thanks I geve,  
And next, I prayse the immortall Gods that did your  
harte so meve,  
That you would have respect to friendships heavenly  
lore,  
Forseing wel he need not feare which hath true friends  
in store.  
For my part, most noble king, as a third frind, welcom  
to our friendly societie ;  
But you must forget you ar a king, for frindship stands  
in tru equalitie.

*Dionisius.* Unequall though I be in great possessions,  
Yet full equall shall you finde me in my changed con-  
ditions.  
Tirrannie, flatterie, oppression, loe, hear I cast away ;  
Justice, truth, love, frindship, shall be my joy :  
True friendship wyl I honour unto my lives end ;  
My greatest glorie shall be to be counted a perfect  
friende.

*Pithias.* For this your deede, most noble king, the  
Gods advance your name,  
And since to friendship's lore you list your princely  
harte to frame,  
With joyfull hart, O kinge, most wellcome now to me,  
With you wyl I knit the perfect knot of amitie :  
Wherein I shall enstruct you so, and Damon here your  
friend,  
That you may know of amitie the mighty force, and  
eke the joyful end :  
And how that kinges doo stand uppon a fickle ground,  
Within whose realme at time of need no faithfull friends  
are founde.

*Dionisius.* Your instruction wyll I folow; to you  
myself I doo commite.

*Eubulus,* make haste to set new apparell, fitte  
For my new friends.

*Eubulus.* I go with joyful hart. O happie day!

[*Exit.*

*Gronno.* I am glad to heare this word. Though their  
lives they doo not leese,  
It is no reason<sup>96</sup> the hangman should lose his fees :  
These are mine, I am gone with a trise. [*Exit.*

*Here entreth EUBULUS with new garmentes.*

*Dionisius.* Put on these garmentes now; goe in with  
me, the jewelles of my court.

*Damon and Pithias.* We go with joyfull harts.

*Stephano.* Oh, Damon, my deare master, in all this  
joy remember me.

*Dionisius.* My friend Damon, he asketh reason.

*Damon.* Stephano, for thy good service be thou free.  
[*Exeunt Dion.\**

*Stephano.* O most happie, pleasant, joyfull, and  
triumphant day !

Poore Stephano now shall live in continuall joy :

*Vive le roy,* with Damon and Pithias, in perfect amitie.

*Vive tu* Stephano, in thy pleasant liberalitie :

Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest  
wonne,

I am a free man, none so mery as I now under the  
sonne.

Farewel my lords, nowe the Gods graunt you al the  
som of perfect amitie,

And me longe to enjoy my longe desired libertie. [*Exit.*

*Here entreth EUBULUS beatyng CARISOPHUS.*

Away villaine ! away, you flattringe parasite !

Away the plague of this courte: thy filed tongue, that  
forged lies,

<sup>96</sup> *not reason*] no reason, 1st edit.

\* This direction means that Dionisius, Damon, Pithias, and all  
others go out, excepting Stephano. C.

No more here shall doo hurt: away, false sicophant!  
wilt thou not?

*Carisophus.* I am gone, sir, seeing it is the kinges  
pleasure.

Why whyp ye me alone? a plague take Damon and  
Pithias, since they came hither

I am driven to seeke releefe abroad, alas! I know not  
whither.

Yet, Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time shall  
trie,

There shall be found even in this court as great flat-  
terers as I.

Well, for a while I wyll forgo the court, though to my  
great payne:

I doubt not but to spie a time when I may creepe in  
again. [Exit.

*Eubulus.* The serpent that eates men alive, flattery,  
with all her broode, *Q. ....*

Is whipte away in princes courtes, whiche yet did never  
good.

What force, what mighty power true friendship may  
possesse,

To all the worlde, Dionisius' courte now playnly doth  
expresse;

Who since to faithfull friendes he gave his willyng eare,  
Most safely sitteth in his seate, and sleepes devoid of  
feare.

Pourged is the court of vice, since friendship entred in,  
Tirannie quailles, he studieth now with love eche hart  
to win:

Vertue is had in price, and hath his just rewarde;  
And painted speache, that gloseth for gayne, from gifts  
is quite debard.

One loveth another now for vertue, not for gayne;  
Where vertue doth not knit the knot, there friendship  
cannot raigne;

Without the whiche, no house, no land, ne kingdome  
can endure,

As necessarie for man's lyfe, as water, ayre, and fier,

Which frameth the minde of man, all honest thinges  
to doo :

Unhonest thinges friendshippe ne craveth, ne yet con-  
sents thereto.

In wealth a double joye, in woe a present stay,  
A sweete companion in each state true friendship is  
alway :

A sure defence for kinges, a perfect trustie bande,  
A force to assayle, a shield to defende the enemies  
cruell hande ;

A rare, and yet the greatest gift that God can geve to  
man ;

So rare, that scarce four couple of faithfull frends have  
ben since the worlde began.

A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish all kyngs  
to have ;

But chiefly yet, as duetie bindeth, I humbly crave,  
True friendship and true friendes, full fraught with  
constant faith,

The gever of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble  
Queene Elizabeth.

## THE LAST SONGE.

*The strongest garde that kynges can have,  
 Are constant friends their state to save :  
 True friendes are constant both in word and deede,  
 True friendes are present, and helpe at each neede :  
 True friendes talke truely, they glose for no gayne,  
 When treasure consumeth, true frindes wyll remayne :  
 True frindes for their tru prince refuseth not their death :  
 The Lord graunt her such frindes, most noble Queene  
     Elizabeth.*

*Longe may she governe in honour and wealth,  
 Voyde of all sicknesse, in most perfect health :  
 Which health to prolonge, as true friends require,  
 God graunt she may have her owne hartes desire :  
 Which friendes wyll defend with most stedfast faith,  
 The Lorde graunt her such friendes, most noble Queene  
     Elizabeth.*

FINIS.



## EDITIONS.

(1.) " The excellent Comedie of two the moste faith-  
 " fullest Freendes Damon and Pithias. Newly im-  
 " printed as the same was shewed before the Queenes  
 " Majestie, by the Children of her Graces Chappell,  
 " except the Prologue, that is somewhat altered for the  
 " proper use of them that hereafter shall have occasion  
 " to plaie it either in Private or open Audience. Made  
 " by Maister Edwards, then beyng Maister of the  
 " Children 1571. Imprinted at London, in Fleetelane,  
 " by Richarde Jobnes, and are to be solde at his Shop  
 " joyning to the Southwest doore of Paule's Church." 4to. Black Letter.

(2.) Another Edition in 4to, B. L. 1582.\* Both in Mr. Garrick's Collection.

\* The following imprint is the only variation in the titles of the two copies. " Imprinted at London, by Richarde Jones : dwelling  
 " neere unto Holborne Bridge, over against the syne of the Faulcon.  
 " Anno 1582." C.

**NEW CUSTOME.**



I HAVE not been able to discover who was the Author of this Piece. But I think it is one of the most remarkable of our ancient *Moralities*, as it was wrote purposely to vindicate and promote the Reformation. It was print'd in 1573, and contrived so that four people might act it: this was frequently done, as I have observed in the Preface, for the convenience of such as were disposed to divert or improve themselves, by representing these kinds of Entertainments in their own houses. This, and God's Promises by Bishop Bale, will serve as specimens of the ancient *Mysteries* and *Moralities*.

THE PLAYERS NAMES IN THIS ENTERLUDE  
BE THESE.

---

THE PROLOGUE.

PERVERSE DOCTRINE, *and old popishe Priest.*

IGNORAUNCE, *an other, but elder.*

NEW CUSTOME, *a Minister.*

LIGHT OF THE GOSPELL, *a Minister.*

HYPOCRISIE, *an olde Woman.*

CREWELTIE, *a Ruffler*<sup>1</sup>.

AVARICE, *a Ruffler.*

EDIFICATION, *a Sage.*

ASSURAUNCE, *a Vertue.*

GODDES FELICITIE, *a Sage.*

POWER MAY PLAY THIS ENTERLUDE.

1	PERVERSE DOCTRINE.	3	{	NEW CUSTOME.
			{	AVARICE.
			{	ASSURANCE.
			{	LIGHT OF THE Gos-
			{	PELL.
2	{	4	{	CREWELTIE.
	IGNORAUNCE.		{	GODDES FELICITIE.
	HYPOCRISIE,		{	THE PROLOGUE.
	and EDIFICATION.			

<sup>1</sup> *Creweltie a Ruffler.*] i. e. a cheating bully, so called in several Acts of Parliament during the reign of King Henry the Eighth. S.

## THE PROLOGUE.

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*All things be not soe as in sight they doe seeme,  
What so ever they resemble, or what ever men deeme.  
For if our senses in their owne objects us do fayle  
Sometimes, then our judgements shall but little availle  
In some things, as such, where doubt geveth deniall  
Of them in the best wise to make any triall.  
Which sayinge is evident, as well shall appeare  
In this little Enterlude whiche we present heare ;  
Whereby we may learn how grossly we erre,  
Taking one thunge for another, which differ so farre  
As good dothe from badde. Example therefore  
You may take by these persons if you marke no more.  
For the primitive constitution, whiche was fyrst appointed  
Even by God himself, and by Christ his annoynted ;  
Confirmed by th' appostles, and of great antiquitie :  
See howe it is perverted by manne's wicked iniquitie,  
To be called newe Custome, or newe Constitucion,  
Surely a name of to much ungodly abusion.  
Which our author indifferently scanninge in his minde,  
In his simple opinion this cause hee doth finde ;  
That by reason of ignorance which beareth great swaie,  
And also stubberne doctrine, which shutteth up the waie  
To all good instruction, and knowledge of right :  
No marvell it was, though of the trueth we were igno-  
raunt quight.  
For truely in suche a case, the matter was but small,  
To make the ignorant sowle to credite them all,  
What so ever they saide, were it trueth or a lye.  
For no man able was then to prove them the contrarie.  
Wherefore their owne fansies they sette in great prise,  
Neglectinge the trewe waye, like men farre unwise.*

*Making semblant of antiquitie in all that they did,  
To th' intent that their subtiltie by suche meanes might  
be hid.*

*Newe Custome also hath he named this matter verilie,  
In consideration that the people so speaketh commonlie,  
Confuting the same by reasons most manifest,  
Whiche in consequent order of talke are exprest.  
This sence hath our Author followed herein, as we saide,  
For other meaning, moreover hee will not have it denaide,  
But diverse may invent muche distant from this,  
Whiche in no wise he will have prejudiciall to his,  
Nor his unto theirs, whatsoever they bee,  
For many heades, many wittes, wee doo plainly see.  
Onely hee desireth this of the worshipfull audience,  
To take in good parte without al manner offence.  
Whatsoever shall be spoken, marking the intent,  
Interpreting it no otherwise but as it was ment.  
And for us, if of pacience you list to attende,  
Wee are readie to declare you the matter to the ende.*

FINIS PROLOGI.

## NEW CUSTOME.

---

### ACTUS I. SCENA I.

PERVERSE DOCTRINE *and* IGNORANCE *enter.*

*Perverse Doctrine.* It is even so in deede, the worlde  
was never in so evyll a state.

But this is no time for us of these matters to debate.

It were good wee invented some politike waie

Our matters to addresse in good orderly staie.

And for us, reason would we looked to ourselves.

Do you not see howe these newe fangled pratling elves

Prinke up so pertly of late in every place,

And go about us auncients flatly to deface?

As who shoulde say in shorte time, as well learned as  
wee,

As wise to the worlde, as good they mighte accomptid  
bee,

Naye, naye, if many yeers and graie heares do knowe  
no more,

But that every pevishe boye hath even as muche witte  
in store :

By the masse then have I lyved to long, and I would  
I were dead,

If I have not more knoweledge then a thousande of  
them in my head,

For how should they have learning that were borne  
but even now ?

As fit a sighte it were to see a goose shodde, or a  
sadled cowe,

As to hear the pratlinge of any soche Jack Strawe.

For when hee hath all done I compte him but a very  
dawe.



As in London not longe since, you wot well where,  
 They rang to a Sermon, and we chaunced to be there.  
 Up start the preacher, I thinke not past twenty yeeres  
 olde,

With a sounding voyce, and audacitie holde,  
 And beganne to revile at the holie sacrament, and  
 transubstanciation.

I never hearde one knave or other make suche a declaration :

But, if I had had the boye in a convenient place,  
 With a good rodde or twain not past one howre's  
 space.

I woulde so have scourged my marchant<sup>2</sup>, that his  
 breeche should ake,

So longe as it is since that he those woordes spake.  
 What, younge men to be medlers in Divinitie? it is a  
 godly sight!

Yet therein nowe almost is every boye's delight,  
 No brooke nowe in their handes, but all scripture,  
 scripture,

Eyther the whole Bible, or the new Testament, you  
 may be sure.

The newe Testament for them? and then to for cowle  
 my dogge<sup>3</sup>.

This is the olde proverbe, to cast perles to an hogge.

<sup>2</sup> *my marchant*] *Merchant* was antiently used as we now use the word *chap*. See Note on *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 4. S.

<sup>3</sup> — and then to for cowle my dogge] *Cowle* or rather *coll*, I suppose to be the name of the dog. S.

*Cowle my dog*, I am inclined to believe means *put a cowle or hood on a dog*, and he will be as learned as a frier: the contempt into which the order had at this period fallen will at least countenance the explanation, if it should not be thought sufficient to prove it. I once was of opinion, that there might be an allusion to the case of one *Collins* a crazy man, who seeing a priest hold up the host over his head, lifted up *a dog* in the same manner, for which both he and the animal were burnt in 1538. See *Foxe*, vol. II. 436.

My conjecture requires a little explanation. The speaker means to say, "If the new testament is fit for the use of boys, so likewise is it adapted equally to the conception of *coll my dog*. The one will understand and make a proper use of it as soon as the other." S.

Geve them that whiche is meete for them, a racket and  
a ball,

Or some other trifle to busie their heades with all :  
Playinge at coytes or nine hooles<sup>4</sup>, or shooting at buttes,  
There let them be a goddes name, til their hartes ake  
and their guttes.

Let us alone with divinitie, which are of ryper age.  
Youth is rashe, they say, but olde men hath the know-  
ledge.

For while they reade they know not what, they omit  
the veritie,

And that is nowe the cause so many fall into heresie,  
Every man hath his owne way, some that, and some  
this,

It wolde almost for anger surreverence<sup>5</sup> make a man  
to pisse,

To heare what they talke of in open communication,  
Surely I feare me, Ignorance, this geare wyl make  
some desolation.

*Ignoraunce.* I feare the same also, but as towching  
that wherof you speake full well,

They have revoked diverse olde heresies out of hell.

As against transubstantiation, purgatory, and the masse,  
And say that by scripture they can not be brought to  
passe.

But that whiche ever hath ben a most trewe and con-  
stant opinion,

And defended also hitherto by all of our religion,  
That I, Ignorance, am the mother of true devotion,  
And Knowledge the auctour of the contrarie affection :  
They denie it so stoutely as thoughe it were not so ;  
But this hath ben beleft many an hundred yeere ago.  
Wherefore it greveth mee not a lyttle that my case  
should so stande,

Thus to be disproved at every pratler's hande.

<sup>4</sup> *Playinge at coytes or nine hooles.*] By the Stat. 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9. s. 16. a penalty is imposed on certain persons therein mentioned, who should play at the tables, tennis, dice, cards, bowls, clash, coyting, logating, or other unlawful game. *Coytes* are the same as *quoits*.

<sup>5</sup> *surreverence*] Perhaps a contraction of *save your reverence*. S.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Yea, doth ? then the more un-  
 wiseman you, as I trowe,  
 For they say as muche by me, as you well do knowe.  
 And shall I then go vexed my selfe at theyr talke?  
 No, let them speake so longe as their tongues can  
 walke.  
 They shall not greve mee, for why ? in very south  
 It were follie to endeavour to stop every manne's  
 mouth.  
 They have brought in one, a younge upstart ladde as  
 it appeares,  
 I am sure he hath not ben in the realme very many  
 yeares,  
 With a gathered frocke, a powlde head and a broadc  
 hatte,  
 An unshaved bearde, a pale face, and hee teacheth  
 that  
 All our doings are naught, and hath ben many a day.  
 Hee disalloweth our ceremonies and rites, and teacheth  
 an other way  
 To serve God, then that whiche wee do use,  
 And goeth about the people's myndes to seduce.  
 It is a pestilent knave, hee wyll have priestes no corner  
 cappes to weare<sup>6</sup>,  
 Surplices are superstition, beades, paxes, and suche  
 other geare,

<sup>6</sup> —*hee wyll have priestes no corner cappes to weare*] Foxe, in the third volume of his *Acts and Monuments*, p. 131, says, "Over  
 " and besides divers others things touching M. Rogers, this is not  
 " to be forgotten, how, in the daies of King of Edward the Sixth,  
 " there was a controversie among the Bishops and Clergie for wear-  
 " ing of priests caps, and other attyre belonging to that order. Master  
 " Rogers being one of that number which never went otherwise  
 " than in a round cap during all the time of King Edward, affirmed  
 " that he would not agree to that decreement of uniformitie,  
 " but upon this condition, that if they would needs have such an  
 " uniformitie of wearing the cap, tippet, &c. then it should be de-  
 " creed withall, that the papists for a difference betwixt them and  
 " others should be constrained to weare upon their sleeves a chalice  
 " with an host upon it. Whereunto if they would consent, he  
 " would agree to the other, otherwise he would not he said con-  
 " sent to the setting forth of the same, nor ever weare the cap;  
 " nor indeed he never did."

Crosses, belles, candells, oyle, bran, salt, spettle, and  
 incense,  
 With sensing and singing, he accomptes not worth iii  
 half pence,  
 And cries out on them all, if to repete them I wist,  
 Suche holy thinges wherein our religion doth consist:  
 But hee commaundes the service in English to be  
 readde,  
 And for the Holy Legende<sup>7</sup>, the Bible too put in his  
 steadde,  
 Every man to looke thereon at his list and pleasure,  
 Every man to studie divinitie at his convenient leasure;  
 With a thousand newe guises more, you know as well  
 as I.  
 And to term him by his right name, if I should not lie,  
 It is new Custome, for so they do him call,  
 Both our sister Hipocrisie, Superstition, Idolatrie and all.  
 And truely me thinketh, they do justly and wisely  
 therein,  
 Since hee is so divers, and so lately crept in.  
*Ignoraunce.* So they call him indeede, you have saide  
 ryght well,  
 Because he came newly from the devyll of hell,  
 New Custome, quoth you? now a vengeance of his  
 newe nose,  
 For bringing in any suche unaccustomed glose;  
 For hee hath seduced the people by mightie greate  
 flockes,  
 Bodie of God, it were good to set the knave in the  
 stockes.  
 Or elles to whyp him for an exauple to all roges as  
 hee,  
 How they the authors of newe heresies bee.  
 Or henceforth do attempt any such strange devise,  
 Let him keepe himselfe from my handes, if he be wyse.  
 If ever I may take him within my rayne,  
 He is sure to have whipping there<sup>8</sup> for his payne.

<sup>7</sup> *the Holy Legende*] I suppose the *Legenda Aurea*, the *Golden Legend* of Jacobus de Voragine. S.

<sup>8</sup> *there*] So the 4to. I think we should read *cheere*.

For hee doth muche harme in eache place throughout  
the lande :

Wherefore, Perverse Doctrine, heere nedeth your  
hande :

I meane, that ye be diligent in any case,  
If ye fortune to come where New Custome is in place,  
So to use the villaine, you know what I meane,  
That in all poyntes you may discredite him cleane :  
And when hee beginnes of any thyng for to clatter,  
Of any controversie of learnyng, or divinitie matter,  
So to cling fast unto every manne's thought,  
That his wordes may seeme heresie, and his doinges  
but nought.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Tushe, let me alone with that,  
for I have not so lyttle wit,  
But I have practised this alreadie, and minde also to  
do it.

Yet a further devise I have, I think, not amisse.  
Hearken to mee, Ignorance, for the matter is this :  
For the better accomplishing our subiltie pretended,  
It were expedient that bothe our names were amended ;  
Ignorance shall be Simplicitie, for that comes very nie ;  
And for Perverse Doctrine I will be called Sounde  
Doctrine, I.

And nowe that wee are both in suche sorte named,  
Wee may goe in any place and never be blamed.  
See then you remembre your name, sir, Simplicitie,  
And mee at every worde Sounde doctrine to be ;  
Beware of tripping, but look in minde that you beare  
Your fayned name, and what before you weare.  
But who is this that hitherwarde doth walke ?  
Let us stande still to heare what he wyll talke.

## ACTUS I. SCENA II.

*NEW CUSTOME entreth alone.*

*New Custome.* When I consider the auncient times  
before,  
That have ben these eyght hundred yeeres and more,

And those conferre with these our later dayes,  
 My mind do these displease a thousand waies.  
 For sure hee that hath bothe perceaved aright,  
 Wyll say they differ as darkenes dothe from light.  
 For then playne-dealing beare away the price,  
 All thinges were ruled by men of good advise,  
 Conscience prevayled muche, even every where,  
 No man deceived his neybour, and eke a thing full rare  
 It was to finde a man you might not trust :  
 But looke what once they promised, they did that well  
     and just.  
 If neighbours were at variance they ran not streight to  
     lawe,  
 Daiesmen<sup>9</sup> tooke up the matter, and cost them not a  
     strawe,  
 Suche delight they had to kyll debate and strife;  
 And surely even in those dayes was there more godlier  
     life:  
 Howbeit men of all ages are wonted to dispraise  
 The wickednesse of time that florished at their daies,  
 As well hee may discerne who for that but lightly  
     lookes  
 In every leafe almost of all their bookes;  
 For as for Christ our maister, what hee thought of  
     Jewes,  
 And after hym th apostles, I think it is no newes.  
     *Perverse Doctrine.* Harke, Simplicitee, hee is some  
     preacher, I wyll lay my gowne,  
 He mindeth to make a sermon within this towne :

<sup>9</sup> *Daiesman*] i. e. umpires. So Spenser :

— For what art thou

That makst thyself his *daiesman*, to prolong

The vengeance past ?—*Faerie Queen.* S.

A *dayes-man*, says Ray, in his Collection of North Country Words, p. 25. is “ an arbitrator, an umpire or judge. For as Dr. Hammond observes, in his Annotation on Heb. x. 25. p. 752, the “ word *day*, in all languages and idioms, signifies judgment. So “ *Man’s Day*, 1 Cor. iii. 13. is the judgement of men. So *diem dicere* “ in Latin is to implead.”

Hee speaketh honestly yet, but surely if hee rayle at mee,

I may not abide him, by the masse, I promise thee.

*New Custome.* Paule to the Corinthians plainly doth tell

That their behaviour pleased him not well.

All our forefathers likewise have ben offended

With diverse faultes at their time, that might have ben amended.

The doctours of the church, great faulte they dyd fynde,

In that men lived not after their mynde :

First with the rulers as examples of sinne,

Then with the people as continuing therein :

So that of them both this one thing they thought,

That the people was not good, but the rulers were naught.

But in comparison of this time of miserie,

In those daies men lyved in perfecte felicitie.

Saincte Paule prophecied that worse tymes should ensue,

*In novissimis venient quidam*, saith hee, this is trewe,

Folowinge all mischiefe, ungodlinesse and evyll,

Leāning to all wickednesse and doctrine of the devyll ;

And spake hee not of these daies, thinke you, I praye?

The prooffe is so playne that no man can denaye :

For this is sure, that never in any age before,

Naughtiness and sinne hath ben practised more,

Or halfe so muche, or at all, in respecte so I saye,

As is nowe (God amende all) at this present daye :

Sinne nowe no sinne, faultes no faultes a whit,

O God, seest thou this, and yet wylt suffer hit?

Surely thy mercie is great, but yet our sinnes I feare

Are so great, that of justice with them thou canst not beare.

Adulterie no vice, it is a thinge so rife <sup>10</sup>,

A stale jest nowe, to lie with another manne's wyfe :

<sup>10</sup> so rife] i. e. so common, in such plenty. S.

For what is that but daliaunce? Covetousnesse they  
call

Good husbandrie, when one man would faine have  
all.

And eke alike to that is unmerciful extorcion,  
A sinne in sight of God, of great abhominacion:

For pride, that is now a grace; for rounde about  
The humble sprited is termed a foole or a lowte.

Who so will bee so drunken that he scarsly knoweth  
his waye,

Oh, hee is a good fellowe, so now a daies they saye:  
Gluttonie is hospitalitie, while they meate and drinke  
spill,

Whiche would relieve diverse whom famine doth kill.

As for all charitable deedes, they be gone, God  
knoweth;

Some pretende lacke, but the chiefe cause is slowth,

A vice most outragious of all others sure,

Right hatefull to God, and contrarie to nature.

Scarse blood is punished, but even for very shame,

So make they of murther but a trifling game.

O how manie examples of that horrible vice

Do dayly among us nowe spring and arise?

But thanks be to God that such rulers doth sende,

Whiche earnestly studie that fault to amende;

As by the sharpe punishment of that wicked crime

Wee may see that committed was but of late time.

God direct their heartes they may alwaies continue

Suche just execution on sinne to ensue;

So shall be saved the life of many a man,

And God wyll withdrawe his sore plagues from us  
than.

Theft is but pollicie, perjurie but a face,

Suche is now the worlde, so farre men be from grace.

But what shall I say of religion, and knowledge

Of God, whiche hath ben indifferent in eache age

Before this? howbeit his faltes then it had,

And in some poyntes then was culpable and bad.

Surely this one thinge I may say aright,

God hath rejected us away from him quight,



And geven us up whollie unto our owne thought,  
 Utterly to destroy us, and bring us to nought :  
 For do they not followe the inventions of men ?  
 Looke on the primitive church, and tell mee then  
 Whether they served God in this same wise,  
 Or whether they followed any other guyse ?  
 For since Godde's feare decayed, and hypocrisie crept  
                   in,

In hope of some gaines and lucre to win,  
 Crueltie bare a stroke, who with fagot and fier,  
 Braught all thinges to passe that hee did desier ;  
 Next avarice spilt all, whiche lest it should be spide,  
 Hypocrisie ensued the matter to hide.  
 Then brought they in their monsters, their masses, their  
                   light,

Their torches at noone, to darken our sight :  
 Their Popes and their pardones, their purgatories for  
                   sowles,

Their smoking of the church, and flinging of cooles.

*Ignoraunce.* Stay yet a while, and let us heare more  
                   communication.

*Perverse Doctrine.* I cannot, by godde's sowle, if I  
                   might have all this nation.

Shall I suffer a knave thus to rayle and prate ?

Nay, then I pray God, the devyll breake my pate.

I will be revenged, or <sup>11</sup> hee depart away,

Ah, surrah, you have made a feire speake heere to-day,

Do you looke for any rewarde for your deede ?

It were good to beate thee till thy head bleede,

Or to scourge thee welfavouredlie at a carte's tayle,

To teache suche an horeson to blaspheme and rayle

At suche holie misteries, and matters so hie

As thou speakest of nowe, and rayledst at so latelie.

*New Custome.* What meane ye, sir, or to whom do  
                   you speake ?

Art you minded on mee your anger to wreake,

Whiche have not offended, as farre as I knowe ?

*Perverse Doctrine.* I speak to thee, knave, thou art  
                   madde I trowe ;

<sup>11</sup> or] i. e. before.

What meanest thou to raile right nowe so contemptuously

At the chefest secretes of all divinitie?

*New Custome.* Verilie I railed not, so farre as I can tell,

I spake, but advisedly, I knowe very well;

For I wyll stand to it, whatsoever I sayde.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Wilt thou soe? but I will make the well apaide<sup>12</sup>,

To recant thy woordes, I holde thee a pounce,

Before thou departe hence out of this ground.

*New Custome.* No, that shall you not do, if I die therefore.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Thou shalt see anone, go too, prattle no more,

But tell mee th' effect of the woordes whiche were sayde.

*New Custome.* To recite them agayn, I am not afrayde:

I sayde that the Masse, and suche trumperie as that,

Popery, purgatorie, pardons, were flatt

Against Godde's woorde and primitive constitution,

Crept in through covetousnesse and superstition,

Of late yeeres, through blindnes, and men of no knowledge;

Even suche as have ben in every age.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Now, precieuse horeson, thou hast made a lie;

How canst thou prove that, tell me by and by.

*New Custome.* It needeth small profe, the effect doth appere,

Neither this is any place for to argue here.

And as for my saying I holde the negative,

It lyeth you upon to prove the affirmative;

To shewe that such thinges were used in antiquitie,

And then I can easely prove you the contrarie.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Stand'st thou with mee on schole poyntes? dost thou so indeede?

Thou hadst best to prove mee whether I can reede;

<sup>12</sup> well apaide] well content. In Psalm lxxiii. ver. 8. we have:  
And Assur eke is well apaid,  
With them in league to be.

Thinkest thou I have no logique, in deede thinkest thou soe?

Yes, prinkockes; that I have; for fortie yeares agoe I could smatter in a Duns<sup>13</sup> pretellie; I do not jeste, Better I am sure then an hundred of you, whosoever is the best.

*New Custome.* Trulie I beleve you, for in suche fonde bookes

You spent idellie your time and wried your lookes: More better it had ben in bookes of holie scripture, Where as vertue is expressed, and religion pure, To have passed your youth, as the Bible and suche, Then in these trifles to have dolted so muche; Not more to have regarded a Duns or a Questionist, Then you would the woordes of the holie evangelist.

*Perverse Doctrine.* What! for a childe to meddle with the Bible?

*New Custome.* Yea sure, more better then so to be idle.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Is studie then idlenes? that is a new terme.

*New Custome.* They say better to be idle then to do harme.

*Perverse Doctrine.* What harme dothe knowledge? I pray thee, tell mee.

*New Custome.* Knowledge puffeth up, in Sainte Paule you may see,

*Perverse Doctrine.* Yee, but what knowledge meaneth hee? tell me that.

*New Custome.* Even such knowledge as yee professe flat;

For the truthe and the gospel you have in contempt, And followe suche toyes as your selves do invent: Forsaking Godde's lawes, and th' appostle's institution, In all your procedinges, and matters of religion.

*Perverse Doctrine.* By what speakest thou that, let me here thy judgment?

*New Custome.* Not by any gesse, but by that whiche is evident.

<sup>13</sup> in a Duns] i. e. in the theological writings of Duns Scotus, who obtained the title of *Doctor Subtilis*. S.

See also Note 25 to *The Revenger's Tragedy*, vol. IV.

As for the scriptures, you have abolished cleane ;  
New fashions you have constitute in religion ; agayne,  
Abuse of the sacraments then hath ben tofore,  
Have you brought, and in nombre have you made them  
more

Then Christ ever made : wherfore shew your auctoritie,  
Or els have you done to the church great injurie.  
Th' apostles never taught your transubstantiation  
Of bread into fleshe, or any suche fashion ;  
Howe be it they were conversant every day and howre,  
And received that sacrament of Christ our saviour.  
You feigne also that Peter was bishop of Rome,  
And that hee first instituted the seate of your Popedome :  
But, perverse nation, howe dare you for shame,  
Your fancies on Christ, and th apostles to frame ?

*Perverse Doctrine.* Marie avaunt, Jackesauce, and  
pratling knave,  
I will conjure thy cote if thou leave not to rave.  
With all my harte, and a vengeance, come up and be  
nought,  
I see wee shall have an heretike of thee, as I thought.  
These things were approved or thou wast born, dost  
thou not see ?

And shall be when thou art hanged, I warrant thee.

*New Custome.* Ere I was borne ! nay sure that is not  
trewe,

For in comparison of mee they be but newe.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Of thee ! ha, ha, ha ! what of  
thee ? thou art mad.

*New Custome.* Surely in my sorte I am both sober  
and sad.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Whie, how olde art thou ? tell mee,  
I pray thee hartely.

*New Custome.* Elder than you, I perceive.

*Perverse Doctrine.* What, older than I !  
The younge knave, by the masse, not fully thirtie,  
Would be elder than I that am above sixtie !

*New Custome.* A thousande and a halfe, that surely  
is my age :  
Ask and enquire of all men of knowlage.

*Perverse Doctrine.* A thousand yeares? godde's precieuse sowle, I am out of my wittes;  
He is possessed of some devyll, or of some evill sprites.

Why thou art a young knave of that sorte, I saye,  
That brought into this realme but the other daye  
This new learning, and these heresies, and such other things moe,

With strange guises invented not long agoe \*  
And I pray thee tell me, is not thy name New Custome?

*New Custome.* Trewly so I am called of some,  
As of suche as wante both witte and understanding,  
As you do now, I knowe by your talking :  
But woe be to those that make no distinction  
Betweene many thinges of diverse condition ;  
As naught to be good, and hotte to be colde,  
And old to be newe, and new to be olde.  
Wherefore these disceytes you dayly invent,  
The people to seduce unto your advertisement,  
While with tales you assay, and with lies you begyn  
The truth to deface, and your credite to wyn.

*Perverse Doctrine.* What is thy name, then? I pray thee make declaration.

*New Custome.* In faith, my name is Primitive Constitution.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Who? who? *Prava Constitutio?* even so I thought,  
I wist that it was some suche thinge of nought <sup>14</sup>.

\* The original copy reads

" With strange guises invented *now* long agoe." but the sense seems to require the negative, which former editors substituted for *now*. C.

<sup>14</sup> *suche thinge of nought.*] So *Hamlet*, " The king is a thing of *nothing*." See the Notes of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Farmer, and Mr. Steevens, on that passage, Edition of Shakspeare, 1778, vol. 10, p. 336. This play on the words was very common.

. Again, in *The Humourous Lieutenant*, A. . S. 6.

" Shall then that thing that honours thee  
" How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing still,  
" And, tho' a thing of nothing, thy thing ever."

Like lettuse <sup>15</sup>, like lippes ; a scab'd horse for a scald squire.

*New Custome.* Primitive Constitution I saide, if you heare,

Suche orders as in the primitive church heretofore Were used, but not now, the more pittie therefore.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Ah, ah ! in good time, sir, well might you fare, Primitive Constitution, That is your trewe name, you say, without all delution. Primitive Constitution (quodes stowe) as much as my sleeve,

The devill on him which will such liers beleeve ; For my parte, if I credite such an hearie mowle, The fowle fende of hell fetch me, bodie and sowle.

*New Custome.* Trueth can not prevaile where Ignorance is in place.

*Ignorance.* Peace, or I will lay my beades on thie face.

Hast thou nothing to raile at but Ignorance, I trowe ?

*New Custome.* You may use me even at your pleasure, I know ;

For Perverse Doctrine, that is rooted soe fast, That it may not be changed at no heavenlie blast, May not heare the contrarie, but beginneth to kicke, Like a jade when hee feleth the spurre for to pricke.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Yee ! saist thou soe, thou miscreant villaine ?

A little thing would make mee knocke out thy brayne.

Hence out of my sight, away, packing, trudge, Thou detestable heretike, thou caytife, thou drudge ;

<sup>15</sup> Like lettuse, like lippes.] “ Similes habent labra lactucas. A “ thistle is a sallet for an ass’s mouth. We use when we would “ signify that things happen to people which are suitable to them, “ or which they deserve : as when a dull scholar happens to a stupid “ or ignorant master, a froward wife to a peevish husband, &c. “ *Dignum patella operculum.* Like priest, like people, and on the “ contrary. These Proverbs are always taken in the worst sense. “ Tal carne, tal cultello, *Ital.* Like flesh, like knife.” Ray’s *Proverbs*, 1742, p. 130.

If I may take thee, it were as good thou weare deade,  
For even with this portuse<sup>16</sup> I will battre thy heade.

[*Exit.*]

Thoughe I hang therefore, I care not, I,  
So I be revenged on a slave ere I die.  
Sacrament of God ! who hath hearde suche a knave ?  
Who after hee had done at Ignorance to rave,  
Perverse Doctrine (quod hee) is also rooted so fast,  
That hee may be changed by no heavenly blast.  
No, Godde's sowle, I warrant him, I will see him  
rotten,

Before that my doctrine I shall have forgotten :  
Wherefore it behoveth us some counsell to take,  
Howe wee the stronger our matters may make,  
Against the surprise of this newe invasion,  
Begunne of late by this strange generation,  
Of New Custome and his mates<sup>17</sup>, meaning to deface  
Our auncient rightes, and religion, and to place  
Their develishe doctrine the Gospell, and soe  
Our gaines to debate, and ourselves to undoe. -  
I thinke it best therefore that our sister Hypocrisie  
Do understand fully of this matter by and by.  
Let us go and seeke her, the case for to shewe,  
That wee her good counsell may spedely knowe.

*Ignorance.* I am readie ; in following I will not be  
slowe. [Exeunt.]

<sup>16</sup> *portuse.*] Sometimes written *portus*, or *portos*, i. e. *breuany*. Du Cange, in *Portiforium*. "*Portuasses*, Mr. Tyrwhitt observes (Notes on Chaucer, ver. 13061), are mentioned among other prohibited books in the Stat. 3 and 4 Edw. VI. c. 10. And, in the Parliament Roll of 7 Edw. IV. n. 40. there is a petition, that the robbing of—Porteous—Grayell, Manuell, &c. should be made felony without clergy ; to which the King answered, *La Roy s'aviserà.*"

The *portuse* is mentioned in Green's *History of Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bungay*, vol. VIII. p. 200.

" — I'll hamper up the match,

" I'll take my *portace* forth, and wed you here."

<sup>17</sup> *mates.*] The 4to reads *makes*. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

*Makes* is the true reading. *Make* is used for *mate* throughout the works of Gower. *Shakspeare* likewise, if I am not mistaken, employs it in one of his sonnets. S.

## ACTUS II. SCENA I.

LIGHT OF THE GOSPELL *and* NEW CUSTOME *enter.*

*Light of the Gospell.* Doubt you nothing at all, for  
God will so provide,  
Who leaveth not his elect to defende and to guide ;  
That where ever I come suche grace you may finde,  
As shall in each poynte content well your minde,  
And admit that they call you New Custome, what  
then ?

Attribute that follie to the ignorance of men,  
That followe their fansies, and know not the right.  
Well, you knowe where I come once, the light  
Of the Gospell, whose beames do glister so cleare,  
Then Primitive Constitution in each place you appeare ;  
And as else where you have ben, so do not mistrust  
But in this place hereafter be receved you must.

*New Custome.* According to your nature, so do you  
very well

To put mee in good hope, bright light of the gospell.  
And seing you be trewe, I may in no wise  
Misdeeme you the father or aucthour of lies :  
For if trust to the gospell do purchase perpetuance  
Of life unto him who therein hath confidence,  
What shall the light doe ? whose beames be so bright,  
That in eache respect all thinges else of light  
Are but very darkenes, and eke terrestriall,  
So the light of the Gospell overshineth them all.  
Wherefore with great comforte I receive your counsell.  
With hartie thanks unto you, the light of the Gospell.

*Light of the Gospell.* Do so, and by faith, then shall  
you obtaine

Whatsoever you desire, the scripture saith plaine :  
For *quicquid petieritis in nomine meo*,  
It must of trueth needes be understode soe :  
That without faith, whatsoever wee fortune to crave,  
Wee may not looke for it our desire to have.  
Faith moveth mountains, so it be pure faith indeede,  
By fayth wee obtaine whatsoever wee neede :



Then faith shall restore to you more thinges then this,  
Beleve me, Primitive Constitution, whatsoever is amisse.  
But where be those reprobates, devoyde of all grace,  
Who lately misused you, as you saide, in this place?

*New Custome.* They be sodenly departed, I wote not  
well whether,

For I left them right now bothe heere together :  
They cannot be farre hence, I know very well,  
Where they be, there is none if wee ask, but can tell.

*Light of the Gospell.* Do you knowe them agayne, if  
you meete them aright?

*New Custome.* Yea, sir, that I do, even at the first  
sight.

*Light of the Gospell.* Then let us not tarie, but go  
seek them straite.

*New Custome.* At hande I am readie on you for to  
wayte. [Exeunt.]

## ACTUS II. SCENA II.

HYPOCRISIE, PERVERSE DOCTRINE, and IGNO-  
RAUNCE enter.

*Hypocrisie.* Perverse Doctrine, I say, take heede in  
any sorte

That thou never beleve whatsoever they reporte,  
Though they of the gospell never so muche do preache,  
Every man will not credite whatsoever they teache.

They will not say, all beleve, when they do not, I pro-  
mise thee:

For that time will never come, in this world, trust mee.

Tushe, tushe, be thou busied in any case

To discredite their preachinge in every place.

If they teache them one thing, then teache thou the  
contrarie;

And if that no scripture for thy place thou have readie,

In woordes that supplie, whiche wanteth in reason,

For ill thinges applied, sometime, in good season,

As of better eftsones do importe the wayte.

So they be well ordered by good pollicie and slayght.

Howbeit their doctrine be sounde; yet their vices fynd  
out,

As this is a sloven, or this is a lowte :

Hee speaketh on envie, such a one for neede;

This saith it in woordes, but hee thinketh it not in deede.

Upon greater occasion they sticke not to rave,

Saying, this is a whooremaster, villaine, hee an heretike  
knave,

An extorcioner, a theefe, a traytour, a murtherer,

A covetous person, a common userer.

This hee doth for my mistresse his wyve's sake, by the  
roode,

The better to maintaine and supporte the frenchehoode.

Remember also, that it weare a great shame,

For thee for to have forgotten thy owne name.

Perverse Doctrine, of right, must the trueth so perverte,

That hee never let it sinke into any manne's harte,

As farre as he can, with diligence withstande,

For ever it behoveth thee to be readie at hande,

To strenthen thine owne partes, and disprove other  
doctrine,

Whatsoever shall be taught that is contrarie to thine :

Still pretende religion, whatsoever you say,

And that shall get thee good credite alway,

Pleasing the multitude with suche kinde of gear<sup>18</sup>.

As with them to the whiche most enclined they are.

Square cappes, longe gownes, with tippettes of silke,

Brave coopes in the church, surplices as white as  
milke,

Beades, and suche like, all these beare the price;

To these thinges applie thy attendant devise :

And other likewise, which well you do knowe,

Whiche all of great holinesse do set forthe a shewe.

Though some of them doubtlesse, be indifferent, what  
matter,

They furnishe our businesse never the latter.

For these of antiquitie, since that they do smell,

Our cause must commend right wonderful well :

<sup>18</sup> gear] The 4to reads, *grace*. The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

And these be the things wherof thou hast neede,  
The better of thy wyl and purpose to speede.  
Then geve thy attendance, and so be sure of this,  
That I will be readie and never wyll misse  
To assist thee still in workinge thy purpose,  
To th' advauncing of thee, and depressing thy foes.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Gramercie, good sister, even with  
all my hearte,

For this your good counsell; and for my parte,  
Whatsoever in this case may bee possibly donne,  
I shall followe your preceptes as a natural sonne.  
For the matter so standes if wee looke not well about,  
That we quite perishe out of all doubt,  
Unlesse some such way wee take out of hande,  
Whereby wee may be able our foes to withstande.  
And for this cause my brother Ignorance and I,  
Lest it should chaunce us to fall into jeoparddie,  
Through envie of our names in any manne's eare :  
For this intent, I say, wee did diligently care,  
Our names to counterfaite in such maner of sorte,  
That where ever wee goe wee may win good reporte.

*Hypocrisie.* Of my faith that is very well done in  
deede,

God sende thee a good wit still at thy neede.  
And that in thy doinges such successe thou maist fynde,  
That all thinges may chaunce to thee after thy minde.  
My brother, if thou have ought else for to say,  
Speake on, or that I departe hence away.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Great thanks for your counsel,  
and if yee chaunce to go thyther,  
You may meete with Ignorance, to hasten him hyther.

*Hypocrisie.* Farewel he shall be here, you shall see  
even anon. [Exit.]

*Perverse Doctrine.* Alacke, alacke, now my good  
sister is gon,

Whose presence to enjoye is more pleasant unto mee,  
Than any thing whatsoever in the worlde coule bee.  
Good occasion have I suche a sister to embrace,  
For by her means I lyve and enjoye this place.

Which yet I possesse as longe as I may,  
And have heretofore many a faire day.  
For since these newe heretickes, the devill take them all,  
In all corners began to barke and to ball  
At the catholike faith, and the olde religion,  
Making of them bothe but matters of derision ;  
Hypocrisie hath so helped at every neede,  
That but for her, hardly were wee lyke for to speede.  
For be our case never so nye driven to the worst,  
Through her meanes by some meane take no place at  
the first :

Yet some meanes doth shee finde, by some meanes at  
the length,

That her waies do prevaile, and her matters get strength.  
Shee can finde out a thousand guyles in a trice,  
For every purpose a newe strong devise.

No matter so difficile for man to find out,  
No businesse so daung'rous, no person so stowt,  
But of th' one she is able a solucion to make,  
And th' others greate peryll and moode for to slake.  
And in fine, muche matter in fewe woordes to containe,  
She can finde out a cloke for every rayne<sup>19</sup>.

What person is there that beareth more swaie  
In all maner of matters at this present daye  
Throughout the whole world, though of symple degree,  
And of small power to sight shee seeme for to bee?

Consider all trades and condicions of lyfe,  
Then shall you perceive that Hypocrisie is rife  
To all kinde of men, and of every age,  
So farre as their yeeres them therein may geve know-  
ledge :

Lo, here a large field, where at length hee may walke,  
Who list of this matter at the full for to talke.

To declare of what power, and of what efficacie,  
In every age, countrey and time is Hypocrisie.  
But I may not about suche small pointes now stande,  
The affaires they be greater that I have in hande.

<sup>19</sup> *She can finde out a cloke for every rayne*] A Proverb. Tu hai mantillo di ogni acqua. S.

Ignorance is the cause that I so longe tarie heere,  
And beholde where the blinde bussard doth appeere.  
Come on, thou grosse headed knave, thou whoroson  
asse, I say,  
Where hast thou ben sence wee departed to-day?

*Enter IGNORAUNCE.*

*Ignoraunce.* Where have I ben, quod you? mary  
even there I was,  
Whereas I would have geven an hundred pounce, by  
the Masse,  
To have ben here; for never sence the day I was borne  
Was I so neere hande in peeces for to have ben torne.  
For as I was going up and downe in the streete,  
To see if I coulde with Hypocrisie meete,  
Beeholde afarre of I began to espie  
That heretike New Custome, with another in his com-  
panie.  
As soone as they sawe mee, they hyde them apace  
Came towards, and met mee full in the face.  
I am glad wee have founde you then, quod this heretike  
knave,  
For you, and your fellowe, this day sought wee have  
In every place, and now cannot you flie;  
And with these woordes both they came very nie.  
Whereat I so feared, I may tell you playne,  
That I thought at that howre I should have ben slayne.  
This is he, quod the varlet, of whom I tolde you of late,  
An enemye of the trewth, and incensed with hate  
Against God and his Church, and an impe of Hypo-  
crisie,  
A foe to the gossell, and to trewe divinitie.  
Thou lyst, heritique, quod I, and naught elles coulde  
I say,  
But brake quickly from them, and hither came away.  
*Perverse Doctrine.* Who is hee that was with him,  
Simplicitie, canst thou tell?  
*Ignoraunce.* Not I sure, but some call him the light  
of the Gossell.  
A good personable fellowe, and in countenance so  
bright,  
That I coulde not beholde him in the visage aright.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Goddes preciouſe woundes, that  
slave! marie fie on him, fie!

Body of our Lorde, is he come into the countrye?

I thinke all the heretiques in the worlde have taken in  
hande,

By ſome ſolemne othe to peſter this lande,  
With their wicked ſciſmes, and abhominable ſectes,  
Now a vengeance on them all, and the devyll breake  
their neckes.

Light of the Goſpell! light of a ſtraw; yet what ever  
hee bee,

I wold hee were hanged as hie as I can ſee.

*Ignoraunce.* What, have you hearde of him before  
this?

*Perverſe Doctrine.* Heard of him? yee, that have I  
often I wiſ.

If there be any in the worlde, it is this horeſon theefe,  
Beleeve me, Simplicitie, that will worke us the miſ-  
chiefe.

Hath that ſame new Jack gotte him ſuche a mate?

Now with all my heart a peſtilence on his pate.

I woulde they were both hanged fairely together,  
Or elles were at the devyll, I care not muche whether.

For ſince theſe *Genevian* doctours came ſo faſt into  
this lande,

Since that time it was never merie with Englande.

First came New Cuſtome, and hee gave the onſay<sup>20</sup>.

And ſithens thinges have gone worſe every day.

But Simplicitie, doſt thou knowe what is mine intent?

*Ignoraunce.* Tell mee, and I ſhall knowe what you  
have ment.

*Perverſe Doctrine.* Our matters with Creweltie our  
friende to diſcuſſe,

And to here him, what counſell in this caſe hee will  
geve us.

And this is the cauſe I have taried for thee,

Be cauſe that to him I wold have thee goe with mee,

But ſee where hee commeth with Avarice ſadly walking,  
Let us liſten, if wee can, whereof they be talkinge.

<sup>20</sup> the onſay] i. e. the onſet. S.

## ACTUS II. SCENA III.

CREWELTIE, AVARICE *entre*. PERVERSE DOCTRINE  
and IGNORAUNCE *tarie*.

*Creweltie*. Nay, by Godde's harte, if I might doe  
what I list,

Not one of them all that should scape my fist.

His nayles<sup>21</sup>, I would plague them one way or another.  
I would not misse him, no, if hee were mine owne  
brother.

With small faultes I might beare as I sawe occasion,  
And punishe, or forgeve, at mine owne discretion,  
For I wote that sometime the wisest may fall;  
But heresie, fie on that, that is the greatest of all.  
Every stockes should be full, every prison and jayle.  
Some would I beate with roddes, some scorge at a  
carte's tayle.

Some hoyse their heeles upward, some beate in a  
sack,

Some manickle their fingers, some binde in the racke.  
Some would I sterve for hunger, some would I hange  
privilie,

Saying, that themselves so dyed desperately.

Some would I accuse of matters of great weight,  
Openly to hange them as trespassours streight.

A thousand mo waies could I tell, and not misse,  
Whiche here in England, I may say to you, I have  
practised ere this,

And trust by his woundes, Avarice, some agayne for to  
trie,

How so ever the world goe before that I die.

*Avarice*. Now I will tel thee, *Creweltie*, by Godde's  
sacrament I have swore,

It were pittie but thou were hanged before.

*Creweltie*. Ha, ha, ha; I had as lief they were  
hanged as I.

<sup>21</sup> *His nayles*] i. e. God's nails. So afterwards "By his wounds"  
—"His blood"—without repetition of the sacred name by way of  
introduction. S.

By the masse, there is one thing makes me laugh  
hartely, ha, ha, ha.

*Avarice.* I pray thee what is that?

*Creweltie.* What? ha, ha, ha; I cannot tell for  
laughinge, I wold never better pastime desire,  
Then to here a dosen of them howling together in the fier;  
Whose noyse, as my thinketh, I could best compare  
To a crie of houndes folowing after the hare,  
Or a rablement of bandogges barking at a beare,  
ha, ha, ha.

*Avarice.* I beshrew thy knaves fingers with my very  
hearte,  
The devill will reward thee, whose darling thou arte.  
But, sirra, I pray thee, if it had chanced me in those  
daies in thy handes to have fel,  
I thinke, sure, thou wouldst have ordred mee well.

*Creweltie.* His bloud, I would I might have once  
seene that chaunce,  
I would have vext thee with a vengeance, for olde  
acquaintance.

*Avarice.* Why so? I was alwaies thy furdurer in  
those daies, I am sure.

*Creweltie.* Yee, but what was the cause? thine owne  
profit to procure.  
For so that thou mightest vauntage and lucre obtaine,  
Thou wouldest not sticke to bring thine owne brother to  
payne.

*Avarice.* Ha, ha, ha; no, nor father and mother, if  
there were ought to be got,  
Thou mightest sweare, if I could, I would bring them  
to the pot.  
Whereof a like historie I shall tell thee, Creweltie,  
In Englande, which my self plaid in the daies of  
queene Marie<sup>22</sup>.

<sup>22</sup> In Englande, which my self plaid in the daies of queene Marie.] In Foxe's third Volume of Ecclesiastical History, 1631, p. 799, is an account of one Richard Woodman, who was burnt at Lewes, with nine others, on the 22d of June, 1557. The circumstances attending his apprehension resemble those abovementioned, and seem to be the same alluded to by the Author of this Morality.



Twoo brothers there were dwelling, young gentlemen,  
 but the heyre  
 Had substanciall revenewes, his stocke also was faire;  
 A man of good conscience, and studious of the gospel.  
 Which the other brother perceiving very well,  
 Perswaded him by all meanes, since he was so bent,  
 To be constant in opinion, nnd not to relent,  
 Which done, hee gave notice to the officers about,  
 Howe they should come with searche to find his brother  
 out;

Who, when hee was once in this sorte apprehended,  
 Shortly after his life in the fier hee ended.  
 The other had the most part of all his lyvinge.  
 How saist, sir knave? is not this the nere way to  
 thriving?

*Creweltie.* O unreasonable Avarice, unsaciable with  
 gayne.

*Avarice.* What, this? tushe, it was but a merie  
 trayne.

*Creweltie.* For luker's sake his owne brother to  
 betraye?

Hence, Judas, with these doinges I can not awaye<sup>23</sup>.

*Avarice.* I was ever with him, still readie at hande,  
 Continually suggesting of the house and the lande.  
 And yet to tell you the trueth, as in deede the thinge is,  
 Of my conscience I thinke the best part was his.

*Creweltie.* By Godde's glorious wounds, hee was  
 worthy of none;  
 But thou to be whipped for thy greedie suggestion.

*Avarice.* Harte of God, man, be the meanes better  
 or worse,  
 I passe not, I, so it be good for the purse, ha, ha, ha.

<sup>23</sup> *I can not awaye.*] An expression of dislike or aversion used by almost every writer of the times. Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 4. S. 5.

"Of all nymphs i'the court, *I cannot away with her*,"  
*Poetaster*, A. 3. S. 4. "— and do not bring your eating player  
 "with you there; *I cannot away with him.*"  
*Burtholomew Furr*, A. 1. S. 6. "Good i'faith, I will eat heartily  
 "too, because I will be no Jew, *I could never away with that stiff-*  
 "necked generation."

*Perverse Doctrine.* If you love the purse so well,  
Avarice, as you say indeede,  
Then helpe mee with your counsell now at a neede.

*Avarice.* What, Perverse Doctrine, and Ignoraunce  
too, were you both so neere?

Wee had thought at our comming that no man had ben  
heere.

*Ignoraunce.* Wee have ben in this place ever since  
that you staide,  
And wee have hearde also what so ever you have sayde.

*Creweltie.* Welcome bothe, on my faith, and I am  
glad it was our chaunce  
To meete with you here, Perverse Doctrine, and Igno-  
raunce.

Whie, how gothe the worlde? my thinkes you be sad.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Mary, God have mercie, but there  
is small cause to be glad:  
For excepte you come speedely with your helping hande,  
No doubt wee shall shortly be banished the lande.

*Avarice.* Whie so, Perverse Doctrine?

*Creweltie.* I pray thee, let mee understande.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Whie so? you knowe howe since  
herisie came lately in place,  
And New Custome, that vile scismatique, began to  
deface

All our olde doings, our service, our rites, that of yore  
Have bene of great price in the olde time before:  
Our selves have been enforced almost for to flye  
The countrie, or else covertly in some corner to lye.

*Creweltie.* By the Masse that is trewe, for I dare not  
appeere,  
Who so ever would geve mee twenty pounds landes by  
the yeere.

*Avarice.* Ha, ha, ha; by Godde's foote, and I was  
never in better case in my lif,  
For covetousnes with the clergie was never so rife.  
Wherefore I have no cause in suche sort to be grieved,  
Yet I woulde I could tell, sirs, how you might be re-  
leeved.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Nowe, sirha, to mende up this matter withall :

Preciouse God, it frettes mee to the very gall.

For now of late that slave, that varlet, that heretique,  
Lighte of the Gospell,

Is come over the sea, as some credibly tell,  
Whom New Custome doth use in all matters as a staie,  
The most ennemie to us in the worlde alway;  
Whose rancour is suche, and so great is his spight,  
That no doubt hee will straightway banishe us quight,  
Unlesse wee provide some remedie for the contrary,  
And with speede; this is treuth that I tell thee,  
Creweltie.

*Creweltie.* His woundes, hart and bloud, is he come without any naye?

*Ignoraunce.* Yee verely, for with these eyes I sawe him to daye.

*Creweltie.* Now I would hee were here, I woulde so dresse the slave,  
That I warrànthee should beare mee a marke to his grave.  
First I would buffet him thus, then geve him a fall;  
Afterwarde I would dashe out his braynes at the wall.

*Avarice.* Holde your handes, you rude knave, or by Godde's bodie I sweare,  
I wyll quickly fetche my fist from your eare.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Tushe, tushe, it availes naught to chafen, or to chide,  
It were more wisdomes with speede some redresse to provide.

*Creweltie.* Redresse? nowe by Godde's guttes, I will never staye,  
Tyll I finde meanes to ridde the beast out of the waye.

I wyll cuthim of the slampambes, I holde him a crowne,  
Where so ever I meete him, in countrie, or towne.

*Ignoraunce.* What order you will take, it were best make relation,  
For moe wittes, as you knowe, may do better than one.

*Creweltie.* I wyll do then what so ever shall come in my head,  
I force, not I <sup>24</sup>, so the vyllaine were dead.

*Ignoraunce.* And of my furtherance, whatsoever I may do, you be sure,  
Your good state againe, if I can, to procure,  
With my uttermost help to suppress yonder rascall,  
For by the masse, you papists I like best of all.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Then can wee not doo amisse, I conjecture lightly,  
For where as al these come, Perverse Doctrine, Avarice, Ignoraunce, and Creweltie:  
There goeth the hare, except all good lucke goe awrie.  
But, sirs, it is good, lest your names you discrie,  
To transpose them after some other kinde,  
Els bee sure with the people much hatred to finde.  
As for Perverse Doctrine, Sounde Doctrine; for Ignoraunce, Simplicitee;

With these coulours, of late, our selves cloked have we.

*Creweltie.* What then shall I, Creweltie, bee called in your judgement?

*Perverse Doctrine.* Mary, Justice with Severitie, a vertue most excellent.

*Avarice.* What will you terme Avarice, I pray you let mee heare?

*Perverse Doctrine.* Even Frugalitie, for to that vertue it commeth most neare.

*Avarice.* Contente by his woundes, I, but wee must look to our feete,  
Least wee stumble in these names when so ever wee meete.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Yea, see you take heede to that in any manner of case,  
So may you delude the people in every place.

*Creweltie.* Come then, it is time hence that away wee departe.

*Ignoraunce.* Wee are redie to follow with a most wylling hart.

<sup>24</sup> *I force, not I,*] i. e. I care not. Camden in his *Remains* says, "I force not of such fooleries." Shakspeare has the same phrase. S.

*Avarice.* But, sirs, because wee have taried so long, If you bee good fellowes, let us depart with a songe.

*Creweltie.* I am pleased, and therefore let every man Follow after in order as well as hee can.

*The first SONGE.*

Well handled, by the masse, on every side.  
Come, *Avarice*, for wee twoo will no longer abide.

[*Erit Creweltie and Avarice.*]

*Perverse Doctrine.* Farewell to you bothe, and God  
sende you successe,  
Suche as may glad us all in your present businesse.  
Now they bee departed, and wee may not tary,  
For it lieth us upon all to bee sturring, by S. Mary.  
New Custome prevayleth much every where,  
But, no matter, they bee fooles that do geeve him suche  
eare.

Let old custome prevayle rather, it is better than new,  
This all will confesse, that thinke scripture is true.  
Doo as thy fathers have doone before thee (quoth hee)  
Then shalt thou bee certayne in the right way to bee.  
And sure that is better then to followe the trayne  
That eche man inventeth of his owne proper brayne.  
Whiche hath brought the worlde to this case, as we see,  
That every day wee heere of some notorious heresie.  
Yet all is the Gospell, whatsoever they say.  
Well, if it chaunce that a dogge hath a daye,  
Woe then to New Custome, and all his mates, tushe,  
tushe,  
No man the Gospell will esteeme then a rushe.  
What will that other heretik do, Light of the Gospel, I  
pray?

Dare not once shewe his face more than we at this day.  
But come, *Ignoraunce*, let us follow after apace,  
For wee have abidden all to long in this place.

*Ignoraunce.* Let us go then, but by the masse, I am  
vengeance drie,  
I pray let us drinke at the ale-house herebie.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Content in fayth, thither with  
speede let us hie.

## ACTUS III. SCENA I.

LIGHT OF THE GOSPELL, NEW CUSTOME, PERVERSE  
DOCTRINE.

*Light of the Gospell.* They be not this way, as farre  
as I can see :

Unlesse they have hidden them selves up privilie.  
For in presence of Light of the Gospel, and Primative  
Constitution,

Undoubtedly such reprobates can have no habitation.

*New Custome.* Verely I do finde it so even as you  
have saide,

For at your sight they all flie away as dismaide.  
Wherefore I have great cause to geeve you thanks,  
Light

Of the Gospell, that put thus my enemies to flight.

*Light of the Gospell.* Nay, they be my enemies also  
that be enemies to you.

In so muche as your dealinges be both vertuose and  
true.

For what is the gospell else, whereof I am Light ?

But trewth, equitie, veritie, and right ?

They be enemies to God too, and all liers impure,

In so muche as he is called veritie in the scripture.

And the lying lippes with speakers of vanitie,

The Lorde him selfe will revenge with extremitie.

But see, what is hee that aprocheth so nie ?

*New Custome.* Of whom I tolde you, it is Perverse  
Doctrine verelic.

*Light of the Gospell.* Then let us a little steppe out  
of the waye,

If haplie wee may heare what hee will say.

*Perverse Doctrine.* A, sirrha, by my trothe there is a  
vary good vaine :

Ignoraunce hath well lyned his cappe for the rayne.

I coulde have taried longer there with a good wyll,

But as the proverbe saith, it is good to keepe still,

One head for the reckning, bothe sober and wise,

Wherefore in this thinge I have followed that guise.

Ignoraunce is but a dolte, it is I that must drudge,  
For neede (they say) maketh the olde wife and man  
both to trudge.

Suche snares wee shall laye for these heretikes, I trust,  
That New Custome, and his fellowes, shall soone lye  
in the dust.

If Creweltie may prevaile, hee will never slake,  
Tyll hee have brought a thousand of them to a stake.  
Avarice hath promised to do what in him laye,  
Who hath ben in greate credite with the worlde alway.  
But if Ignoraunce may get place, there shall wee do well,  
Then adewe all idle heretikes, and vaine talke of the  
gospell,

For me Perverse Doctrine, this shall be my fetche,  
To keepe constant the mindes of all I can cetch,  
Lest these glosers sometimes they chaunce to heare  
preaching,  
And thereby be converted, and credite their teachinge.  
For I trust shortly to bring it to passe,  
That lesse knowledge of the Gospell shall serve by the  
masse.

*Light of the Gospell.* Let us inclose him, that hee may  
not flie,

Else wyll hee be gone when hee doth us espie.  
O impe of Antechrist, and seede of the devyll!  
Borne to all wickednesse, and nusled in all evyll<sup>25</sup>.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Nay, thou stinking heretike, art  
thou there in deede?

Accordinge to thy naughtines thou must looke for to  
speede,

*New Custome.* Godde's holie woorde in no wise can  
be heresie,

Though so you terme it never so falsly.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Yee precieuse whoreson, art thou  
there too?

I thinke you have pretended some harme mee to doo.  
Helpe, helpe, I say, let mee be gone at once,  
Else I will smite thee in the face with my fist, by  
Godde's bones.

<sup>25</sup> nusled in all evyll] i. e. nursed, fostered. S.

*New Custome.* You must be contented a little season  
to stay,  
Light of the Gospell, for your profite, hath some thing  
to say.

*Perverse Doctrine.* I will heare none of your preach-  
inges, I promise you playne,  
For what ever you speake, it is but in vayne.

*Light of the Gospell.* In vayne it shall not be spoken,  
I know very well.  
For God hath alwaies geven suche power to his gos-  
pell,  
That where ever, or by whom declared it bee,  
It shall redounde unto his owne honour and glorie.  
God is glorified in those whom hee dooth electe,  
God is glorified in those also whom hee dooth rejecte.  
The electe are saved, by that in the woorde they bee-  
leeve.

But the other, because no credence they geeve  
To the trueth, cannot bee but blameable,  
Commytting a fault of all faultes most damnable.  
For, *Si ad eos non venissem*, saieth Christ our Saviour,  
If I had not come unto them with the worde, this is  
sure,

In farre better case the unfaithfull had ben  
For in this one respect they had had no sinne.  
But where the trueth is, and yet there contemned,  
Of Christ his owne mouth all suche are condempned.  
Thus the gospell of Christ, be it received or no,  
Sheweth the glory of God where so ever it go.

*Perverse Doctrine.* I were contente to abide, and  
knowe your pleasure:  
But for businesse, at this time I have no leysure.

*Light of the Gospell.* What leisure ought a man at  
all times more to have,  
Then to endeavour bothe his body and sowle for to  
save?

*New Custome.* For that care, all other cares wee must  
set aside.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Say on then, for patiently I minde  
to abide.



*Light of the Gospell.* Not to heare what is spoken is  
onely sufficient,  
But to put it in practice with sincere intent  
What so ever is taught us concerning good doing,  
Expressing it plainely in our vertuouse lyving.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Whie what would you have mee  
in living expresse?

*Light of the Gospell.* Even the gospell, which is no-  
thing else, doubtlesse,  
But amendment of life, and renouncing of sinne:  
With displeasure toward your selfe for the faultes you  
were in.

*Perverse Doctrine.* How shall I displease my selfe in  
sinne I would knowe?

*Light of the Gospell.* In considering that nothing  
bringeth man so lowe  
Out of Godde's favour, as sinne: nothing setteth him  
so hie,  
As lothing the same, and calling to him for his mer-  
cie.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Verely I am sorie for my fore-  
passed demcanour,  
But that can not availe mee but little, I am sure.

*Light of the Gospell.* Why think you so? boldely  
tell me your minde.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Because Godde's mercie is farre  
enough behinde.

*Light of the Gospell.* Godde's mercie is at hande, if  
you repent faithfully.

*Perverse Doctrine.* I repent my sinnes, and for them  
am sorie hartely;  
But how shall I be sure mercie for to obtaine?

*Light of the Gospell.* Credite mee trewly, for my  
woordes are not vaine,  
I am Light of the Gospell, and have full authoritie  
To pronounce to the penitent forgivenessse of ini-  
quitie,  
So that in asking, you put your assurance to speede,  
Then no doubt you have obtained mercie in deede.

*Perverse Doctrine.* This assurance, how cometh it?  
declare, I pray you.

*Light of the Gospell.* In thinking that Christ his  
woordes and promises are trewe;

And as hee cannot deceive, so cannot be disceived,  
Which faith of all Christians must nedes be received.

*Perverse Doctrine.* What thing is fayth? I pray you  
recite.

*Light of the Gospell.* A substance of thinges not  
appering in sight,

Yet which wee looke for, for so saincte Paule doth  
define,

To the Hebrews, the eleventh chapter and the first line.

*Perverse Doctrine.* How to purchase this faith, I  
would I could tell.

*Light of the Gospell.* Certainly by mee also, the Light  
of the Gospell;

For fayth commeth by the woorde, when we reade or  
heare,

As by the same sainct Paule it doth plainly eppere.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Geve mee leave then to embrace  
you, I pray you hartely.

*Light of the Gospell.* With all my very heart, I re-  
ceive you courtesely.

*Perverse Doctrine.* To thee I geve most humble  
thankes, O God immortall,

That it hath pleased thee, mee from my wickednesse to  
call;

And where as I deserved no mercie, but judgement,  
Yet to powre downe thy pardon on mee most abundant,  
Revoking mee from reprobates, and members of hell,  
To win mee in societie with the Light of the Gospell.

*Light of the Gospell.* Stande up, there is some what  
else yet behynde.

*Perverse Doctrine.* I wholly yelde my selfe to you,  
use me after your minde.

*Light of the Gospell.* Perverse Doctrine you shall be  
calde no more after this,

But Sincere Doctrine, as now I trust your trewe  
name is.

*Perverse Doctrine.* By Godde's grace, while I live, I  
will so endeavour,

That my life and my name may accorde thus for ever.

*Light of the Gospell.* Then all wicked companie you  
must cleane forsake,

And flie their societie, as a tode, or a snake.

*Perverse Doctrine.* I abandon them quite, what so  
ever they bee.

*New Custome.* Well, Sincere Doctrine, hearken also  
unto mee,

Whom needes you must followe if you wyll do well,  
Since you have imbraced the Light of the Gospell.

I am not New Custome, as you have ben misled,  
But am Primitive Constitution, from the verie head  
Of the church, which is Christ and his disciples all,  
And from the fathers, at that tyme, taking originall.

By mee then you must learne, for your owne beheast,  
And for all vocations what is judged the best.

*Perverse Doctrine.* I receave you gladly, with thankses,  
for your jentlenes,  
At your handes craving earnestly for my trespas for-  
gyvenes.

*New Custome.* It is easly forgiven.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Now as touching my apparell,  
what councill do you give?

For I see well that in the constitution primitive,  
They used no suche garment as I have on heare,  
But fashioned it after some other maner.

*New Custome.* So did they trewly, I confesse it in  
deede;  
But in suche things a man ought not to take so greate  
heede,

For the wearing of a gowne, cap, or any other garment,  
Surely is a matter, as mee seemeth, indifferent,  
Howbeit, wyse Princes, for a difference to be had,  
Hath commaunded the clargie in suche sorte to be clad;  
But hee who puttes his religion in wearing the thing,  
Or thinkes him selfe more holly for the contrarie doing,  
Shall prove but a foole, of what ever condition  
Hee bee, for sure that is but meere superstition.

Other thinges there be which have ben abused,  
 Tollerable enough, if well they were used :  
 Wherefore use your apparell, as is comely and decent,  
 And not against scripture any where in my judgement,

*Light of the Gospell.* No sure: for God waieth not,  
 who is a sprite,

Of any vesture, or outward appearance a mite,  
 So the conscience be pure, and to no sin a slave,  
 That is all which hee most gladly would have.

*New Custome.* Well, these having declared, and sufficiently taught,  
 And I trust on your parte perceaved as they ought:  
 By your pacience, I mind to departe for a season.

*Light of the Gospell.* If your businesse bee so, it is  
 but reason.

*New Custome* With great thankes unto you, *Light*  
 of the Gospell, for the jentlenes I have found  
 At your haundes, as of due desert I am bound.

*Light of the Gospell.* The Lorde be your guide whither  
 so ever you departe.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Humble thankes, sir, I yelde you  
 from the bottome of my hearte.

Albeit in this parte so small be my skyll,  
 That I may not performe them according to my wyll.

*New Custome.* The peace of God be with you both  
 for ever more. [*Exit.*]

#### EDIFICATION *entreth.*

Where so ever *Light of the Gospell* goeth before,  
 There I Edification do followe incontinent,  
 As unto the same a necessary consequent :  
 For though the letter alwaies woorkes not that effect,  
 Yet surely in the congregation of Godde's elect,  
 Where the light and force taketh place, there Edifica-  
 tion

Of all right must I make my habitation.  
 Endeavour then alwaies mee to retaine,  
 So shall your doctrine not be gyven in vayne.

*Perverse Doctrine.* I receive you most gladly; and I  
 truste in the Lorde,  
 That for ever hereafter wee shall well accorde.

*Edification.* I trust so.

*Light of the Gospell.* Fare you well, now you are not alone,

For this small while I must needes begone.

Here, take at my handes this testament booke,

And in mine absence therein I pray you earnestly looke.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Your commandement shal be done, with thanks for your counsel.

*Light of the Gospell.* Then shall yee sure finde great delight in the gospell. [Exit.

ASSURAUNCE *entreth.*

Edification without Assuraunce vayleth not muche.

Yet where they both do meete, surely there force is suche,

That to Godde's kingdome they open the way,

The sweete place of rest, and perpetual joye.

For assurance in Christ Jesus without manne's further merite,

Is fully sufficient Godde's favour to inherite :

Wherefore, Light of the Gospell willed mee soe,

That to you, Edification with all speede I should goe :

So that with Sincere Doctrine wee joyned in unitie,

Might in short time conduct him to Godde's perfect Felicitie.

*Perverse Doctrine.* I embrace you, Assuraunce, that blisse to obtaine.

*Assuraunce.* Then bee you assured, that you shall not bee vayne ;

For if that Christe's woordes be faithfull and just,

Godde's perfect Felicitie is not far hence, I trust.

GODDE'S FELICITIE *entreth.*

Verily, where Edification and Assuraunce in one are alied,

Godde's Felicitie is at hande, it may not be denied,

Which hee promiseth to suche as unfeinedly crave,

With assurance that certainly the same they shall have:

Which Felicitie in person heere I do represente,

Who by God himselfe to the faythfull am sent,

Prepared for them, as he plainely hath sayde,

Since the time that the worlde's foundations were laide ;

Wherefore great thanks unto hym doubtlesse you owe,  
That it would please him suche giftes on you to bestowe,  
The most precious thing which manne's reason doth  
excell,

No minde can conceave, muche lesse tongue can tell.

*Perverse Doctrine.* Too him therefore let us geve all  
maner prayse,

That beareth such affection to mankinde alwaies.

O Lorde, thine honour might be great in heaven so hie,  
And throughout the whole earth thie everlasting glorie.  
Geeve grace to thy people, that after this transitorie  
Life, they maye come to thy perfect felicitie.

*Edification.* Defende thy church, O Christ, and thy  
holy congregation,  
Bothe heere in England, and in every other nation.  
That wee thy trewth may attaine, and still followe the  
same,

To the salvation of our sowles, and glorie of thy name.

*Assuraunce.* <sup>26</sup> Preserve our noble queene Elizabeth,  
and her counsell all,

With thy heavenly grace, sent from thy seate supernall.  
Graunt her and them long to lyve, her to raigne, them  
to see

What may alwaies be best for the weale publique's com-  
moditie <sup>27</sup>.

### *The Second SONGE.*

<sup>26</sup> *Preserve our noble queene Elizabeth, &c.*] It was a custom at the end of our ancient interludes and plays to conclude with a solemn prayer for the King or Queen, the council, the parliament, or the nobleman by whom the players were protected. Many instances are produced by Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens, in their last Notes on the Epilogue to *Second Part of Henry IV.* and many other might be added. See particularly the conclusion of *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587. *The longer thou livest the more a foole thou art.* B. L. N. D. *The storie of Darius.* B. L. and others.

<sup>27</sup> *commoditie.*] interest. See p. 207.

## EDITION.

“ A New Enterlude, no lesse wittie than pleasant, entitled *Newe Custome*; devised of late, and for diverse causes nowe set forth. Never before this tyme imprinted, 1573. Imprinted \* at London, in Fleet-streete, by William Howæ for Abraham Veale, dwelling in Paule’s Churcheyarde, at the signe of the “*Lambe*,” 4to. B. L.

\* The imprint is not upon the title page (which contains the list of the persons and the manner in which the action may be divided among four persons) but at the end of the piece.

END OF VOL. I.



THOMAS WHITE, PRINTER,  
CRANE COURT.

